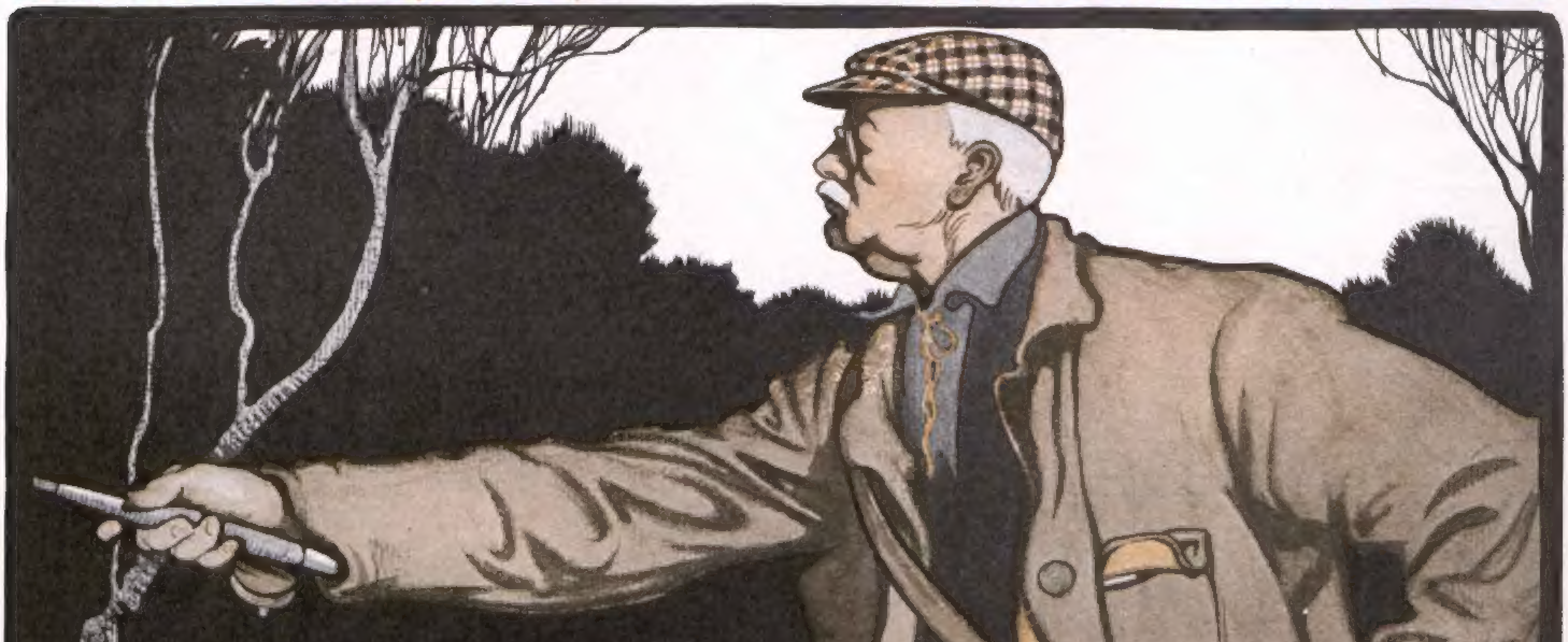
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

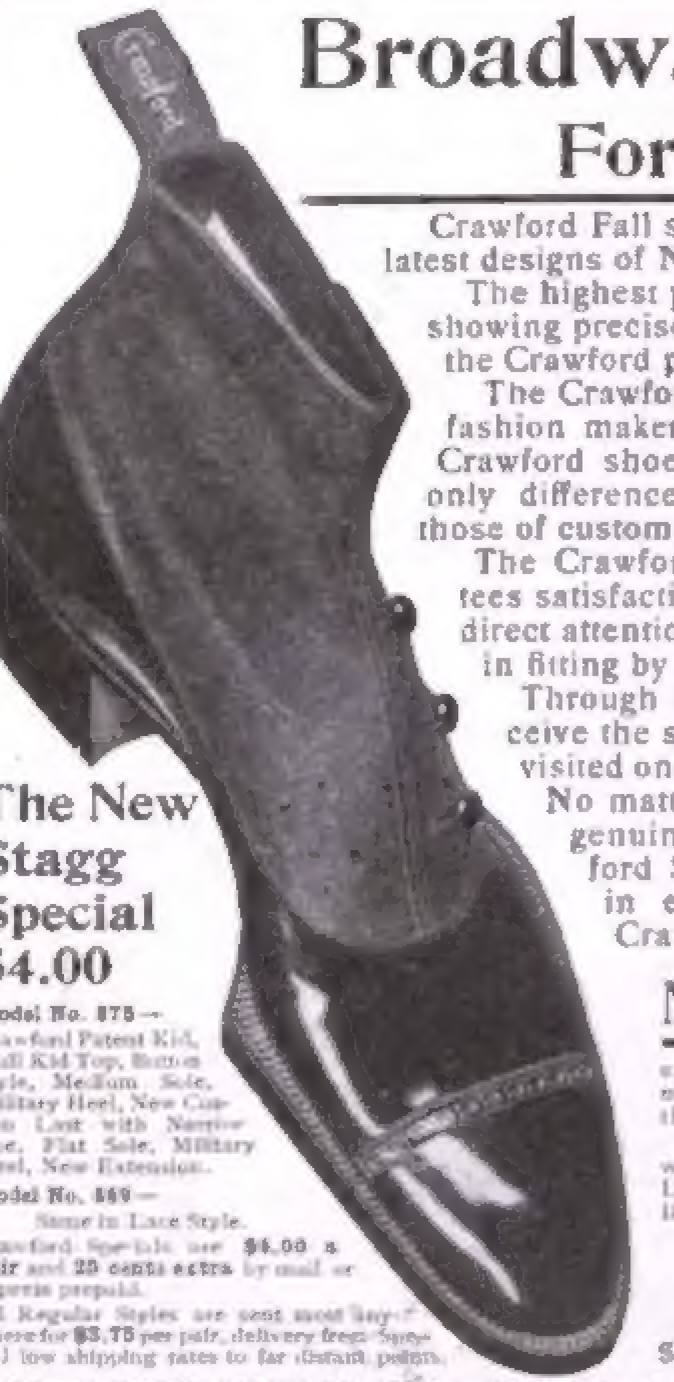
Some Fishing Pretenses and Affectations

By Former President Grover Cleveland

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Crawford Shoe
For Men & Women, $3.50

Broadway Styles
For Fall



Crawford Fall styles are modeled on the very latest designs of New York custom makers.

The highest priced shops on Broadway are showing precisely the same styles at double the Crawford price.

The Crawford system employs the finest fashion makers of the world. One trial of Crawford shoes will prove to you, that the only difference between the Crawford and those of custom makers, is the price.

The Crawford Mail Order Dept. guarantees satisfaction. Every order receives the direct attention of the manager — an expert in fitting by mail.

Through the Crawford system, you receive the same direct attention as if you visited one of our own New York stores.

No matter where you live you can get genuine New York styles, in Crawford Shoes. Thousands of people in every part of the world buy Crawford shoes by mail.

The New Stagg Special $4.00

Model No. 875 — Crawford Patent Kid, Dull Kid Top, Button Style, Medium Sole, Military Heel, New Custom Last with Narrow Toe, Flat Sole, Military Heel, New Extension.

Model No. 869 — Same in Lace Style.

Crawford Specials are **$4.00 a pair** and **25 cents extra** by mail or express prepaid.

All Regular Styles are sent most anywhere for **$3.75** per pair, delivery free. Special low shipping rates to far distant points.

New Fashion Book

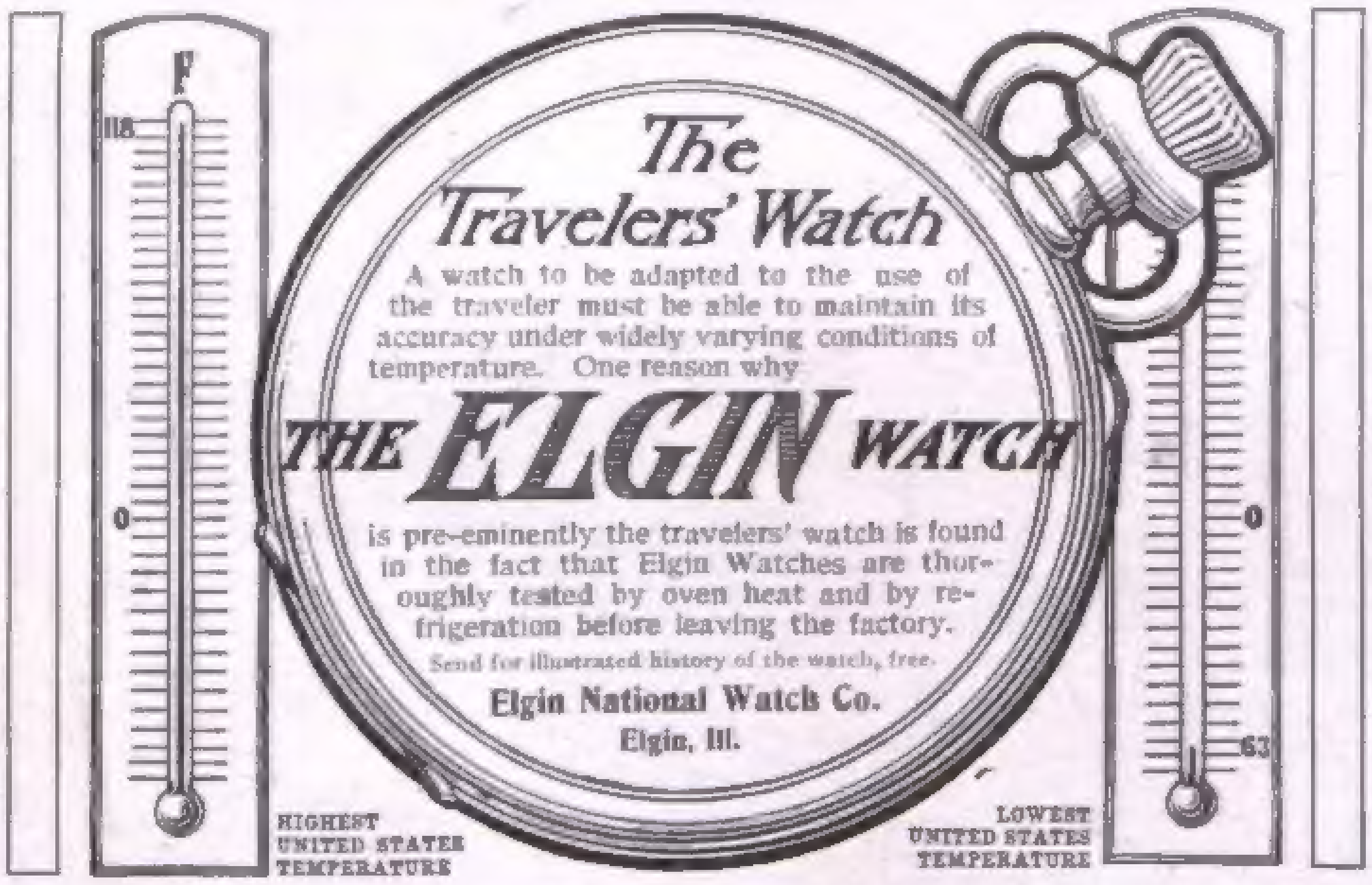
explains how to order Crawford Shoes by mail and shows actual photographs of the latest New York Custom Styles.

Send us your name and address and we will place you on our Free Subscription List, and mail you our Latest Fashion Book at once.

All requests for Agencies should be sent direct to the Factory, Brockton, Mass.

STORES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

CRAWFORD SHOE MAKERS, Headquarters and Mail Order Dept., Section 38 — 138 Duane Street, **New York City**


F
118
0
0
63
HIGHEST UNITED STATES TEMPERATURE
LOWEST UNITED STATES TEMPERATURE

The Travelers' Watch

A watch to be adapted to the use of the traveler must be able to maintain its accuracy under widely varying conditions of temperature. One reason why

THE ELGIN WATCH

is pre-eminently the travelers' watch is found in the fact that Elgin Watches are thoroughly tested by oven heat and by refrigeration before leaving the factory.

Send for illustrated history of the watch, free.

Elgin National Watch Co.
Elgin, Ill.

One Cent Annual Profit

From each of the 5,000,000 readers of The Ladies' Home Journal would make an income of $50,000. You could afford to spend $50,000 a year for several years to establish such a business.

You can effectively reach all these women at an expenditure much less than $50,000, and each one you convince will make you many times one cent a year. Write to us about it. We will advise with you, prepare your announcements and place them in the best American homes, in a publication always looked for and respected.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1,100,000 copies every issue
Over 5,000,000 readers

The Curtis Publishing Company
PHILADELPHIA

The Best Shakespeare

Half Price if you order NOW

A knowledge of Shakespeare's plays is essential to the well informed man or woman, but the ordinary edition is so defective in notes and glossaries that reading the plays becomes a difficult task instead of an enjoyable entertainment.

The New International Edition makes Shakespeare's plays pleasant reading. It has been edited and produced with that end in view. It contains copious Notes, Comments and Glossaries explaining every difficult passage and obsolete word. For the purpose of acquiring a real and practical knowledge of Shakespeare's works this edition is far superior to any other edition in existence.

The New International Edition

is based on three centuries of searching criticism. It indicates the high-water mark of Shakespearian scholarship. All recognized authorities are represented in the notes and explanatory matter, among them being Dyce, Coleridge, Dowden, Johnson, Malone, White and Hudson. The sets are in thirteen handsome volumes — size 7½ x 5¾ in. — containing 7,000 pages; attractively bound in cloth and half-leather; 400 illustrations — reproductions of quaint wood-cuts of Shakespeare's time, and beautiful color plates.

NO OTHER EDITION CONTAINS:

Topical Index: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

Critical Comments on the plays and characters selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearian scholars.

Glossaries following each Play, so that you do not have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.

Two Sets of Notes: Explanatory notes for the general reader and critical notes for the student or scholar.

Arguments: Preceding each play is an analysis of the play called the "Argument," written in an interesting story-telling way.

Study Methods: A complete method of study on each play, consisting of study questions and suggestions, — the idea being to furnish a complete college course of Shakespearian study.

Life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagehot, Stephen and other distinguished Shakespearian scholars and critics. This life relates all that the world really knows about Shakespeare.

How to Save Half the Price

We have just completed a new and limited edition which will be distributed exclusively through our Shakespeare Club. The advantages of ordering through the Club are that you have the entire set shipped to you for leisurely examination without costing you a cent; you can retain it, if it proves to be what you want, at the low Club price, which is about half the regular price, and you may pay in easy monthly payments. The prices through the Club are **$24.00 for the half-leather** binding and **$20.00 for the cloth** binding — payable at the rate of $1.00 or $2.00 a month. The regular prices of this edition are $44.00 and $36.00. You are going to buy a good set of Shakespeare some day. Why not buy the best edition NOW, when you can get it at half price and on easy payments?

FREE: Those who apply promptly will receive absolutely free of charge three valuable premiums. One is an attractive portfolio of pictures ready for framing, entitled "Literature in Art." It is a series of reproductions by the duogravure color process of great paintings of scenes from celebrated books. There are sixteen pictures, each 11 x 15 inches in size. Among the subjects are scenes from Shakespeare, Dickens' Novels, Dumas' Novels, Tennyson's Poems, etc. Every picture is a splendid work of art, full of grace and beauty. This portfolio alone sells for $8.00. In addition to the Portfolio we send the Topical Index and Plan of Study described above. The last two premiums cannot be purchased separate from the set for less than $6.00.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 Fifth Avenue New York

INSPECTION COUPON

S. E. P.
9-24

The University Society New York

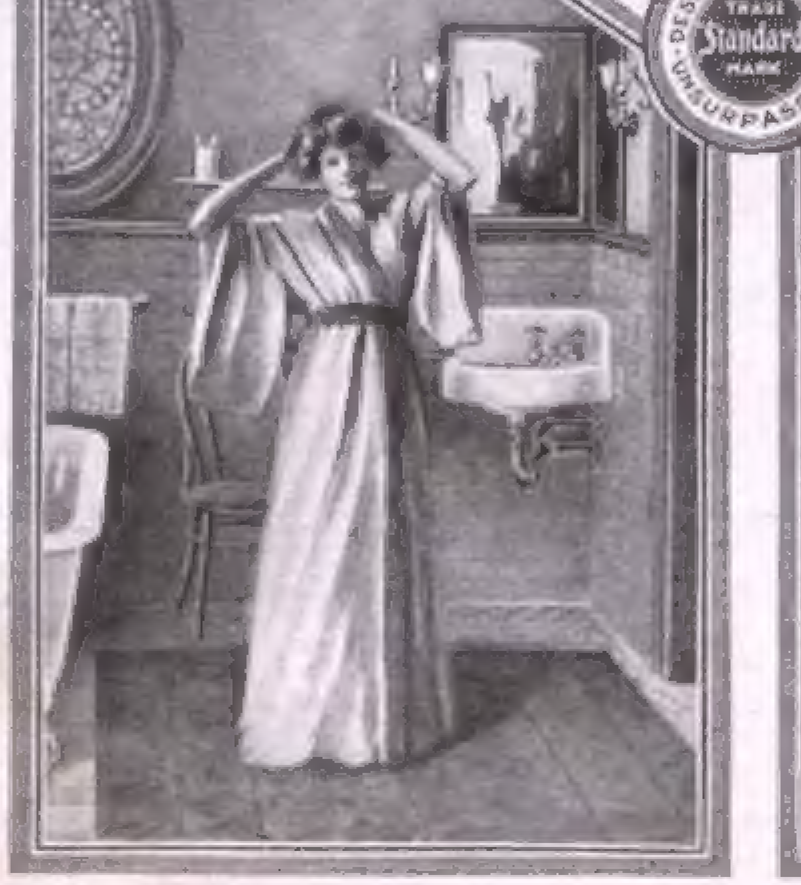
Please send me on approval, express prepaid, a set of the **New International Shakespeare** in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days and $2 per month** thereafter until $24 has been paid; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days at your expense.

Name..............................

Street.................... *City*....................

In ordering cloth change $24 to $20. If you desire to pay only $1 per month alter coupon accordingly.

"Standard"
PORCELAIN Enameled Baths & One Piece Lavatories



If you realized how much a modern bathroom, equipped with snowy "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware meant to you, not only in added comfort and satisfaction, but as a safeguard to the health of your home, you would not delay its installation one week.

Our book **"Modern Bathrooms"** simplifies and explains all bathroom matters, and you need it if you plan to build or remodel. It shows many simple and inexpensive interiors and gives approximate costs. SENT FREE.

This illustration shows the "Eclipse" Bath and "Berlin" Lavatory.

CAUTION — *Every piece of* **"Standard"** *Ware bears our guarantee* "Green and Gold" *label and has our trademark* **"Standard"** *cast on the outside. Unless the label and trademark are on the fixture, it is positively not* **"Standard"** *Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior, and will cost you more in the end.*

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. B, Pittsburg, U. S. A.

Offices & Showrooms in London: 22 Holborn Viaduct
New York: 35 West 31st St., "Standard" Building
St. Louis Fair Exhibit: Block 3-A Manufacturers Bldg.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 Number 13

SOME FISHING PRETENSES AND AFFECTATIONS

By Former President GROVER CLEVELAND

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis Publishing Company

I WOULD not permit without a resentful protest an expression of doubt as to my good and regular standing in the best and most respectable circle of fishermen. I am as jealous as a man can be of the fair fame of the fraternity; and I am unyielding in my insistence upon the exclusion of the unworthy from its membership. I also accept without demur all the traditions of the order, provided that they have been always in the keeping of the faithful, and carefully protected against all discrediting incidents. In addition to all this, my faculty of credence has been so cultivated and strengthened that I yield without question implicit and unquestioning belief to every fishing story—provided always that it is told by a fisherman of good repute, and on his own responsibility. This is especially a matter of loyalty and principle with me, for I am not only convinced that the usefulness and perhaps the perpetuity of the order of Free and Accepted Fishermen depends upon a bland and trustful credulity in the intercourse of its members with each other, but I have constantly in mind the golden rule of our craft, which commands us to believe as we would be believed.

I have not made this profession of faith in a spirit of vainglorious conceit, but by way of indicating the standpoint from which I shall venture to comment on some weaknesses which afflict our brotherhood, and as a reminder that the place I have earned among my associates should in fairness and decency protect me from the least accusation of censoriousness or purposeless faultfinding.

I do not propose to make charges of wickedness and wrongdoing, which call for such radical corrective treatment as might imperil the peace and brotherly love of our organization. It is rather my intention mildly to criticise some affectations and pretenses which I believe have grown out of overtraining among fishermen, or have resulted from too much elaboration of method and refinement of theory.

These affectations and pretenses are, unfortunately, accompaniments of a high grade of fishing skill; and in certain influential quarters they are not only excused but openly and stoutly justified. I cannot, therefore, expect my characterization of them as faults and weaknesses to pass unchallenged; but I hope that in discharging the duty I have undertaken I shall not incur the unfriendship of any considerable number of my fishing brethren.

It has often occurred to me that the very noticeable and increasing tendency toward effeminate attenuation and æsthetic standards among anglers of an advanced type is calculated to bring about a substitution of scientific display with rod and reel for the plain, downright, common-sense enjoyment of fishing. This would be a distinct and lamentable loss, resulting in the elimination to a great extent of individual initiative, and the disregard of the inherent distinction between good and bad fishermen, as measured by natural aptitude and practical results.

As in an organized commonwealth neither the highest nor the lowest elements of its people constitute its best strength and reliance, so in the fraternity of fishermen neither the lowest hangers-on and intruders, nor the highest theorists who would make fishing a scientific exercise instead of a manly, recreative pursuit, make up the supporting and defensive power of the organization. It is the middle class in the community of fishermen, those who fish ~~sensibly and decently~~, though they may be ~~oblivious~~ to the advantages of carrying fishing refinements far beyond the exigencies of catching fish, upon whom we must depend for the promotion and protection of the practical interests of the brotherhood.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the zeal and enthusiasm of this valuable section of our membership should not be imperiled by subjecting them to the humiliating consciousness that their sterling fishing qualities are held in only patronizing toleration by those in the fraternity who gratuitously assume fictitious and unjustifiable superiority.

I shall attempt to locate the responsibility for the affectations and pretenses I have mentioned, not only in vindication of our sincere and well-intentioned rank and file, but for another reason, which concerns the peace of mind and comfort of every member of the organization in his relationship with the outside world. The fact that we are in a manner separated from the common mass of mankind naturally arouses the unfriendly jealousy of those beyond the pale of the brotherhood; and fishing—the fundamental object and purpose of our union—is in many quarters decried as an absurd exertion or a frivolous waste of time. In such circumstances we cannot be charged with a surrender of independence if we attempt by a frank statement to deprive these ill-natured critics of all excuse for attacking our entire body on account of faults and weaknesses for which only a small minority is responsible.

Bluntly stated, the affectations and pretenses which I have in mind, and which in my opinion threaten to bring injury upon our noble pursuit, grow out of the undue prominence and exaggerated superiority claimed for fly-casting for trout. I hasten to say for myself and on behalf of all well-conditioned fishermen that we are not inclined to disparage in the least the delightful exhilaration of the sudden rise and strike, nor the pleasurable exercise of skill and deft manipulation afforded by this method of fishing. We have no desire to disturb by a discordant dissent the extravagant praise awarded to the trout when he is called the wariest of his tribe, the speckled beauty, the aristocratic gentleman among fish, and the most toothsome of his species. At the same time, we of the unpretentious sort of fishermen are not obliged to forget that often the trout will refuse to rise or strike and will wait on the bottom for food like any plebeian fish, that he is frequently unwary and stupid enough to be lured to his death by casts of the fly that are no better than the most awkward flings, that notwithstanding his fine dress and aristocratic bearing it is not unusual to find him in very low company, that this gentleman among fish is a willing and shameless cannibal, and that his toothsomeness, not extraordinary at best, is probably more dependent than that of most fish upon his surroundings.

~~While our knowledge~~ of these things does not exact from us an independent protest against constantly repeated praise of the qualities of trout and of fly-casting as a means of taking them, it perhaps adds to the spirit and emphasis of our dissent when we are told that fly-casting for trout is the only style of fishing worthy of cultivation, and that no other method ought to be undertaken by a true fisherman. This is one of the deplorable fishing affectations and pretenses which the sensible rank and file of the fraternity ought openly to expose and repudiate. Our irritation is greatly increased when we recall the fact that every one of these super-refined fly-casting dictators, when he fails to allure trout by his most scientific casts, will chase grasshoppers to the point of profuse perspiration, and turn over logs and stones with feverish anxiety in quest of worms and grubs, if haply he can with these save himself from empty-handedness. Neither his fine theories nor his exclusive faith in fly-casting so develops his self-denying heroism that he will turn his back upon fat and lazy trout that will not rise.

We hear a great deal about long casts and the wonderful skill they require. To cast a fly well certainly demands dexterity and careful practice. It is a matter of nice manipulation, and a slight variation in execution is often apt to settle the question of success or failure in results. It is, besides, the most showy of all fishing accomplishments, and taken all together it is worth the best efforts and ambition of any fisherman. Inasmuch, however, as the tremendously long casts we hear of are merely exhibition performances and of but little if any practical use in the actual taking of fish, their exploitation may be classed among the rather harmless fishing affectations. There is a very different degree of rankness in the claim sometimes made that an expert caster can effectively send his fly on its distant mission by a motion of his forearm alone, while all above the elbow is strapped to his side. We take no risk in saying that such a thing was never done on a fishing excursion, and that the proposition in all its aspects is the baldest kind of a pretense.

As becomes a consistent member of the fraternity of fishermen, I have carefully avoided unfriendly accusation in dealing with a branch of fishing enthusiastically preferred by a considerable contingent of my associates. If, in lamenting the faddishness that has grown up about it, plain language has been used, I have nevertheless been as tolerant as the situation permits. No attempt has been made to gain the applause of pin-hook-and-sapling fishermen, nor to give the least comfort to those who are fishermen only in their own conceit, and whose coarse-handed awkwardness, even with the most approved tackle, leads them to be incurably envious of all those who fish well.

It is not pleasant to criticise, even in a mild way, anything that genuine fishermen may do — especially when their faults result from overzealous attachment to one of the most prominent and attractive features of our craft's pursuit. It is, therefore, a relief to pass from the field of criticism and in the best of humor to set against the claim of exclusive merit made in behalf of fly-casting for trout the delights and compensations of black bass fishing. I am sure I shall be seconded in this by a very large body of fishermen in the best of standing. It is manifestly proper also to select for this competition a kind of fishing which presents a contrast in being uninfluenced by any affectations or by a particle of manufactured and fictitious inflation. In speaking of black bass I am not dealing with the large-mouthed variety that are found in both Northern and Southern waters, and which grow in the latter to a very large size, but only with the small-mouthed family inhabiting the streams or lakes and ponds of the North, and which are large when they reach four pounds in weight. I consider these, when found in natural and favorable surroundings, more uncertain, whimsical and wary in biting, and more strong, resolute and resourceful when hooked, than any other fish ordinarily caught in fresh waters. They will in some localities and at certain seasons rise to a fly; but this cannot be relied upon. They can sometimes also be taken by trolling; but this is very often not successful, and is at best a second-class style of fishing. On the whole it is best and most satisfactory to attempt their capture by still fishing with bait. To those with experience this will not suggest angling of a tame and unruffled sort; and if those without experience have such an estimate of it they are most decidedly reckoning without their host. As teachers of patience in fishing, black bass are at the head of the list. They are so whimsical that the angler never knows whether on a certain day they will take small live fish, worms, frogs, crickets, grasshoppers, crawfish or some other outlandish bait; and he soon learns that in the most favorable conditions of wind and weather they will frequently refuse to touch bait of any kind. In their intercourse with fishermen, especially in its early stages, they are the most aggravating and profanity-provoking animal that swims in fresh water. Whether they will bite or not at any particular time we must freely concede is exclusively their own affair; but having decided this question against the fisherman, nothing but inherent and tantalizing meanness can account for the manner in which a black bass will even then rush for the bait, and after actually mouthing it will turn about and insultingly whack it with his tail. An angler who has seen this performance finds, in his desire to make things even with such unmannerly wretches, a motive in addition to all others for a relentless pursuit of the bass family.

Another and more encouraging stage in bass fishing is reached when biting seems to be the order of the day. It must not be supposed, however, that thereupon the angler's troubles and perplexities are over, or that nothing stands in the way of an easy and satisfying catch. Experience in this kind of fishing never fails to teach that it is one thing to induce these cunning fellows to take the bait, and quite another to accomplish their capture. It is absolutely necessary in this stage of the proceedings that the deliberation and gingerly touch of the fish be matched by deliberation and care on the part of the fisherman at the butt of the rod; and the strike on his part must not be too much hastened, lest he fail to lodge his hook in a good holding place. Even if he succeeds in well hooking his fish he cannot confidently expect a certain capture. In point of fact the tension and anxiety of the work in hand begins at that very instant. Ordinarily when a bass is struck with the hook, if he is in surroundings favorable to his activity, he at once enters upon a series of acrobatic performances which, during their continuance, keep the fisherman in a state of acute suspense. While he rushes away from and toward and around and under the boat, and while he is leaping from the water and turning somersaults with ugly shakes of his head, in efforts to dislodge the hook, there is at the other end of the outfit a fisherman, tortured by the fear of infirmity lurking somewhere in his tackle, and wrought to the point of distress by the thought of a light hook hold in the fish's jaw, and its liability to tear out in the struggle. If in the midst of it all a sudden release of pull and a straightening of his rod give the signal that the bass has won the battle, the vanquished angler has, after a short period of bad behavior and language, the questionable satisfaction of attempting to solve a forever unsolvable problem, by studying how his defeat might have been avoided if he had managed differently.

No such perplexing question, however, is presented to the bass fisherman who lands his fish. He complacently regards his triumph as the natural and expected result of steadiness and skill, and excludes from his thoughts all shadow of doubt concerning the complete correctness of his procedure in every detail.

My expressed design to place fishing for black bass with bait in competition with fly-casting for trout will, I hope, be considered a justification for the details I have given of bass fishing. It commends itself in every feature to the sporting instincts of all genuine anglers; and it is because I do not hope to altogether correct the "Affectations and Pretenses of Fishing" that I have felt constrained to rally those who should love angling for bass — to the end that at least a good-natured division may be established within our fraternity between an ornamental and pretense-breeding method and one which cultivates skill, stimulates the best fishing traits, and remains untouched by any form of affectation.

GRAND LARCENY

The Story of a Business Steal

By William Hamilton Osborne

SMITHSON, of Bleecker & Smithson, swung into the superintendent's office and laid a bundle on his desk. "Tommy," he said, "there are the pay envelopes. Better go over them a bit. I didn't check them up, on account of the rush. I guess they're all right, though."

The superintendent nodded, shoved the bundle into a big pigeonhole upon his desk, and then strode into the workshop. He was too busy, now, to bother about a little thing like the pay-roll. Smithson, of the partnership, returned to his own private office.

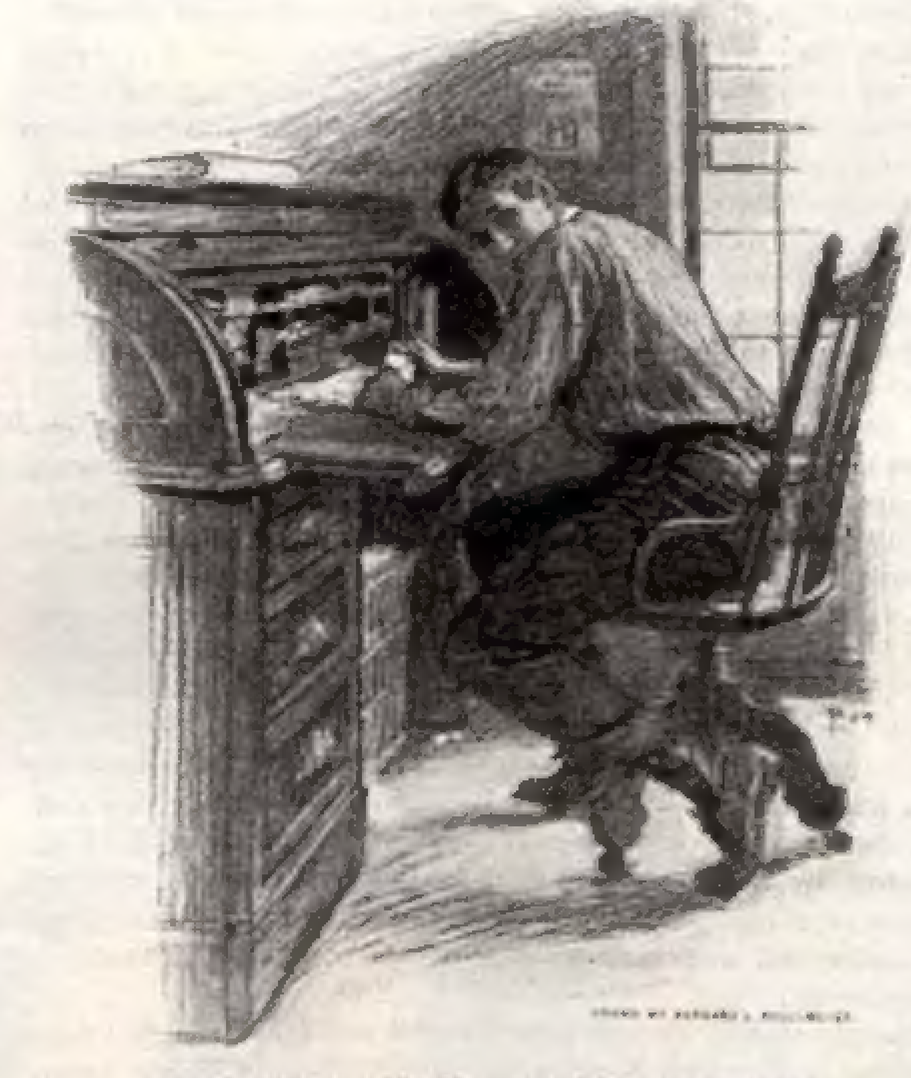
This left the superintendent's office almost alone — save for the presence of one person. This individual was Haggerty. Haggerty was young — nineteen years of age or so, but exceptionally intelligent and businesslike. He had entered the employ of Bleecker & Smithson some five years before and had been steadily advanced. He had seen Smithson enter with the envelopes, had heard the conversation, and had noted, with considerable satisfaction, the unusual haste of both men. Bleecker & Smithson, manufacturers of skates, were working under enormous pressure; the Bleecker & Smithson was fast coming to be the only skate on the market, and the demand for it invariably distanced the supply. Haggerty himself had been rushed, but not too rushed to consider minutely his own individual interests, necessities and — pleasures.

He waited an instant, until he seemed quite secure from interruption. Then, without the slightest attempt at concealment, he strode to the superintendent's desk and drew from its pigeonhole the bundle of pay envelopes. He untied the string, and shook them loose upon the desk. When he had done this he swung easily upon his chair and faced the door.

"I thought, Tommy," he said, "that I'd sort these over for you and check them up." He spoke to empty air. The superintendent was not there, and he knew it. He was merely trying his voice, was Haggerty: rehearsing his part in the event of interruption. But now he no longer dawdled over his task. Abstracting an envelope here and there, he hastily rifled it of its contents, thrust its contents into his trousers pocket, and then replaced the empty envelope within the bundle. Then he thrust the bundle back into its pigeonhole. Then he seized a pattern from his own desk and sauntered, whistling, into Smithson's private office.

"Mr. Smithson," he said, "Tommy's so blame busy that I can't get his mind down on this pattern. I want *you* to look at it. Two or three of the men swear by it, but it seems to *me* that it isn't up to snuff."

Smithson looked it over. It wasn't up to snuff — Haggerty was right. He had observed that which even the superintendent had overlooked. Smithson scratched his head.



HE HASTILY RIFLED IT OF ITS CONTENTS

"Look here, Haggerty," he suggested; "it's Saturday and it's 11:45. Mr. Bleecker is out trying to pacify Alcock and get a bit more time for *his* delivery, and I've got to camp right here on this Peter's contract. Suppose you run down and see Seabury about this pattern, and get him to make it *right;* see Peddy about the straps, and oh, say, by the way — here's a lot of cash and some checks just come in since I deposited this morning. We don't want to keep them here over Sunday — especially the cash. Suppose you stop at the bank on your way down." Haggerty nodded. "You don't have to come back," continued Smithson, "except — oh, of course, you want your pay." He rose and started for the next room. Haggerty watched him. Then Smithson came back and dropped into his chair.

"Oh, you can get it Monday," said Smithson, "or," he added, "you can stop at Tommy's house to-night. I'll tell him to keep yours out and take it with him."

Haggerty shook his head. "You forget, Mr. Smithson," he returned, "that you advanced it to me out of your own pocket just three days ago. Tommy can turn it over to you — and that will make us square. Good-by."

Haggerty went to the bank and made his deposit. He went to Seabury's and saw Seabury about the pattern. And then he went to his boarding-house and dressed himself.

Down at the Bay that afternoon a sorrel mare and a black horse, with necks stretched to the limit, and each with a pair of wheels and a bit of gaudy color trailing out behind, found, as they had found before, that the eyes of many thousand men were on them — that many thousand men were forgetting to breathe, and were remembering only to look, while the sorrel and the black scampered side by side down a dusty track. There was a great momentous silence upon the crowd — nothing to be heard save an expectant rustle.

Suddenly all this was changed. There was a wild shout coming, it is likely, from the throats of only half a hundred men. These men had *seen* the outcome, had *known* that the little mare had stretched her neck a little farther under the wire and had come home just a nose ahead of the game. The rest of the crowd went wild, but the rest of the crowd didn't know. It was shouting because the few had shouted — each of the many thousands believed that *his* money was well placed. A man with a megaphone appeared at the front of the judge's stand, and a lettered sign was set up, and a bit of color tossed to a diminutive driver down below.

It was Cleopatra — the little mare had won. Then followed sounds that meant something — a yell of triumph that rent the skies — a sudden rush to the bookies' tents — and a wail of anguish that was felt more than it was heard.

As for Haggerty, he strode from the track, biting his lips and digging his nails into his moist palms as he went.

"I thought *this* time," he muttered, "that the Friar——"

He swung aboard a trolley car with the rest of the crowd. The car started up and sped along.

"Fare," yelled the conductor into Haggerty's ear. Haggerty flushed, and swore a strange oath.

"Let me off," he cried, "I — I clean forgot." The conductor let him off and smiled. Haggerty had forgotten that he was cleaned out — forgotten that, in his eagerness, he had put up his every cent to back the Friar. *His* every cent, and some of his concern's besides.

That night Haggerty tapped nervously at the door of a little cottage on Maiden Lane. "I — I'm late," he said to a girl of his own age — perhaps a little older, "I'm late, Kitty. I was going to take you over to New York to-night, but the fact is," he added truthfully, "I — I didn't get my pay envelope to-day. We'll go another time."

The girl, who was quite as well pleased to have a quiet tête-à-tête with Haggerty, smiled a satisfied smile, and bade him sit down and make himself at home. She was a pretty girl, this Kitty of his, and she knew how to make Haggerty talk—about the shop, his plans, himself. But to-night she was unable to succeed. Haggerty was distraught—he would not talk. During one of the many periods of silence the girl picked up the evening paper. Upon its first page was emblazoned the counterfeit presentment of Cleopatra, the winner at the Bay.

"I've never seen a horse-race," said the girl, more to make conversation than for any other purpose; "some day, Billy, you must take me down, somewhere, I don't care where, to see a race."

Haggerty half groaned. There swept over him a sudden impulse to kneel down at this girl's feet and tell her everything—to make a clean breast of it to *her*. It was a good impulse, and it passed. Its place was taken by a multitude of half-angry thoughts in which the girl had a place. After all, Haggerty resentfully told himself, by way of justification—after all, what he had done he had done on her account. He wanted to get ahead—he wanted to save money and make money—for *her*. And this was what had come of it. He began already to feel hardly treated—he was scared; he was angry with himself, and angry with her. But he said nothing. He rose finally, glanced at a clock, and seized his hat.

"Sure," he answered her mechanically; "sure I'll take you to a race some time—and glad to, Kitty. I must be going. Good-night, little girl."

She lifted up her face—dear little girl that she was—and kissed him. And Haggerty strode forth that night and walked the streets, wide-eyed and sleepless. For Haggerty was a criminal, and he realized it. He had been guilty of grand larceny.

He did not know what had taken place back at the shop after he had left. But things *had* happened.

Haggerty had not been gone twenty minutes from Smithson's private office that afternoon when Tommy, the superintendent, rushed into Smithson's presence.

"I guess you *didn't* check these up, Mr. Smithson," he remarked, drawing forth a few empty envelopes; "you'll have to cough up more coin."

"W—what," gasped Smithson; "let me see 'em." He took the empty envelopes and read the names upon them.

"W—why," he stammered, "I filled these—two of these I remember perfectly. I had trouble in getting just the right change in 'em. Somebody has taken 'em. That's what."

It was Tommy's turn to burst into exclamation points. "No," gasped Tommy, "that can't be—that's impossible. There hasn't been anybody in there. Not a soul—except you and me—and Haggerty."

A door opened, and Bleecker, the senior partner, entered. Bleecker was a man of stern countenance, and somewhat pious of demeanor. He was a pillar of the church, and he never drank, smoked, chewed or swore. He was a thorough business man.

"What about Haggerty?" he demanded blandly of Tommy and his partner. The other men told him that it was nothing about Haggerty in particular but that somebody had robbed the pay envelopes, and that they couldn't quite account for it. In the vernacular of the shop, Bleecker immediately flew up in the air. Coming down to earth again, however, he resolutely pursed up his lips.

"We'll find out who did it," he remarked, "and mighty soon at that."

The three sat down and went over the matter in detail, from the time that Smithson had filled the envelopes to the instant that the superintendent had made the discovery. Bleecker, a suspicious personage, would have been ready to accuse either Tommy or his partner had there been the slightest occasion for it. As it was, he had to comment upon the laxity with which the money had been left in the superintendent's desk.

"I'll take the blame of that," said Smithson. "I ought to have locked it up, but we've been so rushed."

"Yes," answered Bleecker dryly, "and the rush has made us lose enough hard cash to eat up the profits on nobody knows how many pairs of skates. Fine way to rush. Now, let's get down to business."

They got down to business, and the upshot of it was that Smithson remembered that he had sat at his own desk in full sight of the superintendent's door from the time of the delivery of the envelopes to the time of the discovery of the shortage. The superintendent, singularly enough, had been instructing two new hands whose benches were within sight of the other door of the superintendent's office—and there were but two doors. And meanwhile no one had been inside save Haggerty.

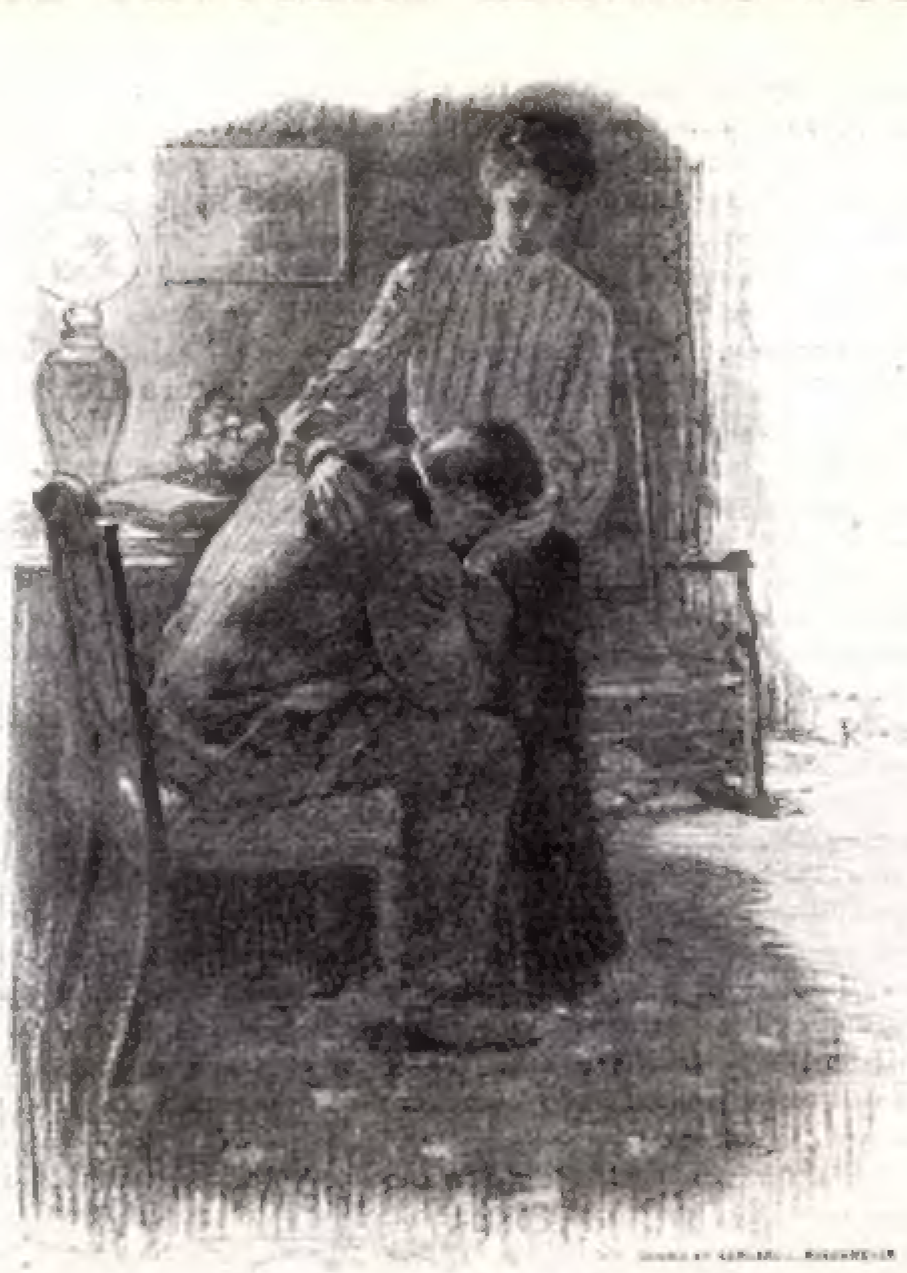
"All right," commented Bleecker; "now we'll search Haggerty's desk and see what we can find."

They broke it open and found—some racing sheets. And there were some private memoranda in the handwriting of Haggerty, relating to his success and failure at the track.

Bleecker grunted. "The old, old story," he commented; "that's enough for me."

But Smithson protested. "I don't know about that," he said.

Bleecker snorted. "I don't want any better proof," he answered.



HE BROKE DOWN AND TOLD HER ALL ABOUT IT

The superintendent coughed nervously and turned red in the face. "I—this is a hard situation for me," said the superintendent. "I have as much faith in Billy Haggerty as anybody." He stopped and drew from his pocket a small round disk of mother-of-pearl. "Haggerty would have, as a rule," he went on, "no business around my desk. When—when I discovered what was missing I—I picked this up. It's a button. It's the same kind that Billy wears on his blue shirt. I found it on my desk. I—I'll go a step further. When I opened up the bundle it dropped out. I didn't want to say this," he added in genuine distress, "but I've got to be straight with you. If Billy did this thing you've got to know it—it isn't for me to keep it back. I don't know," he went on somewhat forlornly; "I think I'd rather have done you up myself than have *him* do it."

Monday morning Haggerty was himself again. He whistled as he entered the shop and hung up his coat. But he did not whistle long. Bleecker summoned him into his own office. There were Smithson and the superintendent, both looking sheepish and uncomfortable. Bleecker acquainted Haggerty of the nature of the charge against him. Haggerty straightened up and looked each man in the eye.

"No, sir," he said to Bleecker, "I did not do it."

Bleecker then produced the racing memoranda. Haggerty flushed but held his own. "Of course," he admitted, "I play the races now and then. Who doesn't? You won't find five men in ten here in town who don't. That isn't the point. I didn't take your money. Why," he continued, turning to Smithson, "you gave me some money to deposit in the bank. There's the book. Isn't it all right? If I wanted to steal why didn't I steal then? As for the rest, you have a number of new hands about. I don't know who took your money. All that I know is that *I did not*."

The superintendent's glance was fastened on Haggerty's blue shirt. There was a button missing—a mother-of-pearl button, and the loose threads that once had held it straggled down untidily. Bleecker saw the glance and followed it up.

"Then," he said with a sneer, "then, Haggerty, perhaps you will be good enough to explain what you were doing at the superintendent's desk, and just why this button was found among the envelopes—tell us that!"

Haggerty never moved a muscle. He was unprepared for this, it is true, but between Saturday night and Monday morning he had well rehearsed his part—he was prepared for anything. He looked at the button, and looked at his shirt, and looked Bleecker unwaveringly in the face.

"I can't explain anything," he answered; "that button seems to have come from my shirt; and if you found it on Tommy's desk, well and good. I can't help that." He paused a moment. He was considering whether to charge this crime upon the superintendent—whether to insist that Tommy was putting up a job. In an instant he saw that it would be a mistake—saw that it would rob him of the friendship of Tommy, and perhaps of Smithson; and he couldn't be quite sure just how much they knew. "That button," he continued, "might have been on Tommy's desk a dozen times, and nobody would have noticed it. I didn't even know that I had lost it. But I care nothing for that. *I didn't take your money.* That's all I know."

"If you didn't," insisted Bleecker, "who did?"

"*I* didn't," returned Haggerty; "I am very sure of that."

They told Haggerty he could go back to his desk. He did it. Then they put their heads together.

"Send for an officer," directed Bleecker. But Smithson shook his head.

"What," went on Bleecker, "don't you think he did it?"

Smithson nodded gravely. He had watched Haggerty with care. "He did it, all right," returned Smithson; "I'm sure of that. I wasn't sure on Saturday. I'm quite sure now. But I wouldn't jail the man. He's too young."

"But he *lied* to us," screamed Bleecker. "If he'd made a clean breast of it I wouldn't care. But he lied, understand, he *lied*——"

Smithson nodded once more. "There are times, you know, Bleecker," he said, "when a man has *got* to lie—when he *must* lie."

But Bleecker wouldn't hear of it. "A man who lies——" he began. But Smithson rose.

"All men lie, Bleecker," he returned; "it's commoner than stealing and more respectable. I've got to say for Haggerty that he *had* to lie. He ought not to have stolen, but, having done it, he had to lie out of it."

"He'll take the consequences of it, then," retorted Bleecker. "I'm going to 'phone for the police."

But Bleecker didn't 'phone for the police. They talked it over very carefully—very carefully indeed. Smithson's counsels prevailed.

"I don't believe," said Smithson, "that this young fellow will ever do a thing like that again. I don't, indeed. It would be criminal for us to ruin his career and ruin him, even after what he's done to ruin it himself."

They did not arrest him. They discharged him. He protested his innocence, did Haggerty, but they were adamant, even unto Smithson; they discharged him, and he went.

That night, in the little cottage in Maiden Lane, Billy Haggerty did the thing he couldn't help doing in the presence of the little girl who loved him. He broke down and told her all about it—told her the truth. He didn't save himself.

"And I should have been assistant superintendent in two months, Kitty," he wailed; "think of it—assistant superintendent. In two years—superintendent, either there or somewhere else. I'm a fool—a fool. I'm worse," he added in anguish of mind; "I'm a liar and a thief."

The girl, become a woman on the instant, stretched forth her hand and touched him gently on the arm.

"I'll stick to you, Billy." It was all she had to say. It was all that Billy wanted—all he asked for; and when Billy Haggerty left her that night he saw in her eyes a new light that said to him, with all that it implies: "Go thou and sin no more."

"I'm going, Kitty," said Haggerty, answering the light in her eyes; "I'm going to turn over a new leaf. It's right-about-face—if you'll only stick to me."

Haggerty started in to get work. It was easy to start in, but harder to get it.

"Where have you worked? why did you leave? have you a recommendation?" This was the stereotyped interrogation. Haggerty had nerve, and he went back to Smithson.

"Mr. Smithson," he said, "I've got to get work, and I've got to have a recommendation. I've been brought up in this business, and there's no reason why I should start in at the bottom of the ladder again—I want a letter from you people. Can't you let me have it?"

But Smithson shook his head. "We discharged you, Haggerty," he explained firmly, "for a certain reason. We can't send you to some other concern with an indorsement. It wouldn't be right or fair to them."

Haggerty went away disconsolate; and little by little the cause of his discharge crept out. It cannot be said that any one of the three—Bleecker, Smithson or the superintendent—ever mentioned the cause of Haggerty's discharge; but it is quite certain that within a month the men knew all about it, and Haggerty's friends slowly found it out. Haggerty had sowed the wind, and he was reaping the whirlwind.

"All right," said Haggerty to himself; "I'll start in, then, at the bottom rung."

He did. He went over to East Monroe to Jepson's. Jepson's was a skate factory—a smaller one than Bleecker's. Haggerty started in to make skates. He knew how. He was intelligent and of an inventive turn of mind. He worked and worked and worked. One day he stepped into Jepson's office and held out a model.

"Mr. Jepson," he said to the proprietor, "here is a skate that will knock the spots off of the Bleecker & Smithson. Look it over, please."

It was three months later that he took the girl that loved him in his arms and whispered in her ear. She was five years older now.

"Kitty," he whispered, "we can marry, you and I—and right away. Jepson and I are partners, little girl. We've a small concern, but I can make a living now for two—a good one. Now we can marry. We've waited long—so very long," he added with a smile that was half a sigh, a sigh that was half a smile.

The girl hid her face in his sleeve. "Billy boy," she whispered gently.

. . . .

The Green Store, in New York, was built along gigantic lines. Everything it sold was made for it upon contract in the best possible manner at the lowest possible price. The manufacturer who could get the Green Store's patronage could well afford to neglect each of his other patrons. But it must be remembered that the Green Store demanded the best work at the lowest price.

At this juncture it was getting in bids for an enormous quantity of skates. It sent proposals to Bleecker & Smithson, of Monroe, and to the Jepson Manufacturing Company, of East Monroe. Jepson was dead, and the proprietor of the Jepson concern was William Haggerty. Haggerty was only thirty-two or thirty-three, and he had been uniformly successful. People said that he was getting rich. Bleecker & Smithson were falling to the rear.

One day Bleecker, now an elderly man, sat in his office mopping his face. "We're up against it, Smithson," he said; "our balance is exhausted, and our credit is getting pretty well n. g. I don't know," he complained hopelessly, "just what we're going to do."

He handed over the specifications and proposal of the big Green Store.

"If we could swing that contract, Bleecker," said Smithson; "if we only *could*, it would be the making of us. I don't see," he went on, "why we couldn't do it. We certainly could make the skates well. And in our present condition we certainly must afford to make them at the bottom price. A few cents on every pair—even a cent, perhaps—would put us on our feet. And once we're on our feet," he concluded resolutely, "I'd like to see anybody get us off—again."

They figured on the contract and sent their figures in. Haggerty also figured, but with more assurance. He had had one of the Green Store's big contracts and had made money on it. He was *sure* of getting another. And, being sure, he did, perhaps, a foolish thing. The first time he had come within an ace of falling down on the time limit. This time, he assured himself, he would take time by the forelock. At the same time that he sent in his bid he sent to a steel concern a mammoth order for steel plate. The plate came and he stamped it out.

"Nothing like being ready," he told his men.

One day Smithson, all smiles, entered Bleecker's office with a whoop.

"Hooray," he yelled, waving a piece of paper in his hand; "we've got it—we've got it, Bleecker."

It was the order for the Green Store skates. Bleecker looked at it and brightened up for an instant. Then he frowned and, in his turn, handed a document to Smithson. Smithson wilted. It was a summons and complaint in a suit of Seabury's against the firm for labor and materials—returnable in twenty days.

"Great Scott!" groaned Smithson; "and we can't pay it, either."

Still, they went to work on the Green Store contract and sent in an order for steel. The steel company answered at once. They wanted cash. Smithson wrote the steel company about the contract, and the company retorted that it didn't care about the contract; that the Green Store didn't pay for six months after due date, and that the steel company wanted Bleecker & Smithson's money right away. They tried another steel company with similar success. Smithson called on this concern in person.

"But I'll tell you what," said the agent of the company; "you might do this. Jepson's thought they'd get this big contract that you've got—if they had *they* could have swung it all right. But they bought steel of us—paid cash, too. They've cut it up. Why don't you go to see *them?* Maybe you can make a deal."

Smithson reported to Bleecker. Bleecker's eyes danced.

"The very thing, Smithson," he exclaimed eagerly; "the very thing. Haggerty will let us have that stuff at cost if we pay for the labor on it. Besides," he added slowly, "Haggerty doesn't know just what our condition is."

"We ought to tell him, then," said Smithson; "otherwise it wouldn't be a square deal. It wouldn't."

"But," protested Bleecker, "we could pay him out of the contract price in six or seven months."

"How do you know," retorted Smithson. "We may be sold out before six or seven months."

"It is not my purpose, Smithson," said Bleecker, "to misrepresent to the man. I sha'n't tell him anything. I'll simply say that we'll take the goods off his hands. I won't tell him one thing or another."

"Well," returned Smithson slowly, "we're insolvent now; and if we've got to go to the wall it's better to go honorably than dishonorably. Besides, if, knowing we are insolvent, we take this man's goods we're guilty of a fraud."

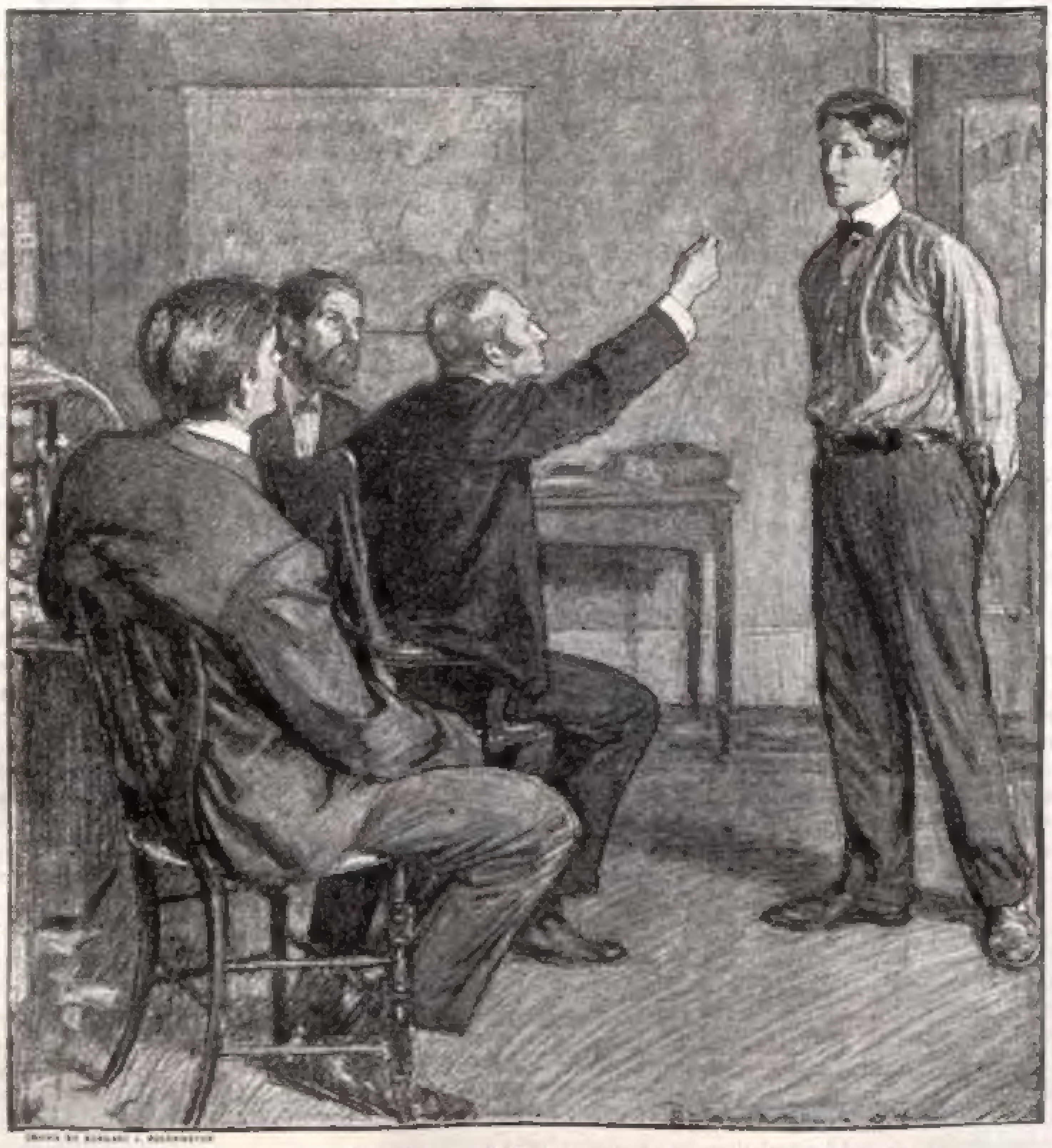
"Well, well," returned Bleecker, "I'll go down and see him, anyway. I'm the buyer and it's my business. I'm pretty honest, I think, and I don't expect to turn dishonest at this late day."

Half an hour afterward he was in East Monroe closeted with Haggerty. Haggerty and he had met from time to time—but, unlike his demeanor on a former occasion, Haggerty never met him without flushing more or less. Now, however, both men were all business, and Bleecker knew that when he was pitted against Haggerty he was pitted against a thorough business man. He came to the point at once. Haggerty assented. He was glad to accommodate, and he was glad to get rid of his surplus raw material at cost.

"Mr. Bleecker," he said finally, "you don't mind my asking the questions that I always do on such occasions? This is a large transaction. Your concern is perfectly able to pay for this bill of goods, isn't it?"

Bleecker was still a pillar in the church; but as he sat and looked at Haggerty there ran through his mind the saying of his partner: "There are times when a man has *got* to lie." If there ever was a time when a man was forced to lie it seemed to Bleecker that now was the time and he was the man.

"Oh," he answered, "we're good as gold. We could pay you now, but we don't want to. We want to let this big contract take care of itself. If Smithson is agreeable," he added, "I'd just as lief we'd pay you a bit of interest into the bargain. But, oh, yes, we're good as gold. Bleecker & Smithson. Well, I should say so. Yes."



"AND JUST WHY THIS BUTTON WAS FOUND AMONG THE ENVELOPES"

"I thought so," returned Haggerty. "I'll send the goods right over."

Now, Bleecker had not intended to say as much as he did say, but it came spontaneously enough, and he reasoned with himself that this statement of his, which had been taken down, unknown to him, by Haggerty's stenographer, was nothing but a pardonable exaggeration.

"At any rate," he told himself, "we've got the goods."

A few days later Haggerty was uneasily sniffing the air.

"Jackson," he told his private man, "I wish you'd go out and make a few inquiries about Bleecker & Smithson. I don't want to get caught—this is a big bill they've bought and I've got to be sure. You might find out what you can."

His man went, and the first concern he approached was Seabury's. Seabury was the man who had sued Bleecker & Smithson, and against whom he was about to take judgment.

Jackson opened his eyes to the limit, jotted down the details, and went the rounds.

He came back and reported. Haggerty opened his own eyes. "Seabury," said his man, "is the only chap who's pressing them. But he's got it in for them; he's going to get judgment, and he's going to issue execution. If he does it ——"

"If he does it," returned Haggerty, "then everybody else jumps in, and the concern will go to smash. And then ——"

"And then," said Jackson with a smile, "the rival house of Jepson—our house—will be A No. 1 in these diggings, I'm afraid—the cock of the walk. I guess," he added dryly, "we can stand it."

"But," protested Haggerty, "the bill of goods we sold 'em?"

"That," returned Jackson, "is easy. You have Bleecker's fake statement about that. It's false. Rescind the sale, and get Cowen, Covington & Blackwood to replevin the stuff, and get it back. It's a cinch. That's what we did in the Holyoke case."

"Bleecker lied to me," said Haggerty slowly, "and he had no business to—a man like him——" He stopped short.

"Jackson," he went on, "don't wait. Let me have your information and I'll think it over. There's no hurry about it, and I want to think it over for a while."

He thought it over. He knew that by merely pressing a button on his desk he could set in motion the wheels that for Bleecker & Smithson would become the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, crushing life, and crushing honor with it.

"Bleecker & Smithson," he mused; "Smithson—there's the rub." He stopped again. Suddenly he sat up straight.

"What should I have done," he thought, "had I been in Bleecker's place when he bought that stuff? What should I have done? By George! what *did* I do—what *did* I do—once upon a time?"

Seabury had granted Bleecker & Smithson an extension of five days. On the fourth day of that extension they sent once more to Seabury, and Seabury came, but with reluctance.

"Seabury," said Smithson, "we'll do this: We'll give you a good big slice of the profit in the Green Store contract—double the amount of your claim. We'll give you notes payable in six months. We'll do anything. You're the only man who's pressing us. We'll——"

"It's the man who presses that gets his money," returned Seabury. "You fellows can't carry out that Green Store contract. Don't I know? Can't I see? If I don't get in now and get my money I don't get in at all. I'm going to enter judgment, and do it right away."

Seabury left, brushing against the postman as he entered. The postman threw down a batch of letters, and Smithson began to open them. Suddenly he gasped and stared.

"Bleecker," he exclaimed, "Bleecker. Look at that."

It was a check—a check for the exact amount of the Seabury claim and costs. With it was a small, thin piece of paper, and on the paper was written but a word or two:

> Restitution—with interest compounded. WM. HAGGERTY.

Smithson sprang to the window and threw it open. "Seabury," he screamed, "Seabury, come back—come back."

That night there was a strange light in the eyes of Haggerty, and an unwonted happiness of manner. He entered his home upon the hill, and caught up young Billy in his arms and pressed Mrs. Billy to his heart and laughed aloud with joy.

"What," demanded Mrs. Haggerty, "does all this mean?"

Haggerty flushed, and he looked at Mrs. Haggerty with a glance full of meaning.

"It means, Kitty," he answered gravely, "that after many years I have confessed."

"And been forgiven?" she inquired.

Haggerty did not answer. He didn't know. But the answer is clear to any man who will take the trouble to go over to the town of Monroe to order skates. He will find that where there were two skate factories there is but one. He will find that that one—the Haggerty-Bleecker-Smithson skate concern—can satisfy his wants, and that it is better qualified to do so, it may be, than any other factory in the world.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

Brer Rabbit and the Tar-Baby

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

In Leventeen Hunder'd-an'-Full-er-Fleas,
When dey raise sech a crap er gooba peas,
De creeturs wuz all des ez chummy ez you please:
Dey raced an' dey rastled, dey jumped an' dey played,
An' dey wa'n't nothin' tall fer ter make um 'fraid.
Dey had der parties, bofe dar an' here,
Wid May-pop puddin' an' 'simmon beer;
An' de way dey keep der Fo'th-er-Julys
Wuz in eatin' goobas an' fresh tater pies —
An' dey wa'n't no doubt, an' no prehaps,
Dat dey holp one anudder out wid der craps.

An' dey had de frolics in de fall,
When dey 'scorted Miss Meadows ter de ball,
Wid "Sasshay, ladies!" an' "Balance all!"
Dey had mighty little fer ter set um back,
Good health an' good craps — but what dey lack
Wuz good, clean water when de branch run dry,
Kaze de river wuz muddy when low er high.
Dey mought 'a' got a well by sellin' corn,
But de man what dug um hadn't been born;
So dey rocked along fum day ter day,
An' hoed der craps an' saved der hay.

When de Sun helt its own up in de sky,
An' de long drouth come, an' de branch run dry,
Mr. Fox an' Mr. Wolf look like dey'd die;
An' all de creeturs wuz in de same fix,
Ceppin' ol' Brer Rabbit, wid his errytatin' tricks;
He went his way, an' he had his fun
Ef de branch wuz dry er ef it run;
He loped along wid his lippity-clip,
A-wigglin' his nose an' a-workin' his lip,
An' his mornin' drink wuz allers new —
It wuz sweet-gum sap an' honey-dew.

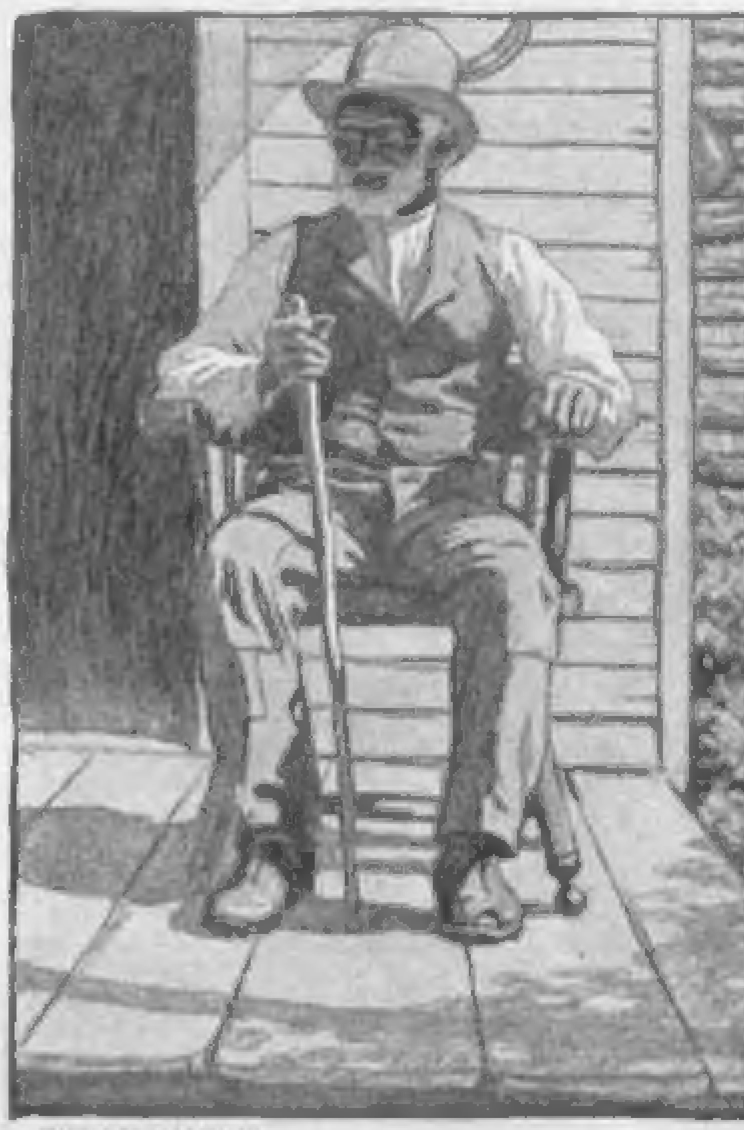
De kin' what you fin' in de heart uv a flower,
Er de poplar-leaf, ef you'll wait fer de hour,
An' watch fer de moonshine's sweetenin' shower.
But de yuther creeturs ain't cotch de knack,
Dey wuz dull ez walkin' ter mill an' back;
Dey never tuck notice how de birds kin sing,
How de black bee zoons when he's on de wing,
How de stars swing 'roun', how de flowers smell,
An' dey'd dodge fum thunder wid "Well, well, well!"
Dey wisht mighty strong dat der can'ts wuz coulds,
Twel de day Mr. Fox got back fum de woods.

He come back, he did, an' sezee, "By jing!
You kin b'lieve me er not, but I done foun' a spring,
An' I feel like cuttin' de pidjin-wing!
An' it runs so clean, an' it runs so clear,
Dat it do like it's whisp'rin' in yo' y'ear,
Wid its 'Google-goody!' an' its 'Google-good!'
It's way over yander in de Chinkapin wood."
An' de creeturs all, dey wuz happy, mon.
Dey trot, an' dey gallop, an' den dey run,
Wid a tippity-tip, an' a long-time swing,
Ter whar dey kin see de googlin'-spring.

Well, de spring wuz dar at de head er de dreen,
Whar de calamus shuck its flags er green,
An' de cat-tails tried fer ter make a screen:
De creeturs all laugh, an' den dey squeal,
An' dey hopped all 'roun' on toe an' heel.
Brer Rabbit, he ax, "What's de hullabaloo?"
An' dey answer back, "It's a spring fer true!"
Den ol' Brer Rabbit tuck anudder chaw
Er his terbacker, an' he work his jaw,
An' sniff de a'r, an' shet his eyes,
An' fling back his head, an' look mighty wise.

Now, de spring had been dar sence de Flood,
But one fine mornin' 'twuz full er mud,
(An' ol' Brer Rabbit still chawed his cud!)
An' atter dat 'twa'n't never clear,
An' der wa'n't no google fer de creeturs ter hear;
'Twuz mud in de mornin', an' mud at night —
'Tain't no use er talkin', dat mud wuz a sight!
Mr. Fox, ez de finder, watched over de spring,
An' he try ter diskiver what kinder thing
Wuz a-stirrin' up mud bofe night an' day —
An' he watch an' he wait twel he had his way.

An' one fine mornin' he foun' some tracks,
An' he shuck his head (I'm tellin you de facts!)
An' he went off an' got 'im some shoemaker's wax,



[illegible]

An' pitch an' rozzum, an' den an' dar
He mould him a baby outer de tar,
Wid leg an' body, an' head an' han'—
An' it look like it settin' dar playin' in de san'—
An' he hide hisse'f whar he kin see
Whatsomever gwine ter happen ter de Tar-Baby-ee
De Tar-Baby-ow, de Tar-Baby-oh —
An' den he hide an' lay mighty low.

Brer Rabbit, he skipped along at las'—
He skip sorter slow, den he skip kinder fas'—
Kaze he use de spring ez a lookin'-glass,
An' he seed de Tar-Baby settin' dar:
"Good-mornin', suh, an' how's yo' Ma?
An' how does yo' copperositee
Seem ter segasuate?" sezee;
"An' whar yo' manners? You mus' be deff!
You'll hear ef I hit you, an' you'll lose yo' breff!"
Brer Rabbit, he wait, wid "Toobysho!"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.

"You better tell me howdy! you better make yo' bow!
No trouble ter show you ef you dunner how —
Er maybe you er keen fer ter git in a row?
Good-mornin', dis mornin', I'll ax you once mo'!"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.
Brer Rabbit, he stomp his foot on de groun',
"You er mighty stuck up, but I'll fetch you down!
You see dis han'? Well, I'll hit you a blip
Dat'll split you open fum hat ter hip!
What ail you, man? an' whar did you grow?"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.

Brer Rabbit made a pass at 'im des fer luck,
An' he hauled off an' hit 'im in de eye — *kerchuck!*
An' tried ter jump away, but de han' done stuck!
"Turn me loose, you villyun, er I'll hit you ag'in!
I'll gi' you a jolt dat'll cave you in!"
Brer Rabbit draw'd back — "I'll try yo' pluck!"
An' biffed 'im ag'in, an' t'er han' stuck.
"You see dis foot? I'll gi' you a kick
Dat'll lan' you down yander close ter Ol' Nick!
Des turn me loose, an' I'll let you go!"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.

Brer Rabbit hit de groun' wid his foot an' say:
"You'll be sorry you pestered wid me dis day —
So des turn me a-loose an' go on away!"
Den he up wid his foot an' kicked 'im — *blam!*
"I lay I'll show you des who I am!"
But de foot done stuck! "Will you le' me go?"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.
Den Brer Rabbit feel like he 'bout ter git vext,
Kaze he spected eve'y minnit would be de next,
An' he monstus sorry dat it wuz so.
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.

Well, de yuther foot stuck, an,' atter dat,
Brer Rabbit he grin like a Chessy-cat —
"Ef you don't turn me loose I'll butt you flat!
I'll scatter yo' brains! I'll ruin you, sho!"
Tar-Baby say nothin'— Mr. Fox lay low.
Brer Rabbit, he butted ez hard ez he could,
An' his head it stuck, let 'im do what he would —
An' de Tar-Baby helt 'im hard an' fast,
An' it look like his time done come at last:
Mr. Fox sa'nter'd out fum his hidin'-place
Wid a blood-red smile runnin' 'cross his face.

He scraped his foot an' den he bow,
He licked his chops an' den he 'low:
"Howdy-do, Brer Rabbit? How you feel, nohow?"
Wid a th'obbin' heart an' a shakin' knee,
Brer Rabbit wuz skeer'd ez skeer'd could be.
"You er mighty stuck up," Mr. Fox, he say,
"An' I'm s'prized ter see it at dis time er day!"
He walked aroun'— "Here's a gooba shell,
I kin skacely believe it! Well, well, well!"
He pulled off his coat an' rolled up his sleeves —
"Now, I'm gwine ter show you des what I b'lieves!"

An' he grinned ag'in in de grin dat wuz red,
An' he opened his mouf fer ter let it spread
Twel he show all de tushes in his head:
He grab Brer Rabbit by de leg,
An' you oughter hear dat creetur beg!
Mr. Fox, he say, "What I'm gwine ter do
Is ter pay you bofe fer de ol' an' de new!
Oh, you nee'n' ter talk: I know you er nice:
But you fooled me once an' you fooled me twice!
You steal my goobas, an' den you fling
A whole pile er mud right in dat spring!

"But I got you now, an' yo' hide I'll stretch —
I'll l'arn you sump'n, you triflin' wretch!
I'll gi' you de ol'-time Buckra tetch!
I'll skin you alive, I'll drown you dead!
I'll break yo' neck, I'll crack yo' head —
I'll wallop you twel I make you think
I'm de patter-roller, you wall-eyed slink!"
Brer Rabbit sniffle, an' den he say,
"I know mighty well you'll have yo' way:
You may drown me, suh, ef it's yo' desires,
But please don't fling me in de briers!"

De tar wuz so rank dat Brer Rabbit sneeze,
But he still wuz shakin' in de knees,
An' he keep on a whimplin', "Please, suh, please!"
"Oh, yes! I'll please!" Mr. Fox, he say,
"An' I'll please myse'f dis very day!
You mayn't be mine, but I think you is,
An' I'm sho gwine ter bake you twel you sizz!
I'll kindle de bresh-heap, an' fling you in,
An' I lay dat'll cook an' crisp yo' skin!"
Brer Rabbit, he say: "Des fetch on yo' fires,
But please don't fling me in de briers!"

Brer Fox, he study an' rub his chin,
He rub it once, an' he rub it ag'in,
An' he wunk one eye, an' grinned a grin —
"I'll hang you high, an', maybe, higher,
An' I'll fling you in de big quogmire!"
"Do des ez you please," Brer Rabbit cry,
"An' I'll ax no reason, fer which er why;
You kin drown me deep, you kin hang me high,
An' not one tear will drap fum my eye:
You kin hamstring me wid red-hot wires,
But please, oh, please, keep me outer de briers!"

Mr. Fox he tuck him at his word,
An' sont him sailin' like a bird,
Ez ef he wuz feather'd instidder furr'd,
Right spang in de briers growin' dar
Ez thick, ev'y bit, ez de thickest ha'r:
Brer Rabbit, he holla, "I ain't got a scratch!
I wuz bred an' born in de brier-patch!
You flung me in an' lif' de latch:
Oh, one fine mornin', when day was dawnin',
I wuz bred an' born in de brier-patch!"

The First of the Merchant Princes—By W. H. Kirkbride

Stephen Girard: Anecdotes of His Eccentricities and Business Methods

IN PHILADELPHIA, in the early part of the last century, at almost the same moment of every day in the year, a homely chaise, drawn by a sleepy-looking farm horse, could be seen wending its way slowly down the main thoroughfare of the city. The occupant of the chaise appeared singularly adapted to his odd-looking turnout. His low, square, sturdy frame was invariably clad in a faded coat of an ancient and foreign pattern. His slouch hat half concealed a cold and melancholy face marked with deep lines of thought and care. His small, bright eye looked hard and cunning, and his firm, determined mouth and square jaw indicated the indomitable will that lay beneath the uncouth exterior. The whole appearance of the man emphasized the fact that he had had a cruel fight with the world in general, and that his mind, body and soul had been bruised and hardened by the enormity of the struggle.

Though for years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia, the ancient chaise and its silent occupant never failed to attract marked attention. Men of low and high degree would pause and whisper to one another as he passed slowly by, for the eccentric figure was no other than Stephen Girard, merchant, mariner, banker, multi-millionaire, the richest man of his day in America, and at his death one of the greatest benefactors of mankind that the world has ever known.

Born near Bordeaux, France, May 24, 1750, of seafaring parents, young Stephen's childhood was far from happy, and his early sorrows and hardships undoubtedly furnish the key to his character in later life. Nature had originally endowed him with a loving and gentle disposition, but throughout his life he seemed to have been misunderstood, until at length his heart became embittered, and he assumed a harsh and cynical exterior which completely hid his true feelings. At the early age of fourteen he ran away from home and shipped as cabin-boy on a trading vessel bound for the West Indies. From that time forth the unsympathetic world was his mother, his school, his all, and if, in after years, he appeared cold and severe to the world it must be remembered that the world was ever cold and severe to him. During these sea voyages he was a diligent and persevering scholar, studying incessantly from every book he could lay his hands on. Traveling was a great education for him, because his mind absorbed everything with which he came in contact. He studied minutely the mercantile operations of the different countries he visited, and, through his industry and faithfulness, gradually rose to the command of a vessel sailing between San Domingo and the West Indies. His prosperity was now assured, and he purchased vessel after vessel until his ships were sailing every sea and visiting every port. At the age of twenty-seven he moved his headquarters to Philadelphia, where he soon launched out into numerous enterprises with such remarkable success that his fame spread throughout the world.

Soon after his arrival in Philadelphia he married Polly Lum, a shipbuilder's daughter, who, though beautiful, was inferior to him in every way. She was extravagant and indolent, and possessed a fiery temper which would not submit to her husband's rigid commands. Within a short time after their marriage she became insane, and was removed to an asylum, where she remained for twenty-five years, until her death. Girard offered the State a large sum if it would grant him a divorce, but his request was refused. He never saw his wife again until her funeral, and the only sentiments he expressed on hearing of her death were the brief words, "It is well."

This unfortunate marriage seemed to embitter him all the more, and henceforth his only apparent enjoyment in life was the accumulation of wealth. He worked incessantly as few men have the power to do, relaxation seeming to be actual labor to him.

FROM A PAINTING. PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA

STEPHEN GIRARD

The Steadfast Purpose of His Life

FROM the very first he must have had in mind his great life's work, but few guessed the generous purpose of his heart. The world in general put him down as a miser, whereas, in reality, all his saving and planning was done with the fixed idea of laying up a store which later was to feed, clothe and educate the humble and homeless for many generations. He cared little for human applause or for human sympathy. With wealth enough to have every luxury the world could afford, he lived in obscurity, with hardly the necessities of life for himself, in order that after his death the friendless boys of his adopted country might be spared the pain and loneliness of such an existence as his had been.

He lived in a humble dwelling on a dingy side street, and his personal expenses were not so great as those of his clerks. Though partaking of a little meat occasionally in the middle of the day, he seldom ate anything but biscuits and milk for breakfast and supper, and never allowed even this small repast to stand in his way when there were duties to attend to. On one occasion a well-known merchant of Philadelphia called on business, and found him seated at a small table eating dry biscuits and cold meat. Without a word Girard pulled out a drawer from the table, and, sweeping his unfinished meal into it for future use, motioned the merchant to be seated, and then proceeded to business.

His attachment to his adopted country was undoubtedly sincere, and his private benefactions to Philadelphia during his lifetime were much more extensive than people have given him credit for. He spent thousands of dollars in the improvement of the city, but would have no interference from any one in his plans. Second Street below Spruce was, at that time, a very objectionable part of town, and Girard improved it greatly by doing away with the undesirable shacks and erecting substantial dwellings and stores in their stead. He ordered a lamp-post to be removed which was obstructing the progress of the work, and, after the completion of the dwellings, the neighborhood requested the city to replace it, which it promptly did. The commissioners then sent the bill, which amounted to fifty cents, to Girard. He was furious, and refused to pay it. "It is not the money; it is the principle of the thing," he insisted. "I will give thousands of dollars to the city; but I won't submit to the exaction of one cent contrary to justice. What did we say to the French when they attempted to degrade us by their exactions? 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.' So I will give thousands for the city, but not one cent for taxation." And he stuck to it, the city finally paying the bill.

Nor was money the only means by which he proved his loyalty to the city. In the year 1793 the yellow fever attacked Philadelphia in its most fatal form, taking off one-tenth of the entire population of the city. Girard, who apparently had no love for his fellowmen, was one of the first who answered the appeal for help. In his quiet and unassuming way he visited the hospitals and worst slums of the city each day for two months, exposing his life to danger on every hand. He gave freely from his own pocket to purchase fuel and supplies for the needy, and, what was more, neglected his many private interests, which were so dear to him. With his usual clear head and minute attention to detail he quickly reorganized the hospitals, and order reigned where all had been confusion.

Collecting money from him for charitable purposes was a delicate mission. It depended largely on how and by whom he was approached whether or not the plea was to prove successful. Usually it failed. He was not in the habit of giving promiscuously, and seldom, if ever, gave to beggars. A very poor man once knocked at his door, begging for bread to save his wife and children from starvation. Girard drove him roughly away, but secretly followed him home, and, finding that he had spoken the truth, ordered the baker to leave four loaves a day at the house until the man procured work enough to support his family.

Samuel Coates, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire. He was a manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the support of that institution. "Well, how much do you want, Coates?" asked Girard in his usual brusque tones. "Just what thee pleases to give, Stephen," quietly replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for $2000, and, handing it to Mr. Coates, was surprised to see that gentleman pocket it without looking at the amount. "What! you don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard incredulously. "Beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check and I will change it," said Girard after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, thee knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for $5000.

His Far-Sighted Generosity to Employees

ALTHOUGH a very strict and exacting master to those in his employ, yet he was kind and just to all who pleased and obeyed him. One of his particular favorites was a young man named Lippincott, of whom he had openly remarked that he should do well by him. On his twenty-first birthday, therefore, the young clerk naturally expected something handsome from his employer, and asked him, by way of a feeler, what he had better do now that he was of age.

"Go out and learn the cooper's trade," replied Girard.

Amazed, but not discouraged, the clerk went industriously to work, and at the end of six months came again to his employer, telling him that he had learned his trade. Girard gave him an order for three barrels, the bill for which came to one dollar. The day after their delivery young Lippincott received a check for $20,000 inclosed in a letter which read: "There, take that, invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it you have a good trade to fall back upon which will afford you a living."

Another favorite clerk left his employ and established himself in the hardware business. As soon as he was fairly started Girard went to see him and ordered numerous articles, among others a barrel of nails. The bill was duly sent, with the result that Girard came hurrying to the store declaring that it was much too large, and that if it was not reduced at once he should trade elsewhere in future. The storekeeper insisted that the price was a fair one, and refused to reduce it, at which Girard angrily left him. In about a week he returned, paid the bill, and gave a large order. "I was regretting that I had not reduced the bill, Mr. Girard, for I was afraid that I had lost your custom," said the anxious proprietor.

"*Reduce a bill!*" shouted Girard. "If you had I should have left you for certain. I wanted to see if you had cheated me."

His inquisitiveness and minute attention to details, though usually benefiting him in the end, at times led him into difficulties. Messrs. Hope & Co., a well-known banking house

GIRARD COLLEGE

of Amsterdam, had large business interests with him, and he was in a constant state of anxiety because he could not personally look over the accounts to see that they gave the real prices he sent them for his consignments. So heavily did this weigh on his mind that he at last sent a trusted clerk to Amsterdam to inspect the books. Messrs. Hope & Co. naturally resented this intrusion into their private affairs, whereupon Girard wrote them a very insolent letter. In reply the bankers immediately broke off all connection with the house of Girard, which was a severe blow and a good lesson for the suspicious millionaire.

One proof of his greatness is shown by the attention he paid to the most trivial circumstances of business life, even when his mind was engulfed in stupendous undertakings. He took keen delight in examining the balance-sheet of his bank at the close of each day, and would spend hours of labor in search of the smallest error. A certain English gentleman on presenting his letter of credit was informed that his account was overdrawn to the amount of one cent. The Englishman, angered at the inconvenience imposed upon him over so small a sum, handed over a foreign coin valued at one and a quarter cents in American money, and demanded the return of the quarter of a cent. Girard replied that he had no equivalent for such an amount, but would place his name on the books, and when the interest accumulated to one cent the full value would be forwarded to him.

In spite of his closeness, however, he was extremely far-sighted, and would take great risks when he thought it advisable, and his judgment was so penetrating that seldom, if ever, did it fail him. He believed that misfortune came only from carelessness or folly, and had no sympathy with a man who failed in his undertakings. In 1813 his ship Montesquieu, from Canton, laden with a cargo valued at more than $200,000, was captured by the British, who, being afraid of recapture, sent a messenger to him under a flag of truce, offering to sell back the cargo for $93,000. Without a murmur he paid over the sum in cash, and, because of the advanced value of the commodities, sold his cargo to such good advantage that he cleared half a million dollars.

His Horror of a Losing Trade

ANOTHER illustration of the scope and power of his mind is shown by his loan of $5,000,000 to the Government to help carry on the expenses of the war. The other banks of the country, doubtful of the outcome, refused to loan so large an amount, even to the Government, but Girard, with his usual foresight, saw that all would turn out well, and loaned the immense sum at a large rate of interest, which, with the capital, was duly returned.

Though willing to take these risks if he thought the chance good of bettering himself, he had a perfect horror of parting with the smallest trifle if he could not get something of equal value in return. His brother John, while fitting out his vessel, broke a pane of glass in the cabin. Going to Stephen's shop he discovered an old piece of glass on the floor, and, picking it up, was about to take it away when Stephen pounced upon him with such rage and fury that he dropped the glass and fled in terror.

Perhaps the most remarkable traits of his character were his versatility and his marvelous executive capacity. Few men have equaled him in the variety and excellency of his undertakings. He never boasted of what he had done or was going to do, but went silently about his own affairs and accomplished them almost without a failure. He learned much from others, but rarely imparted his knowledge to his fellowmen. He possessed elements of greatness far beyond the knowledge of the world, and if he had been given the opportunities of an early education he could easily have been one of the most remarkable men of his time. His versatile and powerful mind was worthy of any position in life. It is seldom that the generation in which a truly great man lives ever appreciates him, and so it was with Stephen Girard, for his genius and his success in business under the most adverse circumstances prove conclusively that he was truly great. He probably had more irons in the fire than any man of his day, and each one was kept red hot until fashioned into shape. He was the leading American merchant, banker, mariner, builder and farmer, besides being an expert chemist, doctor, gardener, botanist and carpenter. He understood every detail of all his undertakings, whether they were great or small, from beginning to end. He drew his own plans for his buildings, butchered his own hogs and steers, plowed his own ground and mixed his own medicines. Is it any wonder that such a man succeeded?

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia was one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well. He was very exacting with his hired hands, and never trusted the management of his farm to any one else, but ran it himself, as he did all his affairs. Arriving one morning a little earlier than usual he was greatly annoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building. The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house, hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence, and seeing the man at his post reprimanded him for being late. "I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the workman. "You lie! I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm," replied Girard, and he discharged the man on the spot.

Not only did he personally supervise the affairs of his farm, but also prided himself on performing much of the manual labor. He frequently killed as many as fifty steers with the assistance of one hired man, and in harvest-time would spend twelve hours at a time with the pitchfork loading the hay-wagon.

In the summer of 1818 Lord Ashburton, head of the London banking house of Baring, came to Philadelphia for the express purpose of seeing Girard, with whom he had vast interests. Not finding him in the city he drove out to the farm and discovered him in the field in his shirt sleeves loading a hay-wagon. "I am very busy now," said Girard, without even shaking hands with the famous man. "Just walk around the farm and take a look at my cows, and ask the folks to give you some milk, for you don't get such milk as ours in London."

He never would forgive the slightest disobedience to his orders, and immediately discharged all those in his employ who did not do exactly as he told them. Polly Kenton, a faithful housekeeper who had been with him for thirty years, fell and dislocated her ankle. As he never permitted a physician to enter the premises he proceeded to doctor her himself, and, after preparing a solution which he said would soon cure the wounded member, left the house. The pain increased to such an extent that Polly could stand it no longer, and sent for the doctor. On his return Girard was so enraged that he literally kicked the unfortunate physician out of the door, and discharged the faithful Polly, thereafter never even allowing her name to be mentioned in his presence.

OFFICE OF STEPHEN GIRARD, WATER STREET ABOVE RACE

Being a man of remarkable physical endurance he could not understand or sympathize with any one who was sickly. A confidential clerk, of whom he was very fond, fell ill with typhoid fever, and his employer insisted upon treating him with his favorite remedy, Holland gin. When he next visited the patient his pride as a physician received a great shock. The clerk was dead.

Peculiar in every mode of thought and living, it was only natural that he should be peculiar in his religious beliefs as well. Having been a great admirer of Voltaire and Rousseau he seems to have absorbed many of their opinions on religion, and yet was by no means an atheist. He had no special creed, it is true, but any one who felt so keen an interest in the welfare of his fellowmen must have had the love of God somewhere in his heart. It is said of Michael Angelo that, while walking with a friend in the streets of Florence, he spied a piece of marble lying in a rubbish heap. He carefully picked it up and took it with him. "What are you going to do with that worthless thing?" asked his companion. "There is an angel in that piece of rock, and I must get it out," replied the famous sculptor. So it was with Stephen Girard. Hard and unattractive as was his rough exterior, there was an angel deep within who helped him to bear the envy, hatred and malice of a world which, after his death, honored and revered him. From the first he had a set purpose in life which he lived up to, amid a scoffing crowd, in order to obtain the means for the end, in the way that he thought best. Though exacting and shrewd in obtaining his wealth, his honesty and truthfulness were undisputed. Robert Morris, when negotiating an enormous loan for the Government, was asked what security he could give. "My note and my honor, sir," was the reply. So it was with Girard. His word was ever as good as his bond, and, though feared by many, he was trusted by all.

The Question of His Religious Beliefs

NOT professing any religion nor attending any place of public worship, he nevertheless gave generously to many churches, irrespective of their denominations. The Methodists, who contemplated erecting a small church on Tenth Street above Chestnut, called on him for a subscription, and he sent them $500. The project failed and the property was purchased by the Episcopalians, who started to build the church now known as St. Stephen's. They also called on Girard for a subscription, and he again responded with a like amount. The Episcopalians, who were expecting a much larger sum, were greatly disappointed and returned the money, stating that, as he had given $500 to a small church, he must have forgotten a cipher or two on his check for the large and expensive one they intended to build. In answer they received the torn fragments of the former check, together with a note which was brief and to the point: "I will not give you *one cent*, ever, as long as I live, or after my death."

He had the greatest contempt for any one who professed religion and did not practice it, but respected the man of religion who was honest and straightforward in his dealings. One of the few men that he trusted implicitly was a Mr. Inglis, an expert accountant, and a man of sincere religious opinions. Recognizing his value and his honesty, Girard offered him the position of cashier in his bank, which was refused. "You and I serve different masters, Mr. Girard, and could never agree." His views were respected, and nothing further was said on the subject.

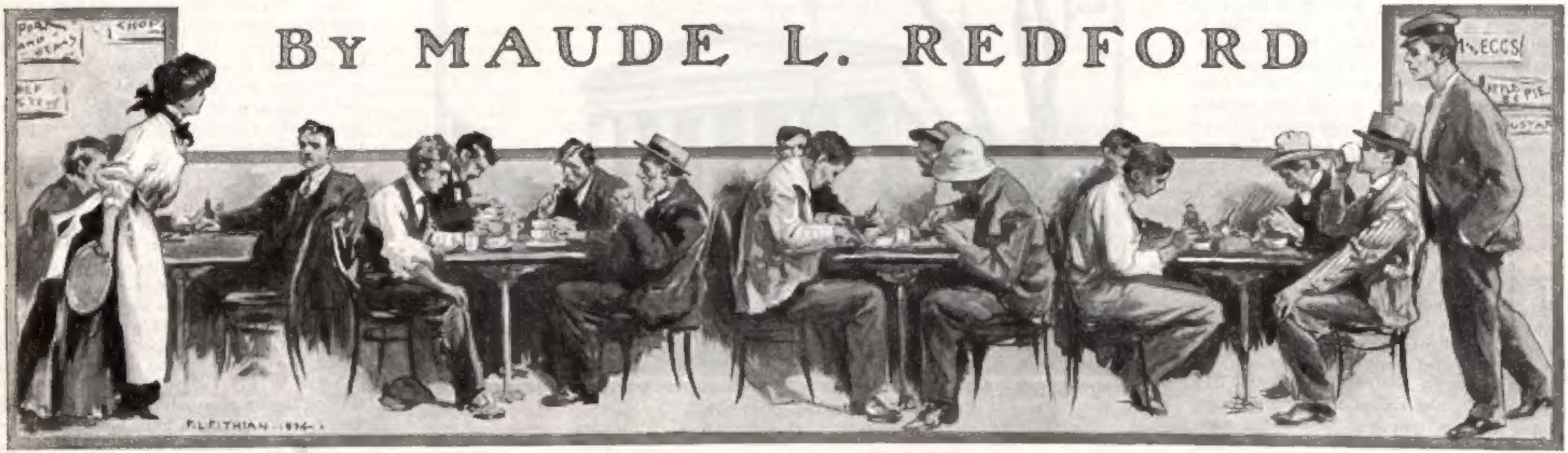
Whatever may be said of the character or religion of Girard, his thirst for gold, and his weary, unceasing strife for riches during his lifetime, all may be overlooked and forgiven because of the one great act of beneficent charity that he performed at his death, namely, the establishment of Girard College for orphan boys. No more charitable contribution to the world has ever been made than the establishment and maintenance of this institution, by which thousands of poor boys have been cared for and reared into useful, upright men, worthy of filling positions of honor in any sphere of life.

He died from an attack of pneumonia, and his entire fortune of $7,500,000 was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and to the founding of this noble

(Concluded on Page 20)

The Wearin' o' the Green

BY MAUDE L. REDFORD



"AN' WHAT'LL YOU BE HAVIN'?"

BEING Irish, Osborne was hopeful; so he thrust his sample bottle of oil at the engineer insistently, and said:

"But how do you know it's not so good as the oil you use? You've not tried it."

"Sure, you give me no inducement to thry it," said the engineer.

He hunched his shoulders humorously and shook his broad head as he looked into Osborne's serious face. The gesture seemed faintly familiar to Osborne; he was sure he had seen the engineer before.

"But you can try it. I want you to," he said. "I'm offering you a sample."

"Ye tell me ye're a mechanical engineer," said the other man, vaguely argumentative. "Now, what do they know of makin' ile? Too t'eoretical. Flaherty's ile's good enough fur me. I don't want to thry yours."

"Then why didn't you say so before without wasting my time and contradicting yourself all over the place?" asked Osborne.

He did not wait for the engineer's heated reply, but passed into the street, a little sorry he had given way to his temper; but as he fingered the change of his last dollar he reflected that a man without work and without friends in a strange land might be excused for trying to take his bad luck out on somebody. He walked rapidly eastward for a few moments and then turned on Wabash Avenue. The gloomy block on which he stood was broken by two conspicuous squares of light on the opposite sides of the street. He knew that these were cheap restaurants by the bars of cardboard crossing the window and candidly offering the menu. He walked to the nearest and calculated the cheapest meat dish. It was liver and bacon for fifteen cents.

There was a mirror inside, and in it he caught sight of his reflective gray eyes under a mob of irrepressible curls. He smiled at his sober expression.

"At this rate, I don't have to starve for a couple of days," he thought; "but I'll take no chances; the other place may be cheaper."

He crossed the road in agile strides, hardly changing his pace to dodge the vehicles and cable cars. The second restaurant was about the same size as the other, and the prices were the same. Osborne, with a sense of loyalty to the first place, was about to recross the street when he saw a touch of the dear color that never failed now to make him sink with homesickness. It was a green bow in the hair of a waitress: Irish green. Then he looked at the girl's face, and that was Irish, too; there was no mistaking the combination of frank, gray eyes and soft, black hair that no other land gives.

Osborne shut his eyes and saw again the crumbling gray castle on Wexford seashore, the white, plastered cottages of the tenants, and blue-clad men at work in the scanty fields. And he, the idol of his mother's shiftless tenantry, was making ready to dine for fifteen cents! He snapped his eyes open, and watched the waitress to see which tables were in her especial care. Being Irish, his observations were quick. He saw that she had charge of four tables, that they were better filled than the others in the room, that she moved with much self-confidence and smiled and brushed against her customers in a charming if too familiar way. Osborne entered and took a seat at one of the tables.

Then he saw that the girl was even prettier than she had seemed at a little distance. Her skin had the richness of a magnolia flower, and her heavy lashes and soft masses of hair threw on it bluish shadows. When she smiled, eyes, lips, chin, nose, tossing head and nodding green bow entered the conspiracy, and her voice rippled under the Irish burr that was sweeter to Robert Osborne's ear than almost any other sound.

When she carried a pile of dishes into the rear of the steaming room Osborne looked about him. The walls of the restaurant were decorated with a clock, and various strips of cardboard continuing the bill-of-fare. At the front, near the door, was a piano, and at one side a counter, at the back of which were rows of shelves containing pastry and tinned goods interlaced in some indeterminate way with wreaths of fly-specked tissue-paper. Next the counter was the cashier's desk.

A man stood behind it on whom Osborne's gaze stopped with a jar. He did not know whether it was the man's height or breadth or color that amazed him most. His great body led up to a wide, fat face of a deep pink, in which the features were set inconspicuously, as a kind of afterthought. His brows almost covered his light blue eyes; his nose was overshadowed by his cheeks, and his mouth was just a thin line a little deeper in color than the rest of his skin. But what chiefly gave him character was a great thatch of dark yellow hair, belligerent, flaunting like a rebel flag.

"The proprietor," thought Osborne. "I read the name 'Flaherty' over the door as I came in."

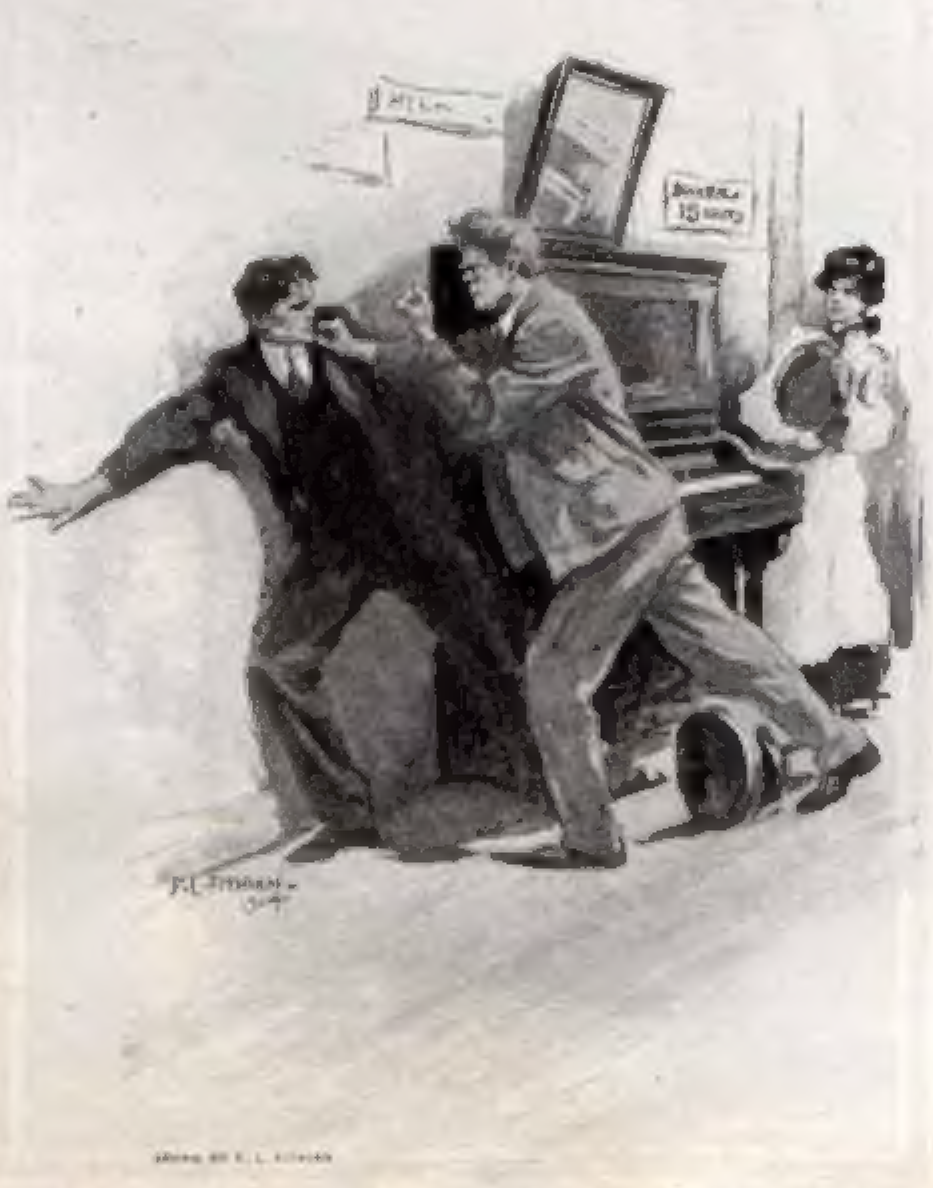
"An' what'll *you* be havin'?"

The waitress bent toward him, and asked the question with the air of conveying that his order was just a little more to her than that of any one else.

Just after he had answered the engineer entered. The waitress straightened, and smiled alluringly. The engineer hurried to the one vacant seat at Osborne's left.

"Ye're late, Terence," the girl said.

"I am that, Kathleen," he returned. Then he saw Osborne, and frowned.



"I'LL HAVE NO ORANGEMAN'S CHUNES IN MY PLACE!"

"What wud be kapin' ye?" she asked.

"'Twas some fool thryin' to sell me somethin'."

"Yer steak's all ready, Terence."

She flashed a smile of apology at Osborne for the delay, and tripped away to the kitchen. Some men rose from an adjoining table, and Terence changed his seat for the comfort of himself and Osborne.

Osborne bit his lips nervously. Three months before he had been riding over the Wexford roads on good horseflesh, chatting with the local gentry, or nodding in response to the admiring greeting of the peasants. And now he was sitting in a fifth-rate restaurant, insulted by a common mechanic. He smiled a little as he thought how noble he and all his kin had considered him for proposing to emigrate to America that he might make money to pay off the back interest on the vampire of a mortgage. The achievement had seemed simple, too. His determination had not altered, but his point of view had. Somehow, the Osborne of Castle Osborne was in the ranks, and shouldered about rather than shouldering.

When Kathleen returned with a heaped tray she stopped at Osborne's side and remarked:

"Your order'll be ready soon. This order of the steak was all waitin'; he's a reg'lar customer, and I know what he wants always."

The engineer wanted a good deal, Osborne thought, as Kathleen unpiled her tray. Apparently he wanted Kathleen's society, too, for he caught at her hand when she finished serving him.

"Every wan's waited on," Osborne heard him say.

The customers were thinning out, and no more were entering; so Kathleen sat opposite the engineer, and began to talk to him softly. When she thought it was time to go to the kitchen for Osborne's food she rose, but Flaherty trumpeted to her in a benevolent tone:

"Shure, stay where ye arre, Kathleen, and I'll git the gentleman's orther."

He moved ponderously to the kitchen, and soon returned with Osborne's liver and bacon, the little plates quite lost against his great girth. Osborne felt apologetic.

"A gr-r-eat dish, thim," said Flaherty as he set down the plates emphatically. "But ye've got to ate thim while they're hot, or they come back at ye like the sins ye've furgot to confess."

He lumbered back to his desk, and Osborne began to eat. Presently he was aware that the engineer was talking to Kathleen about him. Kathleen at first laughed; then she ceased, and began to ask rapid questions. Osborne heard her voice changing from its soft tone to one of scolding insistence. Without raising his eyes, he could see Kathleen sitting very straight in her chair. The voices rose a little, and Osborne heard her say:

"He's frum th' ould counthry, too. I cud see it."

"That has nawthin' to do with money."

"But he didn't understand what ye were afther. Why did ye not make it plain? Ye know Flaherty's ile's not good fur much."

"He ought to have seen. 'Twasn't me job to cut his eye-teet' fur him if he is frum Oireland," said Terence sullenly.

Osborne saw Kathleen lean forward while she said:

"Terence, allanah, wudn't ye do it fur Kathleen?"

Her voice and words should have prevailed, but just then Terence encountered a tough part of the steak. Moreover, he looked up and caught Osborne's glance. He flung down his knife and said crossly:

"I've passed me worrud, and I can't break ut."

Kathleen rose.

"Thin I'll be takin' back mine," she said with blazing eyes. "If ye won't do that fur me I'll not be askin' ye to do annythin' else."

She went over and leaned behind the counter next to Flaherty, who was deep in his accounts. All the customers had gone except the engineer and Osborne.

"It's been a gr-r-and day, Kathleen, acushla," said Flaherty. "Did ye ate yer dinner whin the other gurrls had theirs?"

"I've not had it yet," she said.

She looked at Osborne uncertainly for a moment; then she crossed to his table and stood beside him.

"Is there annythin' else you want?" she asked.

"I forgot to order some coffee," he said.

Kathleen palpably delayed over the coffee, and when she returned Terence was paying his bill to Flaherty. He looked in her direction, but she gave him no attention. She sat down opposite Osborne and pushed the coffee toward him. Terence departed with a slam of the door, and Flaherty looked up absently.

"Annythin' the matter wid Terence?" he asked. "An' tin, an' twinty."

"Shure, what wud be?" Kathleen asked over her shoulder.

"An' tin, an' twinty," murmured Flaherty.

Kathleen turned to Osborne.

"I—I—shure, ye're new to this counthry?" she asked.

Osborne had no wish to make confidences to Kathleen, but he felt that he owed her something because she had quarreled with a friend on his account.

"Two months over from Wexford County," he said.

"Shure, so is Terence from Wexford, but I'm from Wicklow," she said; "and two years over. Ye'll be out iv wurruk?" she added hesitatingly.

Osborne flushed, and a slow pink crept over Kathleen's face.

"'Tis me that shudn't be askin', sor," she murmured.

Osborne was again reflecting grimly on the lot of the heir of Castle Osborne, talking to a waitress about his private affairs. But he remembered that now his place was in the ranks, and, too, he found some comfort in Kathleen's spontaneous "sor." He spoke with effort.

"Yes, I am out of work, and looking for it."

He drank his coffee slowly. Kathleen's eyes fell on the piano, and a sudden inspiration seized her.

"Can ye play on that?" she asked. "Jist two-steps, an'—an' chunes. Nothin' grand, you know."

"Oh, yes."

Osborne smiled. He had the idea that she was trying to withdraw from a disagreeable subject. Kathleen clapped her hands softly. Then she emitted peal after peal of soft, delicious laughter. Flaherty smiled vaguely as he went on with his accounts, while Osborne watched her pretty face and the nodding green bow.

"Shure, 'tis me that shud be ashamed," said Kathleen at last, wiping her eyes, "but I do be seein' the fun iv ut all."

"You might tell me," suggested Osborne.

"Dan Flaherty," said Kathleen, pointing to her employer, "he's the gr-r-eat man. There's nawthin' he can't do, or thry to. Jist about the time he started this rest'rant Terence was made chief engineer iv that big buildin' ye saw this afthernoon. The boss iv the place lets the engineer choose his own ile, an' whin Flaherty hears that, what does he do but read about iles, and gits a chemist's help, and offers it to Terence, an' says he'll give me a job here—the rest'rant was jist started—Terence and me were keepin' comp'ny—have been, that is——"

She frowned, and while Osborne hesitated she added:

"Shure, why didn't ye offer Terence a rake-off whin he gave ye the chance? If ye'd offered a bigger rake-off than Flaherty's he'd have taken it, iv coorse."

"A rake-off?" repeated Osborne.

Slowly he began to see light.

"So that's what he meant by saying I gave him no inducement," he said. Then he laughed. "It is a good joke."

"Not so loud, not so loud," murmured Flaherty; "I'm near t'rough. An' tin, an' twinty."

"Oh, but that's not the joke I'm thinkin' iv," said Kathleen. "This piano here; now, Flaherty's goin' to hire some one to play on ut fur the customers; he's advertised. I'll make him take ye if—if ye'll take the place. Shure Terence wudn't take yer ile, but I'll see ye t'rough, an' Flaherty'll pay."

She laughed again, and Osborne joined her.

"But maybe ye'll be too grand to play fur us all, sor?" she hinted.

Osborne flushed again as he thought of the strangeness of it all. He was accepting help at the hands of a woman, and a woman of an inferior class. Then he swallowed the lump in his throat, and said:

"Not too grand to earn an honest penny. If—if you can make Mr. Flaherty take me I'm not too grand to be beholden to a woman."

"Thin do you slip over to the piano now an' play something," whispered Kathleen. "Quick, now, before he luks up."

Osborne entered into the spirit of the thing. In a moment he was at the piano, and then, with a glance at her green bow, he began to play The Wearin' o' the Green.

Flaherty dropped his pen and sprang over the counter. His pink face became damp with emotion, and his light eyes shone. He burst in at the end of the chorus.

"They're hangin' men and women for the wearin' o' the green."

"He wants the job, Flaherty," said Kathleen.

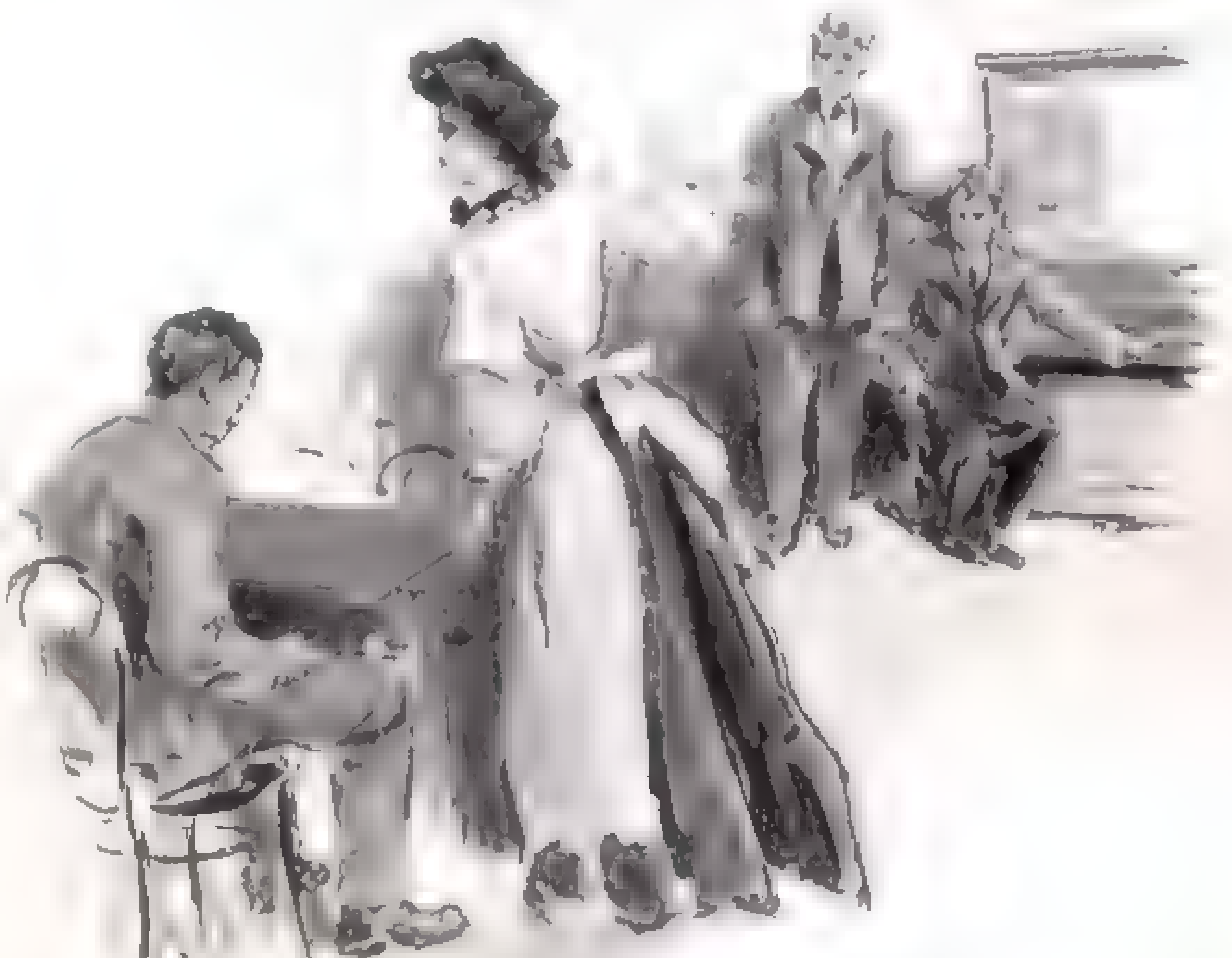
"Jist tell me ye're Oirish, an' ye kin have ut," said Flaherty. "Shure, ye kin have ut, annyway."

"Yes, I'm Irish," Osborne said. He began to sing, "Oh, Paddy, dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?" while Flaherty joined him in a miserable bass with tears in his eyes.

"Shure, ye're the divil's own bye to play," he said. "Me terrums is this: yer meals an' five dollars a wake to play six hours a day. Do ye take thim?"

"I do."

"'Tis all I kin afford, an' two dollars more than I meant to offer," said Flaherty.



"TURNED OFF, INDADE! TILL HIM HE LIES, TERENCE"

Osborne began to play again. As his fingers struck into old tunes he contrasted the steaming little room with other restaurants he knew, rich with shaded light and soft music. Flaherty's pink face and Kathleen's trim figure receded, and their places were taken by crowds of dim forms: beautiful women, beautifully dressed, and well set-up men. He came back with a start. Flaherty was looking sentimental, and Kathleen's face had a pathetic droop, for her elation was gone; she was thinking of her quarrel with Terence and wondering how it would end.

Flaherty drew a long sigh.

"I'm thinkin' we'd all be the betther iv a little bite," he said. "I'll see to ut, and mavourneen, do you slip back an' see is ther anny cherry pie lift. Music always gives me the divil iv a vacancy."

The next day Osborne entered upon his new work. At first he was miserably self-conscious under the gaze of the shopgirls and clerks, for whom he played the newest rag time. He saw that his discomfort was caused by the fact that he felt above his work, and he realized that his salvation lay in identifying himself as completely as he could with the interests of Flaherty's restaurant. After that matters went better. He sympathized with Flaherty when he shook his head at night and said, "Not so good a day as I shud have had," and he smiled when the crowd was so great that Flaherty himself had to bear a hand with the dishes. He learned to know what sort of music different sets of people liked; he watched their faces as his fingers felt for their preferences. At the end of the week Kathleen complimented him.

"Ye've done grand," she said, "and Flaherty's pleased. I've nivir seen him so good-natured fur so long. 'Tis him gits the great fits iv timper, but he's shown none iv ut all week."

"I'm glad I've pleased him," Osborne said.

"Whin all thim Germins come in, an' you played thim Germin chunes, he said that as good as doubled their orders," Kathleen went on. "Did ye notice they had their beer brought in ag'in an' ag'in? Flaherty has an inthrust in the s'loon nixt dure."

Kathleen had not spoken to Osborne of Terence, and he respected her reticence. The engineer had come for his meals, at first at his usual hour, and then later and later. It was plain that, as his anger abated, he came at times when Kathleen was least busy in order to give her an opportunity to make up the quarrel. Osborne, from a mirror slanted above the piano, could see Terence looking at his plate, while Kathleen waited upon him with compressed lips and inscrutable eyes. When she was waiting on other people Terence looked at her, now angrily, now sadly. Sometimes he cast a glance of hate at Osborne, the origin of his troubles.

Osborne felt that by all the laws of poetic justice he ought to effect a reconciliation between the two, but with Terence's grudge against him, and Kathleen's reserve toward him, which for many reasons he did not wish to disturb, he hardly saw how he could act.

One evening, after all the other customers had gone, Terence lingered for a moment, and then showed his proposed tactics in a loud statement to Flaherty.

"I'll be away frum here fur a few days, Dan."

Flaherty paused in his counting.

"Twinty-sivin twinty-five," he muttered. "De ye tell me so, Terence? Goin' to have a little change? Twinty-sivin twinty five; an' twinty."

"I am that," said Terence. "A young lady friend iv mine has set up a rest'rant, an' I promised to pathronize her fur a while."

"Good luck to ye," said Flaherty. "Come back soon to me an' Kathleen. An' tin, an' twinty."

Terence tramped heavily out of the room, and in his mirror Osborne saw Kathleen's face go white. He moved his hands aimlessly, wishing that he could recall Terence. As he looked out of the window he saw a woman passing, wearing an enormous orange hat. Scarcely realizing what he was doing, Osborne struck into the strains of Lillibullero.

Flaherty shot across the counter, his face flaming red. He seized Osborne in his great arms, tore him from the piano stool, and sent him spinning against the wall.

"I'll have no Orangeman's chunes in my place!" he cried. "To h—l with ye. It wud have been Boyne Wather next. To h—l wid King William."

Osborne gasped against the wall, and Flaherty went on, his blue eyes glinting with light, his deep yellow hair scattered over his head.

"I say I'll have none iv yer Orangeman chunes in my place! An'—an'——" Then he fairly roared. "Yer name's Osborne. Do ye till me yer iv Osborne Castle, Wexfurd?"

Osborne had pulled himself together, and was looking to see where he had put his hat.

"I don't see that I'm obliged to give you my antecedents, Mr. Flaherty, especially as I am resigning from my position with you," he said.

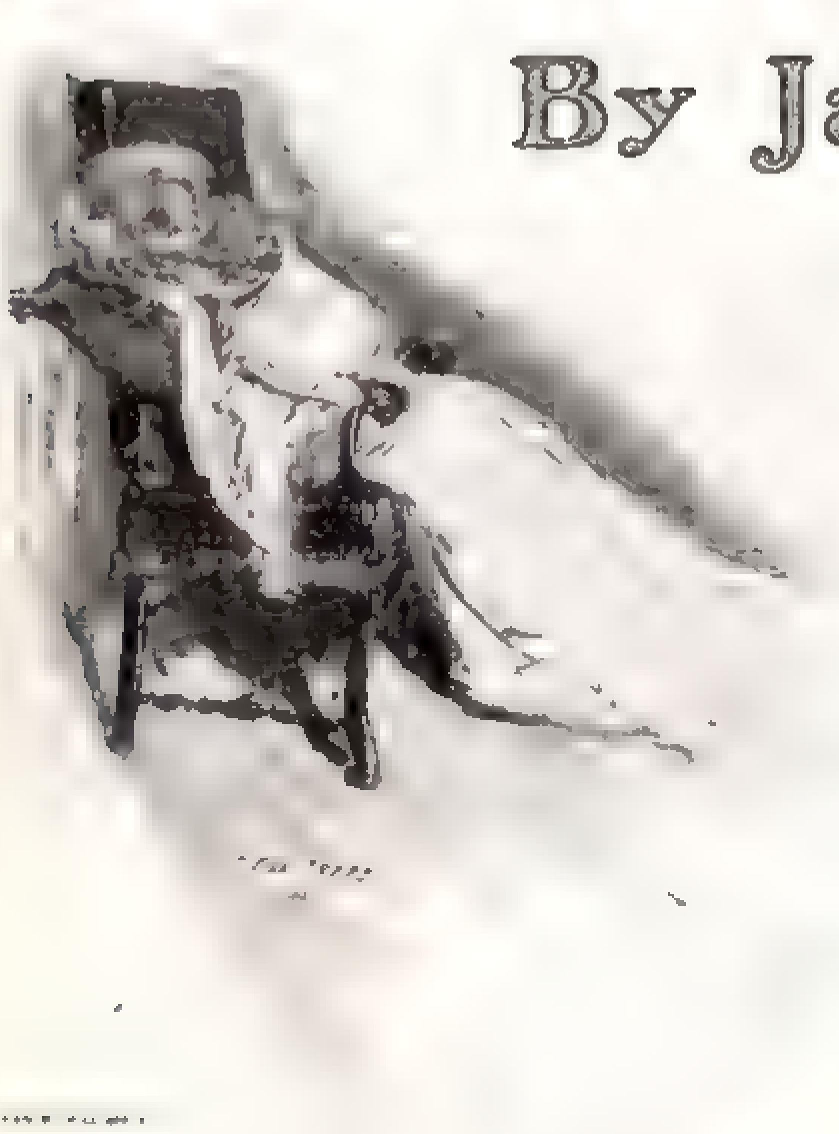
"I shud have known be the luk iv ye that ye were one iv thim bloody-minded 'ristocrats, thim tyrant landholders that has lost us Oireland, God bless her. You hear that, Kathleen?" He turned to the frightened girl. "He comes to me place wid false pretinses." He shook his fist in Osborne's face. "He's of Castle Osborne. His great gran'father it was helped bethray the byes iv ninety-eight. He's been playin' Wexfurd Byes in me place, an' his own ancesthor was a bloody thraitor. The blackheart Osborne that sold his own people——"

Osborne had found his hat and coat. If he had not been angry he would have been amused that Flaherty took the matter of Lillibullero so seriously; and yet he had seen

(Continued on Page 21)

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



CROUCHED IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, HER FACE BURIED IN AN ARMCHAIR

XVI

AT THE height of this particularly mischancy posture of affairs the meddlesome Fates had elected to dispatch Cock-eye Flinks to serve as our *deus ex machinâ*. And just as in the comedy the police turn up in the nick of time to fetch Tartuffe to prison, or in the tragedy Friar John manages to be detained on his journey to Mantua and thus bring about that lamentable business in the tomb of the Capulets, so Mr. Flinks now happens inopportunely to arrive upon our lesser stage.

Faithfully to narrate how Cock-eye Flinks chanced to be at Selwoode were a task of magnitude. That gentleman traveled very quietly; and, for the most part, he journeyed incognito under a variety of aliases suggested partly by a fertile imagination and in part by prudential motives, for his notions of proprietary rights were deplorably vague, and his acquaintance with the police, in consequence, extensive. And, finally, that he was now at Selwoode was not in the least his fault, but all the doing of an N. & O. brakesman who had, in uncultured argument, reenforced by a coupling-pin, persuaded Mr. Flinks to disembark from the Northern freight on the night previous.

Mr. Flinks, then, sat leaning against a tree in the gardens of Selwoode, some thirty feet from the wall that stands between Selwoode and Gridlington, and nursed his pride and foot, both injured in that high debate of last evening, and with a jack-knife rounded off the top of a substantial staff designed to alleviate his present lameness. Meanwhile, he tempered his solitude with music, whistling melodiously the air of a song that pertained to the sacredness of home and of a white-haired mother.

Subsequently to Cock-eye Flinks (as the playbill has it) enter a vision in violet ruffles.

Wide-eyed, she came upon him in her misery, steadily trudging toward an unknown goal. I think he startled her a bit. Indeed, it must be admitted that Mr. Flinks, though a man of undoubted talent in his particular line of business, was, like many of your great geniuses, in outward aspect unprepossessing and misleading; for whereas he looked like a very shiftless and very dirty tramp, he was, as a matter of fact, as vile a rascal as ever pawned a swinish soul for whisky.

"What are you doing here?" said Margaret sharply. "Don't you know this is private property?"

To his feet rose Cock-eye Flinks. "Lady," said he with humbleness, "you wouldn't be hard on a poor workingman, would you? It ain't my fault I'm here, lady—at least, it ain't rightly my fault. I just climbed over the wall to rest a minute—just a minute, lady, in the shade of these beautiful trees. I ain't a-hurting nobody by that, lady, I hope."

"Well, you had no business to do it," Miss Hugonin pointed out, "and you can just climb right back." Then she regarded him more intently, and her face softened somewhat. "What's the matter with your foot?" she demanded.

"Brakesman," said Mr. Flinks briefly. "Threw me off a train. He struck me cruel hard, he did, and me a poor workingman trying to make my way to New York, lady, where my poor old mother's dying, lady, and me out of a job. Ah, it's a hard, hard world, lady—and me her only son—and he struck me cruel, cruel hard, he did, but I forgive him for it, lady. Ah, lady, you're so beautiful I know you've got a kind, good heart, lady. Can't you do something for a poor working man, lady, with a poor, dying mother—and a poor, sick wife?" Mr. Flinks added as a dolorous afterthought, and drew nearer to her and held out one hand appealingly.

Mr. Petheridge Jukesbury had at divers times pointed out to her the evils of promiscuous charity, and these dicta Margaret parroted glibly enough, to do her justice, so long as there was no immediate question of dispensing alms. But for all that the next whining beggar would move her tender heart, his glib inventions playing upon it like a fiddle, and she would give as recklessly as though there were no such things in the whole wide world as soup-kitchens and organized charities and common-sense. "Because, you know," she would afterward salve her conscience, "I *couldn't* be sure he didn't need it, whereas I was *quite* sure I didn't."

Now she wavered for a moment. "You didn't say you had a wife before," she suggested.

"An invalid," sighed Mr. Flinks—"a helpless invalid, lady. And six small children probably crying for bread at this very moment. Ah, lady, think what my feelings must be to hear 'em cry in vain—think what I must suffer to know that I summoned them cherubs out of Heaven into this here hard, hard world, lady, and now can't do by 'em properly!" And Cock-eye Flinks brushed away a tear which I, for one, am inclined to regard as a particularly ambitious flight of his imagination.

Promptly Margaret opened the bag at her waist and took out her purse. "Don't!" she pleaded. "Please don't! I—I'm upset already. Take this, and please—oh, *please*, don't spend it in getting drunk or gambling or anything horrid," Miss Hugonin implored him. "You all do, and it's so selfish of you and so discouraging."

Mr. Flinks eyed the purse hungrily. Such a fat purse! thought Cock-eye Flinks; and there ain't nobody within a mile of here, neither. You are not to imagine that Mr. Flinks was totally abandoned; his vices were parochial, restrained for the most part by a lively apprehension of the law. But now the spell of the Eagle was strong upon him.

"Lady," said Mr. Flinks, twisting in his grimy hand the bill she had given him—and there, too, the Eagle flaunted in his vigor and heartened him—"Lady, that ain't much for you to give. Can't you do a little better than that by a poor workingman, lady?"

A very unpleasant looking person, Mr. Cock-eye Flinks—oh, a peculiarly unpleasant-looking person—to be a model son and a loving husband and a tender father! Margaret was filled with a vague alarm.

But she was brave, was Margaret. "No," said she very decidedly, "I shan't give you another cent. So you climb right over that wall, and go straight back where you belong."

The methods of Mr. Flinks, I regret to say, were somewhat more crude than those of Mesdames Haggage and Saumarez and Messieurs Kennaston and Jukesbury.

"Cheese it!" said Mr. Flinks, and flung away his staff and drew very near to her. "Gimme that money, do you hear!"

"Don't you dare touch me!" she panted. "Ah, don't you *dare!*"

"Aw, h——l!" said Mr. Flinks disgustedly, and his dirty hands were upon her, and his foul breath reeked in her face.

In her hour of need Margaret's heart spoke.

"Billy!" she wailed; "oh, Billy, *Billy!*"

He came to her—just as he would have scaled Heaven to come to her, just as he would have come to her in the nethermost pit of hell if she had called. Ah, yes, Billy Woods came to her now in her peril, and I don't think that Mr. Flinks particularly relished the look upon Billy's face as he ran through the gardens, for Billy was furiously moved.

Cock-eye Flinks glanced back at the wall behind him. Ten feet high, and the fellow ain't far off. Cock-eye Flinks caught up his staff, and, as Billy closed upon him, struck him full on the head. Again and again he struck him. It was a sickening business.

Billy had stopped short. For an instant he stood swaying on his feet, a puzzled face showing under the trickling blood. Then he flung out his hands a little, and they flapped loosely at the wrists, like wet clothes hung in the wind to dry, and Billy seemed to crumple up suddenly, and slid down upon the grass in an untidy heap.

"Ah-h-h!" said Mr. Flinks. He drew back and stared stupidly at that sprawling flesh which just now had been a man, and was seized with uncontrollable shuddering. "Ah-h-h!" said Mr. Flinks very quietly.

And Margaret went mad. The earth and the sky dissolved in many floating specks and then went red—red like that heap yonder. The veneer of civilization peeled, fell from her like snow from a shaken garment. The primal beast woke and flicked aside the centuries' work. She was the Cave-woman who had seen the death of her mate—the brute who had been robbed of her mate.

"*Damn* you!" she screamed, her voice high, flat, quite unhuman; she fell upon the man who had killed Billy, and her violet fripperies fluttered, her impotent little hands beat at him, tore at him. She was fearless, shameless, insane. She only knew that Billy was dead.

With an oath the man flung her from him and turned on his heel. She fell to coaxing the heap in the grass to tell her that he forgave her—to open his eyes—to stop bloodying her dress—to come to luncheon. . . .

A fly settled on Billy's face and came in his zigzag course to the red stream trickling from his nostrils, and stopped short. She brushed the carrion thing away, but it crawled back drunkenly. She touched it with her finger, and the fly would not move. On a sudden every nerve in her body began to shake and jerk like a flag snapping in the wind.

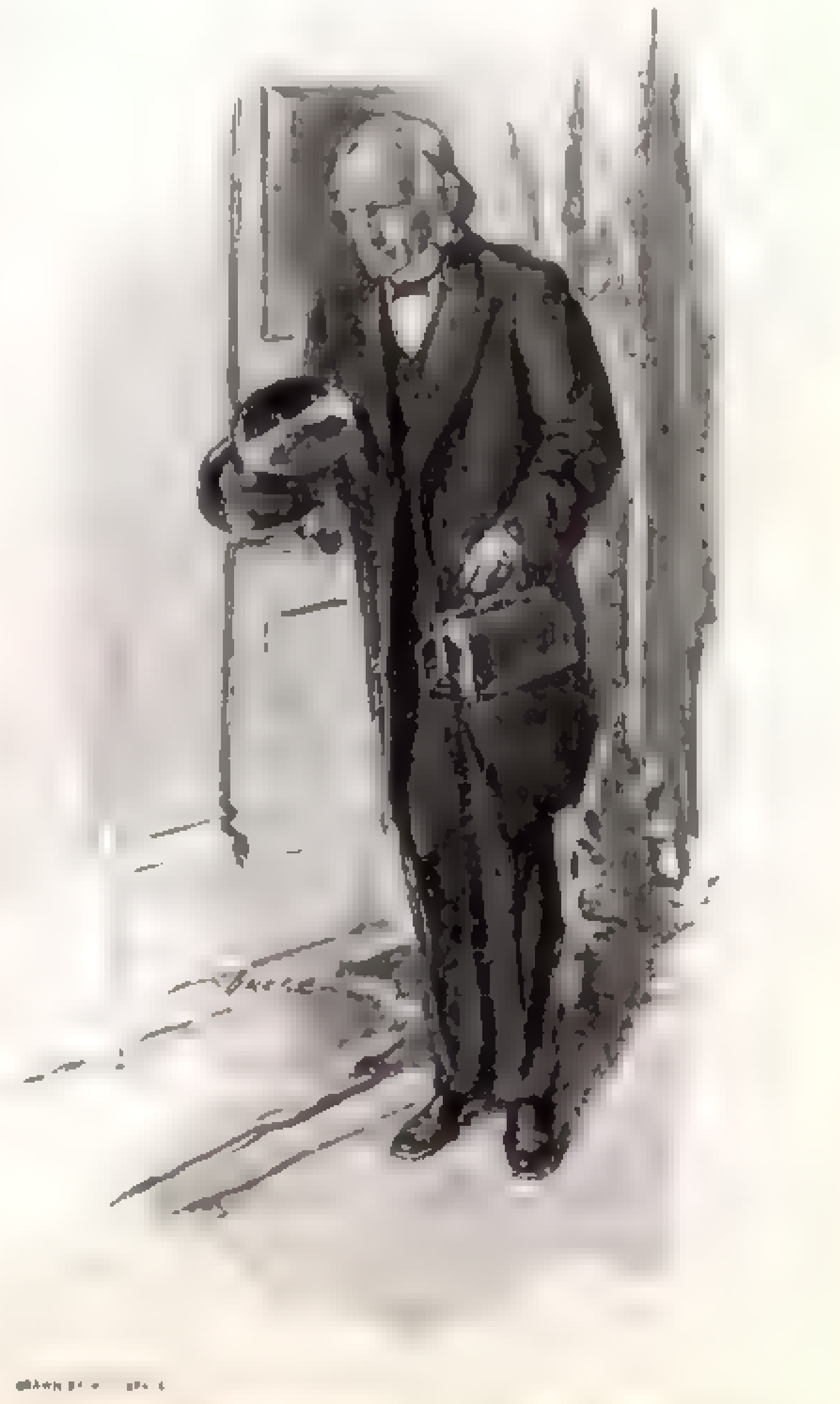
XVII

SOME ten minutes afterward, as the members of the house-party sat chatting on the terrace before Selwoode, there came among them a mad woman in violet trappings that were splotched with blood.

"Did you know that Billy was dead?" she queried smilingly. "Oh, yes, a man killed Billy just now. Wasn't it too bad? Billy was such a nice boy, you know. I—I think it's very sad. I think it's the saddest thing I ever knew of."

Kathleen Saumarez was the first to reach her. But she drew back quickly.

"No—ah, no!" she said, with a little shudder. "You didn't love Billy. He loved you, and you didn't love him. Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen, how *could* you help loving Billy? He was such a nice boy. I—I'm rather sorry he's dead."



THEN CAME MARTIN JEAL—A WISP OF A MAN

Then she stood silent, picking at her dress thoughtfully, and still smiling. Afterward, for the first and only time in history, Miss Hugonin fainted—fainted with an anxious smile.

Petheridge Jukesbury caught her as she fell, and began to blubber like a whipped schoolboy as he stood there holding her in his arms.

XXVII

BUT Billy was not dead. There was still a feeble, jerky fluttering in his big chest when Colonel Hugonin found him. His heart still moved, but under the Colonel's hand its stirrings were as vague and aimless as those of a captive butterfly.

The Colonel had seen dead men and dying men before this; and as he bent over the boy he loved he gave a convulsive sob, and afterward buried his face in his hands.

Then—of all unlikely persons in the world—it was Petheridge Jukesbury who rose to meet the occasion.

His suavity and blandness forgotten in the presence of death, he mounted with confident alacrity to the heights of greatness. Masterfully he overrode them all. He poured brandy between Billy's teeth. Then he ordered the ladies off to bed, and recommended to Mr. Kennaston—when he spoke of going for a clergyman—a far more startling destination.

For, "It is far from my intention," said Mr. Jukesbury, "to appear lacking in respect to the cloth, but—er—just at present I am inclined to think we are in somewhat greater need of a mattress and a doctor and—ah—the exercise of a little common-sense. The gentleman is—er—let us hope, in no immediate danger. How dare you suggest such a thing, sir?" thundered Petheridge Jukesbury. "Didn't you see that poor girl's face? I tell you I'll be —— if he dies, sir!"

And I fancy the recording angel heard him, and against a list of wordy cheats registered that oath to his credit.

It was Petheridge Jukesbury, then, who stalked into Mrs. Haggage's apartments and appropriated her mattress as the first at hand, and afterward waddled through the gardens bearing it on his fat shoulders, and still later lifted Billy upon it as gently as a woman could have. But it was the hatless Colonel on his favorite Black Bess—("Motor cars!" the Colonel was wont to say; "I consider my appearance sufficiently unprepossessing already, sir, without my arriving in Heaven in fragments and stinking of gasoline!")—who in Fairhaven town some quarter of an hour afterward leaped Doctor Jeal's garden fence, and subsequently bundled the doctor into his gig; and again, yet later, it was the Colonel who stood fuming upon the terrace with Doctor Jeal on his way to Selwoode indeed, but still some four miles from the mansion toward which he was urging his staid horse at its liveliest gait.

Kennaston tried to soothe him. But the Colonel clamored to the heavens. Kennaston he qualified in various ways. And as for Doctor Jeal, he would hold him responsible—"personally, sir"—for the consequences of his dawdling in this fashion—"Dash it, sir, like a blanked snail with a wooden leg!"

"I am afraid," said Kennaston gravely, "that the doctor will be of very little use when he does arrive."

There was that in his face which made the Colonel pause in his objurgations.

"Sir," said the Colonel, "what—do you—mean?" He found articulation somewhat difficult.

"In your absence," Kennaston answered, "Mr. Jukesbury, who, it appears, knows something of medicine, has subjected Mr. Woods to an examination. It—it would be unkind to deceive you——"

"Come to the point, sir," the Colonel interrupted him. "What—do you—mean?"

"I mean," said Felix Kennaston sadly, "that he is afraid—Mr. Woods will never recover consciousness."

Colonel Hugonin stared at him. The skin of his flabby, wrinkled old throat was working convulsively.

Then, "You're wrong, sir," the Colonel said. "Billy *sha'n't* die. Not for all Jukesbury says! Not for all any doctor says, either, sir! I put my trust in my God, sir, and not in a box of sugar-pills, sir. And I tell you, sir, *that boy is not going to die!*"

Afterward he turned and went into Selwoode defiantly.

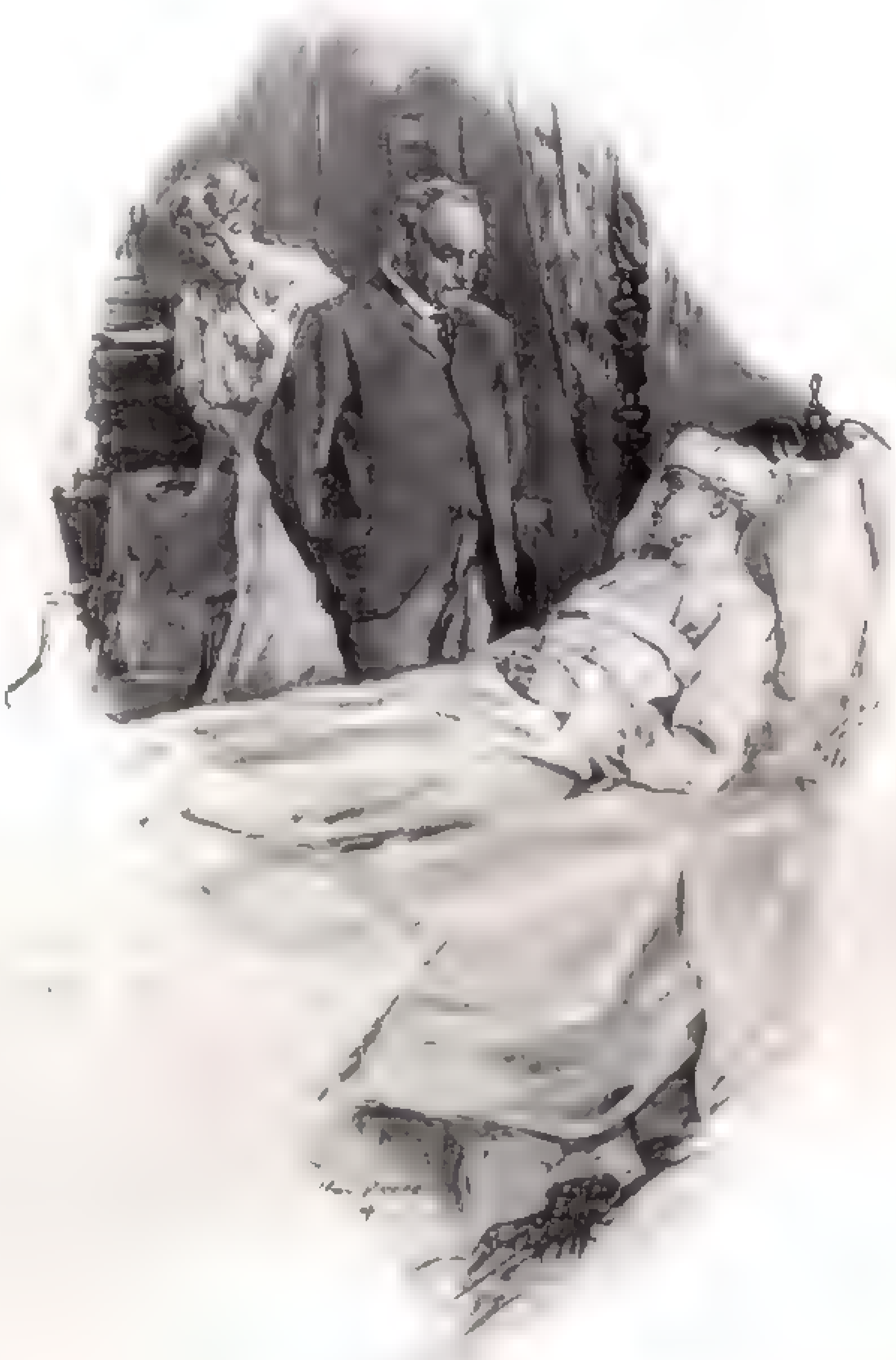
XXVIII

IN THE living-hall the Colonel found Margaret, white as paper, with purple lips that timidly smiled at him.

"Why ain't you in bed?" the old gentleman demanded, with as great an affectation of sternness as he could muster. To say the truth, it was not much; for Colonel Hugonin, for all his blustering optimism, was sadly shaken now.

"Attractive," said Margaret, "I was, but I couldn't stay there. My—my brain won't stop working, you see," she complained wearily. "There's a thin little whisper in the back of it that keeps telling me about Billy, and what a liar he is, and what nice eyes he has, and how poor Billy is dead. It keeps telling me that, over and over again, attractive. It's such a tiresome, silly little whisper. But he is dead, isn't he? Didn't Mr. Kennaston tell me just now that he was dead?—or was it the whisper, attractive?"

The Colonel coughed. "Kennaston—er—Kennaston's a fool," he declared helplessly. "Always said he was a fool. We'll have Jeal in presently."



BEHIND HIS FAT BACK PETHERIDGE JUKESBURY WAVED A CAUTIONING HAND AT MARGARET, WHO HAD RISEN FROM HER CHAIR

"No—I remember now—Mr. Kennaston said Billy would die very soon. You don't like people to disagree with you, do you, attractive? Of course, he will die, for the man hit him very, *very* hard. I'm sorry Billy is going to die, though, even if he is such a liar."

"Don't!" said the Colonel hoarsely; "don't, daughter! I don't know what there is between you and Billy, but you're wrong. Oh, you're very hopelessly wrong! Billy's the finest boy I know."

Margaret shook her head in dissent.

"No, he's a very contemptible liar," she said disinterestedly, "and that is what makes it so queer that I should care for him more than I do for anything else in the world. Yes, it's very queer."

Then Margaret went into the room opening into the living-hall, where Billy Woods lay unconscious, pallid, breathing stertorously. And the Colonel stared after her.

"Why couldn't it have been I?" groaned the poor Colonel. "Why couldn't it have been I that ain't wanted any longer? She'd never have grieved like that for me!"

And, indeed, I don't think she would have. For to Margaret there had come, as, God willing, there comes to every clean-souled woman, the time to put away all childish things, and all childish memories, and all childish ties, if need be, to follow one man only and cleave to him and know his life and hers to be knit up together, past severance, in a love that death itself may not affright nor slay.

XXIX

SHE sat silent in one corner of the darkened room. It was the bedroom that Frederick R. Woods formerly occupied—on the ground floor of Selwoode, opening into the living-hall—to which they had carried Billy.

Jukesbury had done what he could. In the bed lay Billy Woods swathed in hot blankets, with bottles of hot water set to his feet. Jukesbury had washed his face clean of that awful red and had wrapped bandages of cracked ice about his head and propped it high with pillows. It was little short of marvelous to see the pursy old hypocrite going cat-footed about the room on his stealthy ministrations, replenishing the bandages, forcing spirits of ammonia between Billy's teeth, fighting deftly and confidently with death.

Billy still breathed.

The Colonel came and went uneasily. The clock on the mantel ticked. Margaret brooded in a silence that was only accentuated by that horrible wheezing, gurgling, tremulous breathing in the bed yonder. Would the doctor never come?

She was curiously conscious of her absolute lack of emotion.

But always the interminable thin whispering in the back of her head went on and on. "Oh, if he had only died four years ago! Oh, if he had only died the dear, clean-minded, honest boy I used to know! When that noise stops he will be dead. And then, perhaps, I shall be able to cry. Oh, if he had only died four years ago!"

And then *da capo*. On and on ran the interminable thin whispering as Margaret waited for death to come to Billy. Billy looked so old now under his many bandages. Surely, he must be very, very near death.

Suddenly, as Jukesbury wrapped new bandages about his forehead, Billy opened his eyes, and, without further movement, smiled placidly up at him.

"Hello, Jukesbury," said Billy Woods, "where's my armor?"

Jukesbury, too, smiled. "The man is bringing it downstairs now," he answered quietly.

"Because," Billy went on fretfully, "I don't propose to miss the Trojan War. The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed, you know, are all going to be there, and I don't propose to miss it."

Behind his fat back Petheridge Jukesbury waved a cautioning hand at Margaret, who had risen from her chair.

"But it is very absurd," Billy murmured in the mere ghost of a voice, "because men don't propose by mistake except in farces. Somebody told me that, but I can't remember who, because I am a misogynist. That is a Greek word, and I would explain it to Peggy if she would only give me a chance, but she can't because she has those seventeen hundred and fifty thousand children to look after. There must be some way to explain it to her, though, because where there's a will there is always a way, and there were three wills. Uncle Fred should not have left so many wills—who would have thought the old man had so much ink in him? But I will be a very great painter, Uncle Fred, and make her sorry for the way she has treated me, and *then* Kathleen will understand I was talking about Peggy."

His voice died away, and Margaret sat with wide eyes listening for it again. Would the doctor never come!

Billy was smiling and picking at the sheets.

"But Peggy is so rich," the faint voice presently complained—"so beastly rich! There is gold in her hair, and if you will look very closely you will see that her lashes were pure gold until she dipped them in the inkpot. Besides, she expects me to sit up and beg for lumps of sugar, and I *never* take sugar in my coffee. And Peggy doesn't drink coffee at all, so I think it is very unfair, especially as Teddy Anstruther drinks like a fish, and she is going to marry him. Peggy, why won't you marry me? You know I've always loved you, Peggy, and now I can tell you so because Uncle Fred has left me all his money. You think a great deal about money, Peggy. You said it was the greatest thing in the world. And it must be, because it is the only thing—the *only* thing, Peggy—that has been strong enough to keep us apart. A part is never greater than the whole, Peggy, but I will explain about that when you open that desk. There are sharks in it. Aren't there, Peggy? *aren't* there?"

His voice had risen to a querulous tone. Gently, the old man restrained him.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A^{o}. D^{i}. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

The Song of the Sword

SAYS Mr. Hayashi, a distinguished citizen of Japan: "To-day we Japanese have battleships, torpedoes, cannon. The China seas redden with the blood of our killed and of those we kill. Our torpedoes roar, our shrapnel shriek, our cannon breathe slaughter, and we die and are the cause of death. And you Occidentals say to us, 'You have won your rank; you have civilized yourselves.' Centuries upon centuries we have had artists, painters, sculptors, philosophers. In the sixteenth century we had published in Japanese the fables of Æsop — were we then barbarians?"

This with a mysterious Oriental smile — a little sad, a little sarcastic.

Strong and Subtle

A MAN with a slightly different cut to his whiskers or his coat creates as much excitement as — well, as a duckling in a hennery, and for precisely the same reason. He, like the duckling, rouses the ancient tribal instinct against the different — the instinct that makes the herd put to death the stranger, though of the same species; the instinct that makes a people look on foreigners with suspicion, dislike and contempt.

These old, old instincts of ours! How ancient they are, formed, as many of them were, in the very primordial ooze that was nurse to protoplasm. And how strong they are! They defy reason and common-sense, education and experience. And how subtle they are, unconsciously influencing our daily lives, often making us stumbling-blocks in our own way and the way of all about us.

How the Majority Live

THE recent bulletin of the Bureau of Labor on wages and cost of living throws some interesting side lights upon the mode of life of the average thrifty American working family. The report covers only families of wage-earners or salaried men earning less than $1200 a year. Of 2567 such families the annual incomes averaged $827.19, and their expenditures $768.54, leaving a surplus of $58.65 to go into the savings bank. That is doing pretty well, considering the difficulty most people earning $5000 or $10,000 a year have in paying their bills, not to speak of putting anything into the bank.

But the showing of these working people is even better than the figures would indicate. Besides their savings, 2.73 per cent. of their expenses represent insurance, which is really a form of investment.

Of the entire cost of living of such a family, over three-quarters go for four prime necessities — 42.54 per cent. for food, 14.53 per cent. for shelter, 14.04 per cent. for clothing, and 4.19 per cent. for fuel. In Europe, where the hand of the tax-gatherer is so heavy — taking a third of the peasant's income in Italy, it is said — the most astonishing thing would seem the trifling amount the American working family pays for taxes. Only three-quarters of one per cent. of the average expenditure is charged to that item, although, of course, the American consumer pays heavy tariff taxes on his clothing and part of his food.

Temperance orators used to say, and perhaps they still do, that if the American workingman would only let liquor and tobacco alone he could have a cottage at Newport. The Labor Bureau's figures show that if the average wage-earner's family never touched a drop of liquor or took a whiff of tobacco it would have only $23.36 more to add to its present savings of $58.65. Few Newport cottages can be run on that amount. Only 1.62 per cent. of the money spent by such a family goes for liquor and 1.42 per cent. for tobacco. Perhaps this may explain why the prohibition movement has been stationary for so many years. Nevertheless, the item for liquor, small as it is, is the largest for any luxury. Amusements and vacation come next, with 1.6 per cent of the family budget, then books and newspapers with 1.09, religion with 0.99 and charity with 0.31. Labor and other organization fees take 1.17 per cent. That might be called a luxury, a necessity, or an investment, according to the point of view

Incidentally, the significant fact is brought out that the average family of the class with which these figures deal is larger by over one-seventh than the average American family, as shown by the census. Plainly, race suicide has not made the ravages among people with incomes of less than $1200 a year that it has among some who are more conspicuous in the public eye.

The Land of the Free

IT IS a splendid recognition that has come to Dr. William Osler in his appointment as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, but it robs us of America's leading physician. There is a feeling that he might have declined, as he declined other great honors, had it not been for a practice we Americans have of riding success too hard. It is strange to think of this great physician as a victim of the American "courtesy" habit, but that seems to be about the size of it. Doctor Osler is "the doctor's doctor," and we read the following in an account of his recent appointment: "Not only local physicians, but many others from all parts of this country and Canada, consult him concerning their personal complaints. This part of his practice is unremunerative, as the usual courtesies extended by one member of the medical profession to another do not permit of the charging of a fee. Though the confidence of the fellow-members of the medical profession has been flattering to his abilities as a practitioner of medicine, it has, nevertheless, consumed a considerable portion of his time. Some of Doctor Osler's friends believe it has been an important factor in influencing him to make the change."

Doctor Osler's case is not exceptional. Every great specialist in America suffers, in a greater or less degree, from the same conditions. Professional courtesy drains him of both time and strength, and the larger his success the heavier the demands for free service

America has been called the land of the free pass. Nowhere in the world does the free habit reach such excesses as in the United States. A close observer on a train, especially a handsome train, notices the large proportion of passes to purchased tickets. One of the costliest express trains in the East is called The Pass Unlimited.

Nor does it stop there. At this very time we are having a refreshing illustration of it in the operations of our Government. Millions of documents, weighing in the aggregate hundreds of tons, are being sent through the mails under Congressional franks when, as a matter of common honesty, the campaign committees should be paying postage on them. One reason why our postal system does not turn into the treasury a large profit is the enormous amount of free business it carries.

Of course, there must come a time when reform will begin its work. The railroads are trying to cut down free passes. Business is aiming at courtesy reductions. But the progress is slow.

In some respects there may be a *quid pro quo* in the free habit, but when it can banish the country's foremost doctor and produce a deficit in a great monopoly like the postal service its weakness is evident.

In the end common-sense will prevail. Then, when all pay alike, those who have to pay will not have to pay so much, for under the free system the man who pays his own way has to pay the way of those who do not pay.

Sterilized Education

THAT little boy who, because he is heir to several millions, is being brought up on the sterilized plan is probably as sad an object as a great city not without its melancholy features can show. They may or may not succeed in sterilizing all the microbes out of his food, clothing and air; they can hardly fail to sterilize all the joy out of his life.

And further, no sterilizing process that yet has been offered touches the worst microbes that prey upon humanity, rich and poor — such bacilli as envy, jealousy, bad temper, "uppishness" and the like. The diseases these microbes set up make uncomfortable those in the neighborhood of their victims, as do all other diseases But the discomfort is as nothing compared with the misery they inflict upon their direct victims. No words could describe the downright prolonged and excruciating torture a well-developed case of "uppishness" inflicts upon persons about it.

Idleness and Ideals

AN INTERESTING modern type of young woman is described in the prospectus of a fashionable sanitarium and health school in New England. It is "the semi invalid young woman without definite aim in life"

Behold the sympathy, even tenderness, with which she is described: "Capricious health and not having to work for a living are generally the initial factors in developing these cases. At the same time, high ideals are not wanting, and society or the ordinary duties of the home do not satisfy. The feeling of accomplishing so little in the life of each day torments the individual into a restless, discontented state of mind, which after a time reacts unfavorably on the general health."

It is a fine, Italian hand that thus links idleness and ideals! Surprisingly adroit is the suggestion that the prospective patients are so exquisite as to be above "the ordinary duties of home"

The German Emperor's assertion that the interests of women should be limited to "the three K's," or, as we should say, "the three C's" — church, cooking and children — is unwarrantably dogmatic. But it can safely be said that there is something wrong with the ideals that urge young folks beyond the normal interests of their age and kind.

In primitive peoples the instincts are pretty much masters Boys and girls find themselves swept into the fundamental relationships, conjugal and parental, without quite knowing how or why. Civilization, in prolonging education, has deferred these things until the mind is able to cope with them Nothing is commoner than the type of young person who, seeing how artfully Nature lures simple folk into the bondage of wifehood, the servitude of maternity, asserts its own superior wisdom by electing to have ideals — and idleness! But though Nature, in pursuit of her own ends, habitually hoodwinks her creatures, it is not so easy to out-trick her for ours! The ideals of idleness, even when they include much chasing of so-called culture, do not quite satisfy. Revolting Nature "torments the individual into a restless, discontented state of mind, which after a time reacts unfavorably on the general health."

One of the cures practiced in such cases is the rest cure. No doubt it is necessary! But how much trouble and expense would have been saved if the patient had not despised the work cure!

At the Ribbon Counter

IF, A YEAR after a United States official retired from office, his merits should still be so vivid in the memory of a foreign government that it wished to decorate him, and if the decoration it offered were one which a sovereign American citizen, a disbeliever in monarchical caste and all its works, could with decent self-respect accept — then there could be no possible objection to his accepting the decoration, if he thought it enabled him to make a little better "front" than Nature and his own achievements enabled him to make without it.

But do we want our officials of the State and other Departments to be worrying and intriguing and conducting their offices with a view to recommending themselves to foreign dispensers of decorations? Let our official get a decoration, and shall we not presently see all Washington officialdom — and its wife — scrambling for ribbons?

The School for Pedestrians

LE FIGARO (Paris) suggests that, in view of the present and impending perilousness of the streets of civilized cities, there should be a school for pedestrians, and no one should be let go forth into the car, carriage, 'bus, bicycle, truck, motor beset highways without a certificate of expertness. But there are already such schools, and the streets of the great cities are thronged with the graduates. The streets themselves are the schools; and every man, woman or child who walks them at ease and is alive, and has all his arms and legs, and no bones out of place, is wearing the certificate conspicuously.

The modern city is a magnificent training-school in quick-wittedness. It takes the incoming ruralities, whether foreign or domestic, shakes them rudely but healthily out of their habits of doddering along, puts jump, snap, ginger into them. And soon they are alive throughout; they have good circulations; their brains are fed with hot, bright red, thought-producing blood

And then their awakened intelligence teaches them that the country is the place to live.

The Big Granger Lines

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

IT IS said that a Pennsylvania engineer, fishing one summer in the wilds of upper Michigan, strayed from his stream and his guide and lost himself in the woods. It was only after hours of wandering through a trackless wilderness that he emerged, to his amazement, on a railroad right of-way equipped with heavy double tracks that suggested his own division between Altoona and Pittsburg.

From the depths of a forest never touched by the hand of man he looked on a succession of ore trains thundering past as fast as dispatchers could run them. The roadbed and motive power, showing a physical excellence that he had not dreamed could exist west of the Alleghanies, only increased his bewilderment; nor was his balance restored until assured that what he saw was not an illusion but the Peninsular Division of one of the big Granger lines, the Chicago and Northwestern Railway

The story is well told—for under these conditions the heavy Northwestern ore trains are run from the Menominee and the Gogebic iron ranges through Michigan forests to the ports of the Great Lakes; and to one unfamiliar with the volume of this extraordinary traffic a sight of it comes with the force of a revelation

It must not be assumed, however, that iron ore is the backbone of Northwestern traffic: it is a feature, and an important one; but it serves in the Northwestern story chiefly to illustrate the unusual variety of traffic resources enjoyed by a road strong in many directions

In the country of the Great Lakes lies a land of singular beauty known on the maps of a century ago as the Northwest Territory. It stretches on the north to the Lake of the Woods and the sources of the Mississippi, and, by extension, what is now known as the Northwest includes the States of the fertile western tributaries of the upper Mississippi River

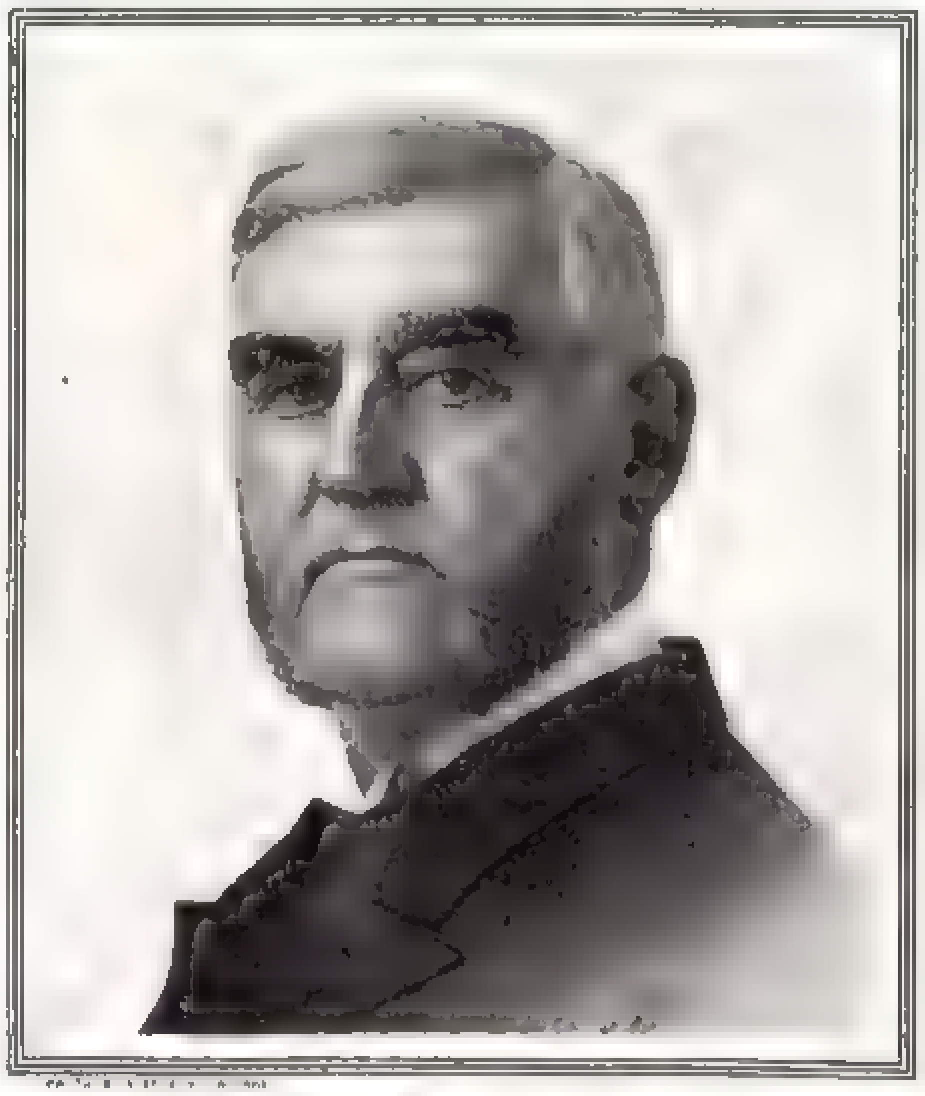
In the Northwest a climate temperate in its vigor unites with a soil well-nigh inexhaustible in vitality. The north wind sweeps prairies that spread from horizon to horizon and lie like glades among forests so plentiful and so rich that in the useful woods they have hardly an equal in the service of man. The Northwest is a land of sunshine and green fields, where fulfillment waits unfailingly on promise; it is the home of the white pine and the hard maple, of the basswood and the elm and the oak, of the corn and the wheat and the barley, of the clover and the timothy grass; its rivers, deep and clear, run between high banks; groves shade its summer landscapes, and in the autumn the juices of brown leaves store riches in the soil and stain to wine the cold, swift waters of its brooks.

Frenchmen, three hundred years ago, before other white men had seen it, mapped this vast country to the south and west of what is now called Lake Superior. French explorers were the first to thread its waterways, and French Jesuits under its forest arches set up their altars of boughs, and taught to the Algonquins and the Sioux the faith that Paul preached at Antioch and Augustine brought to Britain.

Where Jacques Marquette baptized the Illinois the tribes are scattered; where the shores of their lake felt the benediction of his tread have arisen great cities—the neophyte and the missionary survive only in statues of bronze. But history, kinder than progress, has preserved in river and lake and strait and bay, in the cities and States of the Northwest, the names and memories of the blackrobe, the chevalier and the Indian.

La Salle was at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1679, and eleven years later an English ambassador had reached Wisconsin seeking an alliance with the Miami. In 1682 the great Frenchman set up on the Mississippi the standard of France, and six years afterward Perrot had raised the cross and the lilies on the soil of Minnesota.

But the Hudson Bay Fur Company had already been chartered, and for a hundred years the two most highly civilized nations of Europe bribed, goaded, debauched and cheated the unfortunate savages of North America in their efforts to obtain the sovereignty of this Northwest empire. In the end the long arm of England prevailed, and the destinies of the Northwest were shaped for a thousand years.



MARVIN HUGHITT
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

In all of the surprises worked since 1690 in this Northwest wilderness none is more remarkable than that on the least promising site to be selected the industrial capital of the Northwest should be built. The little Chicago River as an Indian waterway seems always to have had part in Northwest history. In 1773, William Murray bought from the Illini Indians a farm that included the stream. Indeed, for five shillings and some merchandise, William purchased a strip of land extending from Chicago to the Mississippi A small portion of this five-shilling farm would now be worth several billions of dollars.

Murray failed, however, to make good his title, and it was not till 1833 that the United Nation Indians ceded to the United States the last of their lands east of the Mississippi and opened the Northwest definitely to the settlement of whites. So fast did events crowd on one another that only twenty months after the Senate of the United States had ratified this treaty the first railroad—the parent stem of the Chicago and Northwestern—was chartered out of Chicago. Transportation, indeed, was destined to change faster than any other agency the character of the new territory. This Galena and Chicago Union Railroad project languished for ten years, but in 1848 ten miles of the road were actually built, and even so small a beginning brought its significant sequel. The first trip was made over the ten-mile division by the directors and stockholders of the pioneer road November 20. On their return trip to the city they met a farmer hauling to Chicago a load of wheat. What rate the directors made on his business does not appear, but they came somehow to terms, for the wheat was transferred to the observation car and became the first grain ever carried by rail to what afterward became the largest grain market in the world. In the same year the first telegram reached Chicago.

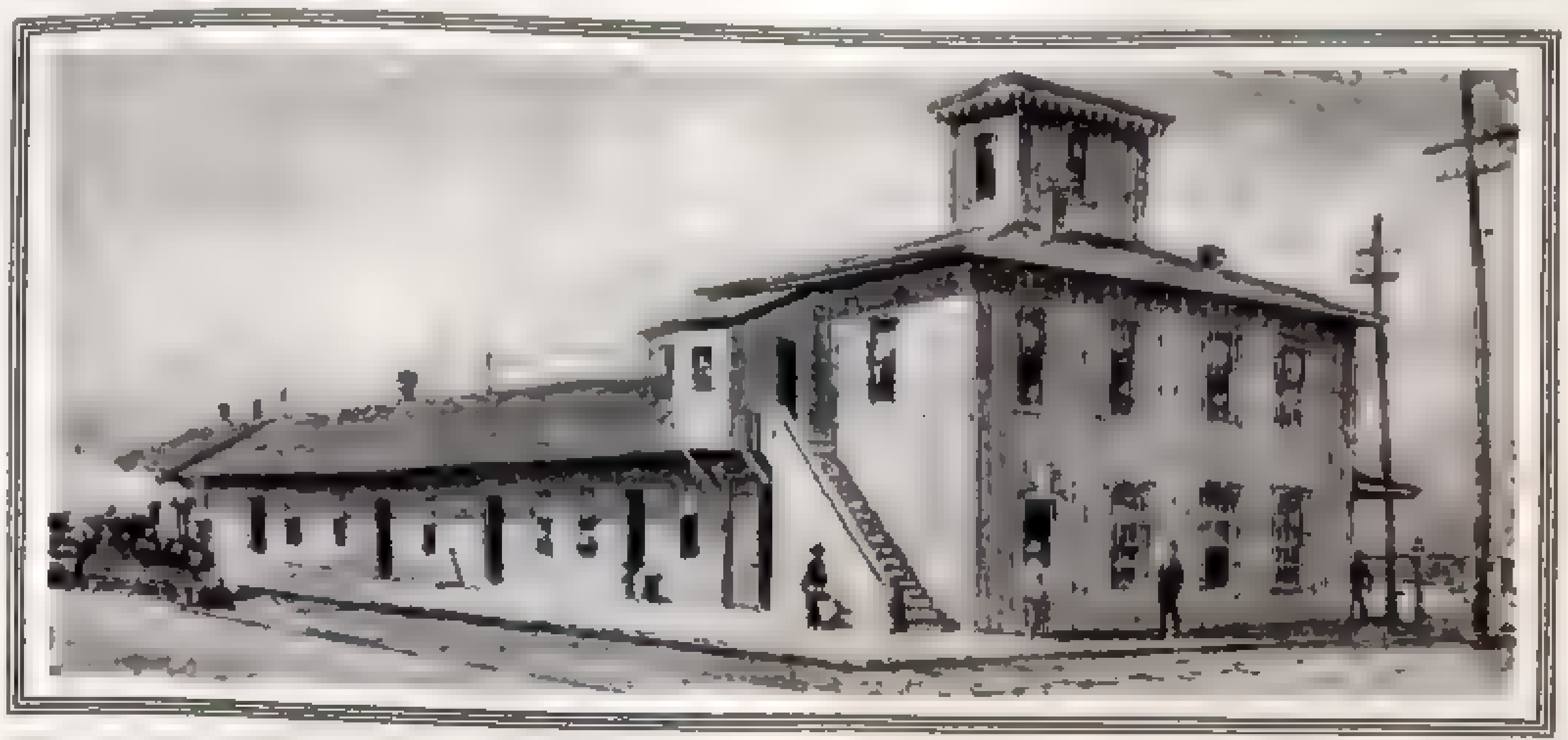
This wagon-load of grain indicated the future basis of the prosperity of the Granger lines. Grain has made the Northwest and its railroads famous, and of the many vigorous transportation systems none has chosen a name more happily appropriate to the territory they serve than the Chicago and Northwestern. Ingenuity can find nothing to add to or take from this title in expressing the idea of the territorial grain empire of the United States, and its industrial capital.

The historical railroad development of the territory follows with simplicity the natural highways of traffic, and these in an early day, even more than at present, converged at Chicago. In consequence, Chicago's first ten miles of railroad ran straight west. A map made in 1861 would show such a line extended across the Mississippi with a system in embryo already shown in additional lines of eighty and one hundred miles running north into Wisconsin. Here already may be seen the bone and essence of the Northwestern system—a trunk line north and a trunk line west; Cedar Rapids a western terminus, Oshkosh a northern. There was at every moment of advancement two objective points in the strategy of the Northwestern—one, the west, with the Missouri River as an objective point; the other, the north, with the iron and the copper country as a goal—and 1870 found the system with both aims achieved.

The Northwestern was the first railroad from the south to reach the rich mineral belt of upper Michigan, and its first seventy miles of track to the Wisconsin State line, built on a gauge six feet wide, make the effort seem a very early one.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago Jesuit missionaries reported copper on Lake Superior, and the most alert prospecting the world over from that day to this has never uncovered beds of native copper approaching in richness and extent the Lake Superior deposits; nor have mineralogists satisfactorily determined why Nature made there the immense deposits so geologically unique. Though Montana and Arizona have become immense producers of copper, their mineral, being in the usual form of copper ore, requires for reduction an intricate and long-drawn treatment Lake Superior copper is not only simply mined but it is noted for its toughness and its exceptional conductivity. For electric currents it is invaluable, and it lies under Lake Superior rock in sheets as thinly drawn as goldleaf and in masses weighing 500 tons that go piecemeal to the smelters and never pass through the stamp mill at all. The elder Agassiz early directed attention to the unexampled richness of Lake Superior copper deposits. So closely was he engaged in the early modern development of these fields, and so intimate are the association of discovery and the business instinct in America, that the great mine of the north country, the Calumet and Hecla, which boasts a shaft 4900 feet deep and the finest mining machinery in the world, has always been largely owned by Boston investors.

Iron, however, from a traffic viewpoint, is incomparably more valuable to the railroad than copper, and the Lake Superior iron mines are the richest in the world, not alone because their ores are lowest in refractory elements and highest in metallic iron, but because nowhere else in the world have such large beds of merchantable ores been exposed. To these advantages the Lake Superior country adds a climate that allows the continuous operation of all mines with underground workings. Less than this would have made Lake Superior strong as a mineral region in the useful metals: as it is, it stands preeminent; nowhere has it even an approaching rival. The first bar of Lake Superior iron was drawn through a blacksmith's



THE GALENA AND CHICAGO UNION RAILWAY, NOW THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY, BUILT THE FIRST RAILWAY DEPOT IN CHICAGO. IT WAS SITUATED AT THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CANAL AND KINZIE STREETS, NEAR THE PRESENT SITE OF THE NORTHWESTERN LINE'S WELLS STREET STATION forge so late as 1846, and at Carp River blooms were made a little later, but the first real shipments of ore were started for the lower lake ports in 1856. Last year the Lake Superior country produced 24,000,000 tons of iron ore, perhaps ninety per cent. of our total production; indeed, the production of the Lake Superior region is one-third that of all the world

In this territory lies one of the strongest arms of the Northwestern system. First in the field, the railroad has intrenched itself in a way that astonishes those not familiar with the enormous traffic possibilities of the Peninsular Division. The Escanaba ore docks are the largest in existence, and at Ashland the Northwestern has a record of having loaded 5000 tons of iron ore into a steamer in one hour. The experience of the company in reaching this country has been one of especial good fortune. Here were no long and profitless desert wastes to cross to reach a traffic goal. Local business from the start has been of good volume. Wisconsin is a portion of that paradise that Frenchmen discovered when they penetrated the Green Bay. Fishermen and hunters still flock to Wisconsin, which, together with Minnesota, is in effect a national game reserve Wisconsin is the land of barley, small grain and the dairy Its butter and cheese help to feed Europe. Divided by an east and west line, the north half of the State has for half a century been a reserve of timber which even yet is not wholly exhausted, and its store of hard woods is still large. Men have said that with its timber exhausted Northern Wisconsin would be worthless, but those who know Wisconsin best predict that within fifty years Northern Wisconsin will be the more valuable half of the State. Where the pine stood the farmer has gone in. The tamarack swamps are drained, and the dry, hardwood regions are being cleared, steers have been turned into the brush and the clearings, and the dairyman has discovered in Northern Wisconsin an unsurpassed field for his business. It has been pointed out to him that the most nutritious of grasses, the coolest of waters and the most temperate of summer suns—essentials for the production of milks that are the base of fine flavored cheeses—are the heritage of Northern Wisconsin, and the Dean of the College of Agriculture at Madison has reminded Wisconsin farmers that solely in these climatic conditions they have a possession as precious as the gold of Colorado or the coal of Pennsylvania. Wisconsin is like a mine from which new treasures are continually drawn.

The Northwestern's Aid to the Union Pacific

IN 1867 the Union Pacific, after overcoming stupendous difficulties of construction, had reached Cheyenne and was ready to begin its crowning task of scaling the Rockies. The great race between the Union Pacific and the California party building the Central Pacific eastward was about to begin, and the Union Pacific was still without a railroad base for its supplies. It was dependent on what construction material could be brought up from St. Joe and St. Louis during the boat season of three or four months each year Meantime the immense prizes in subsidies for the mountain mileage were hung up between the rival builders, and would have gone largely to the Californians had not the Northwestern pushed its rails, in November, 1867, into Council Bluffs and begun pouring material into the Union Pacific yards. Eighteen months later, under the impulse of quickened construction, the Central and the Union track layers met at Promontory, Utah, and the Overland railroad line from New York to San Francisco was made complete.

The results to Chicago and the Northwest were immediate The current of transcontinental travel set across the territory to the fast growing city on the shores of Lake Michigan Iowa, already touched by the magic of railroad enterprise, grew with astonishing rapidity. Indeed, the development of the upper Mississippi Valley and the opening of the wheat fields and the corn belt between 1865 and 1875 have hardly a parallel in the story of the nation.

The Gateway of the West

THE Chicago and Northwestern, however, with its early aims achieved, found itself only on the threshold of the anxieties of its career. Lying immediately west of the Northwestern lines at the Missouri River lay a State whose traffic possibilities could no longer be ignored. Nebraska is remarkable in many ways. Much larger than England and Wales, and larger than all New England, Nebraska has not only a million people but a million of cows, and the cows are increasing rather faster than the people. An abundance of nutritious grasses that cure on the ground cover the plains of Nebraska, and, together with a climate that has few drawbacks and many advantages, make Nebraska a great stock-raising country. Dairying naturally follows. Nebraska lays a claim to the greatest number of native pasture and hay grasses of any State, and proves its assertions, in part, by producing the finest feeding cattle. In the eastern portion of the State are 20,000,000 acres of high-class farm lands, while in the western are 29,000,000 acres of grazing and hay lands. Again, it is difficult to say precisely where the line divides, for down in the southwest corner of the State, in the winter wheat country, the banner wheat station on the Burlington road lies on the one hundredth meridian. Due north of this, 200 miles, a little northwestern town, Newport, ships more hay than is marketed from any one other point in the world. Nebraska, too, though young in dairying, has the largest creamery in the world, as well as the terminals and headquarters of twenty railroad systems. Nebraska is proud among sister States of its smallest percentage of illiteracy, and its soil will grow everything from alfalfa and the sugar beet to chicory and corn. The small grains, notably winter wheat, are Nebraskan products; but her most valuable possession is the soil and climate that have yielded in a single year 250,000,000 bushels of corn.

The Richest Hundred Miles in the World

THIS great trans-Missouri State was, in a word, one which in Northwestern territorial strategy could not be overlooked; and beyond Nebraska there were further prizes. On the extreme western boundary of South Dakota lies a strange geological upheaval known as the Black Hills. It is one of the three great gold districts of the country. The Black Hills, indeed, have taken to themselves, seemingly without dispute, the title of being the richest hundred miles square on the face of the earth. They can already lay claim to the largest existing gold mine, and in reality only a beginning has been made in exposing their mineral wealth. Estimates based on Government reports and surveys place the value of the unmined gold and silver at a billion of dollars. The ores of the Homestake mine lie in bodies so large that a century will hardly suffice to work them out, and the Homestake has already sent to the mints $90,000,000 in gold bullion. It crushes 3600 tons of ore every twenty-four hours, and its working, together with that of other gold properties, supports two large and wealthy cities—Deadwood and Lead—in the most picturesque corner of the United States. In this far Northwest the Black Hills offer a climate so tempting that many people live there for its excellence, and the Hot Springs of the Black Hills draws visitors from every quarter

The map of recent railroad development—for the Northwestern has built 1300 miles of track west of the Missouri River—follows clearly the very earliest movement of Western railroading. The railroads have made the Northwest, and the Northwest in turn has done handsomely for its railroads.

In this transcontinental advance the Granger lines have kept their link one of the strongest in the chain. When the Northwestern opened the first double-tracked gateway from Chicago to the Missouri River it was providing, as every prudent management must, not alone for present but for future needs. A system able to count among its traffic mines cities like Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Superior, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Des Moines, Omaha, Lincoln, Deadwood and Lead is fortunate, but must always be alert Northwestern management has never, since the system really found itself, failed to meet the needs of its territory. If it is closely in touch with its own people—the shippers along its lines—it is because no cause has ever been given them to feel that their interests were last to be considered in the Northwestern councils

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the great railways of the country.

"Three C's" and the Newer South

What Diversified Farming is Doing for White and Black

BY NAT WETZEL

A FEW years ago it would have been considered rank heresy for a man in Dixie to raise his voice against the great "Three C's" of the South: Cotton, Corn and Credit. These factors in the industrial life of the "cotton States" were held to be so fundamental, so far above question, as to be almost sacred. But the ravages of the boll-weevil, which wrought such wholesale disaster to the cotton crop in the last two years, have so aroused the more progressive men of the South that they are now ready to disregard the dictates of tradition and give careful consideration to suggestions which threaten the undisputed reign of the "Three C's."

How much this change in sentiment means to the South and the whole country can be realized only by a direct contrast with local conditions. After a personal investigation of the agricultural situation in the South—and more particularly of the Southwest—the writer is convinced that the next few years will surely witness a revolution in the prosperity of the Southern planter and small farmer, and that this happy change in his fortunes will be brought about by means of diversified farming under good modern methods.

More than this, my convictions in this matter are so strong that I am willing to go on record for the statement that this new movement not only holds the key to the success of the white farmer, but also offers a very practical solution of the troublesome question: "What shall we do with the negro?" This conviction is not the result of theorizing; it is compelled by actual business experience—and this is the only basis on which consideration for the views here expressed is asked.

To understand what this new movement has already accomplished where it has been tried, and what are its possibilities when it becomes general, a word of explanation regarding the "Three C's" may be necessary so far as readers in the North are concerned.

Cotton has for many years been the great "king" crop in the region of which I write. Each planter or farmer has raised a little corn, of course—just enough for his own private use and for his stock—but this was and is now merely a supplemental crop. Cotton has been the "whole thing"; the basis of the planter's prosperity or his failure. And the same observation holds true of the small farmer—the man with a little freehold plot of ground, or the tenant leasing a patch or tilling it on shares. He has staked his all on cotton, and his fortunes have risen or fallen with it. So, too, have those of the storekeeper and the various other business men directly dependent upon the local agriculturist.

As the small farmer, whether white or black, is the man most in need of conditions that will make a reasonable prosperity something to be relied upon—for a failure of the cotton crop spells positive ruin for him—let it be understood that the suggestions here offered are mainly for his benefit and that he is the person held in mind when the word "farmer" is used. In recent years we have heard much about the "New South"; but as the supremacy of the "Three C's" gradually gives place to the movement that has already taken strong hold upon the progressive people of the Southwest, a Newer South will appear, bringing a stable and assured prosperity not now dreamed of by those most in need of its benefits

Under the present system of doing business in the South—a practice which has been in vogue for scores of years—the cotton farmer lives upon the proceeds of his "next" crop, not upon the proceeds which the crop last harvested has left in his hands. His existence is by anticipation—a very precarious and unsatisfactory basis of subsistence at the best

In point of fact, however this sort of living is so seldom at its best that it may fairly be said generally to be at its worst. The farmer goes to the keeper of the general store, states the amount of acreage he will put into cotton, and procures his seed. The merchant then agrees to give the farmer a certain amount of credit against the ungrown crop of cotton, the "line of credit" allowed being determined upon the basis of the amount and value of the cotton which the particular piece of ground in question may naturally be expected to produce. Under this method the farmer is placed at the mercy of the merchant "coming and going," the storekeeper fixing the prices of the goods traded for by the grower and the price of the cotton finally given in payment. Naturally, the merchant, as a measure of self-protection under this lax system of "long credits," charges a high price for the goods used by the farmer and his family, and allows a low price for the cotton upon which the credit has been secured. To get returns upon the money tied up in these outstanding accounts, and to offset losses on bad accounts, the storekeeper must make a large profit on his transactions with those customers who prove to be good pay

Naturally this system of "crop carrying" might continue indefinitely and with fair satisfaction to an easygoing people so long as a failure of the cotton yield remained unknown. But when, two years ago, the boll-weevil appeared in the fields of the Southwest, coming up from Mexico, and did a work of havoc and disaster, this system received a jolt which threw the whole credit mechanism out of order. When a second year of short cotton came the wreckage was completed to an extent which has made both the grower and the merchant ready to reach out for any measures promising to mend matters and put business relations upon a dependable basis.

Men from the North preached the doctrine of diversified crops, and some of the progressive Southern landholders, their ears sharpened by calamity, listened, pondered, and began to put this new agricultural gospel into practice.

"Your cotton lands," said the man from the North, "have been depleted by this exhausting crop, but they will produce richly in other crops if rightly fertilized and intelligently worked. Both your climate and soil are almost ideally adapted to raising many products which pay heavily in the North, where conditions, by comparison with your own, are positively hostile.

"Cotton is all right — continue to raise it on the land that is *best* adapted to it, that has not been worn out; but don't stake all your chances on cotton. Plant some of all the main crops that you most need. They will not all fail; enough of them will succeed to make you a fair showing for the year's work.

"In addition to your cotton — planted only on the land that is best for it — put in corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, melons and other field crops. And do not neglect the rich harvest to be had from peach, pear, apple, plum and fig orchards. Then pay some attention to poultry and eggs and even to dairying. Begin the work of experimentation and selection gradually; learn the most modern and progressive methods of working your crops, find out the crop naturally adapted to each particular part of your plantation or farm, and do not expect a given piece of soil to do the impossible."

What the Accomplished Facts Are

WHAT have been the results of careful and intelligent efforts to put this advice into practice? Wonders! Any man knowing the conditions and crops in the communities where this new movement has been given a fair chance cannot look upon the revolution that has been wrought without a thrill of pleasure and the conviction that the success already achieved spells a "Newer South."

My own observations of these changes have been mainly in Southwestern Louisiana and in Texas, but the possibilities of the movement are by no means confined to those States — they are to be found wherever cotton is grown. In one of these districts I recently visited large tracts of lands, bought very lately at ten dollars an acre, which produced a first crop of potatoes averaging ninety bushels to the acre, and bringing ninety-three cents a bushel — and a *second* crop is now being planted. This price, however, is, perhaps, exceptionally high. In the North potatoes are raised at a profit, at twenty-five cents a bushel, on land worth thirty dollars to seventy-five dollars an acre. Thousands of acres of lands are obtainable at two dollars and a half to six dollars an acre in the South, capable, when rightly cultivated, of the phenomenal potato production I have indicated, and of two crops a year, with a market at seventy-five cents a bushel.

Fruits offer great possibilities. Only a few weeks ago I saw acres of peach trees which averaged two bushels to the tree, 108 trees to the acre, and a market awaiting this fruit at seventy-five cents a bushel. These peaches were of the famous Elberta variety and the finest specimens of the kind I have ever seen. The land on which they were raised cost not more than ten dollars an acre at recent purchase. These lands also produced splendid crops of tomatoes, superb in quality and very heavy in yield, bringing a top market price. Personally, I saw a field of fifty acres of tomatoes which yielded 400 crates to the acre. The crop brought an average of sixty cents a crate.

Owing to the increasing popularity of preserved figs as a table delicacy, the fig crop is an exceedingly profitable one and bound to become more so in the near future. In Texas, particularly, the importance of this produce has lately become so much appreciated that the nurseries of the State have been unable to supply the demand for young trees.

Until recently Texas imported about sixty per cent. of the poultry products consumed by her own population; now that State holds third rank in the Union in the production of poultry and eggs. This fact tells its own story; but it is only suggestive of the possibilities to be realized, by intelligent methods of poultry raising, in any of the cotton States where the mild climate allows fowls to forage for themselves during the greater part of the year and where the season of egg laying is greatly prolonged. There is not another section of the country better adapted to the production of eggs and poultry than the South. When the raising of "broilers" and "capons" is followed in a systematic and scientific way in the South that section of our country will surpass all others in this profitable branch of agriculture; and it is particularly adapted to the limitations of the small farmer. Moreover, it is followed successfully as an incident to the other activities of the farm, not interfering with the raising of crops.

Money to be Made in Onions

ONE of the most important of the crops which this new movement of diversified farming has brought to the South is that of Bermuda onions. In the past year two young men, plain farmers, typical of the agricultural population of that section, put forty-four acres of their farm into Bermuda onions. Their onion crop was forty-five carloads and brought them a return of $28,000. The cost of producing this crop and putting it on board the cars was $6500. An important reason for the unusual success of their onion venture is found in the fact that the quality of the onions was fully equal to that of the imported Bermudas, against which they were competing. When these young men considered that their individual earning capacity was not more than thirty dollars a month they naturally concluded that a more profitable use for well-worn cotton lands could not be found than the raising of choice Bermuda onions. Not long ago the hay crop was entirely neglected in this part of the South, and it was not unusual to hear the remark: "You can't raise hay down here — it doesn't pay." Now the hay crop is an important part of diversified farming, and the returns are immensely satisfactory. At a little street fair I recently saw an exhibit of nine bales of hay, each of a different variety and of the highest quality.

Melons in the cotton States produce immensely and are of the choicest quality. If raised where they can be marketed with proper facility they receive the highest current price and are very profitable to the grower.

Recent disasters to the cotton crop have greatly depressed land prices, and the man of small means who is ready to take up diversified farming finds the conditions upon which he may make a start very favorable, for this reason. Then, too, it should be remembered that only a small proportion of the land in the cotton States is actually devoted to that crop. Thousands of acres well adapted to the crops I have described — and to others not mentioned — are to be had at two dollars and a half to six dollars an acre. Then the acreage of improved or cleared land to be had at six to twelve dollars an acre is very large.

In this connection let us for a moment consider the color question. Certainly the negro is at present better adapted to cultivating the soil than to following any of the professions or any line of business. It will be granted, I think, that it is easier to make a good farmer of the negro than to make a successful business or professional man of him. And by no other means can he so readily and naturally become an independent producer, working as his own master and building his own fortune in a way that contributes to the general good and does not disturb social conditions. He can become an independent farmer without inviting the opposition and the handicaps which he must encounter in working out an independent position along almost any other line.

To do this has been very different under the old conditions imposed by the rule of the three C's, but the plan of diversified farming opens a new opportunity to him, making it possible for him to start in a small way; to make a sure crop — for all crops on a diversified farm will not fail at the same time; to get cash for his products and to pay cash for his goods, thereby getting a higher selling price and a lower buying price; to learn thrift, and to better his condition in every way without getting outside of the field of work for which he is naturally adapted.

To-day failure of the cotton crop means positive calamity to the field hand. Under the system of diversified farming this would not be the case — whether he worked the land on his own account or for another.

The State agricultural schools in the South are doing a splendid work in promoting a general interest in diversified farming and in directing it along scientific and intelligent lines. Much of the impetus which the movement has gained is due to the energy and wisdom of these institutions — and much of it, also, to the influx of farmers from the North who realize the great opportunities offered by the neglected lands and the splendid climate. These men are accomplishing marvels in demonstrating to the native inhabitants what can be accomplished by diversified crops cultivated by modern methods. They are giving the field hands of the country a practical education — and paying them to receive it. It is a slow process, but one sure to bear astonishing fruit in the future.

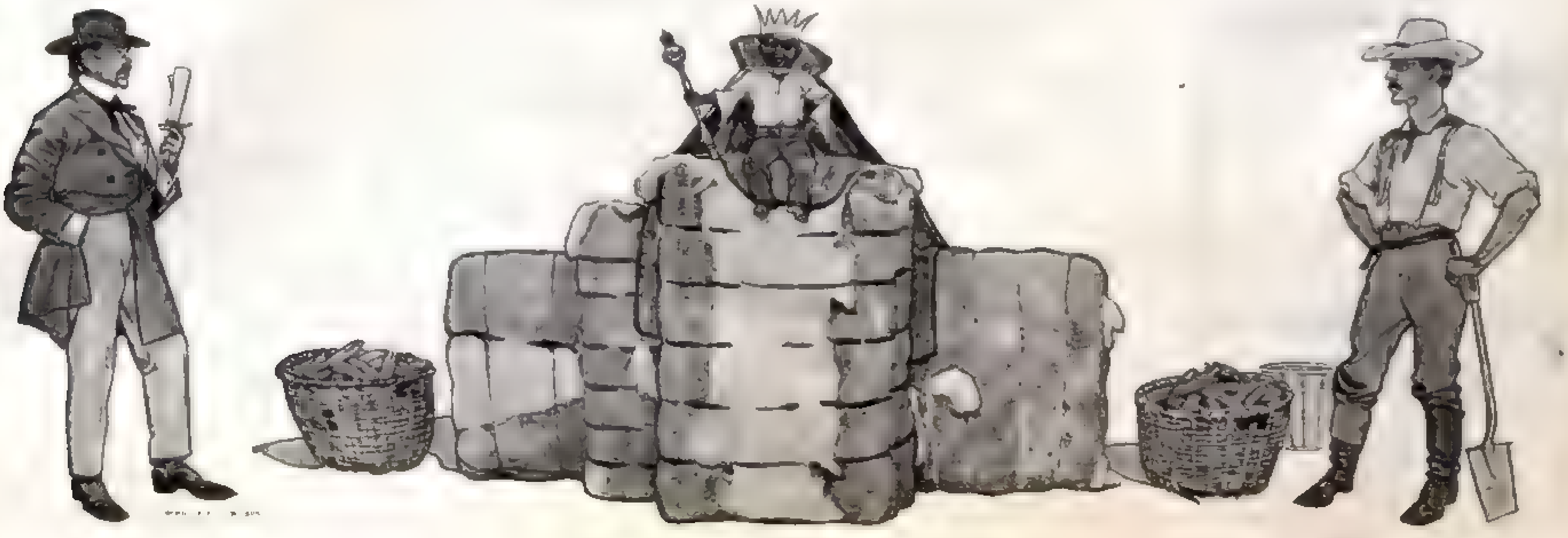
Then, too, they are showing, by practical example, the weakness of the old credit system and the bondage which it imposes.

The South's Bright Future

ALL of the people of the South in the farming districts are watching the work of the men who have come in from the North with new methods, new machinery and new crops. The waste of natural fertilisers is one of the most astonishing things that the Northern farmer sees about the small Southern farm. I have actually known an instance — an extreme one, of course — where a farmer bought "patent" fertilizer with which to enrich his fields, while, at the same time, he had the natural fertilizer from his stables hauled away and dumped in a heap, making no use of it whatever. Not many of the farmers go to this length; but the most of them are extremely wasteful of their natural resources. Economy along this line is one of the lessons they are now learning through the efforts of their State agricultural schools and through contact with the farmer from the North, who is, without attempting to be, an agricultural missionary.

There is nothing sensational, noisy, showy or even picturesque in this diversified farming movement in the South, but its significance overshadows that of a dozen boisterous crusades which have come and gone, promising great things for the South, and giving only disturbance and trouble.

Cotton, Corn and Credit, the time-honored triumvirate of the South, are all right up to a certain limit, but as absolute dictators of the fortunes of the Southern farmer their reign is intolerable and disastrous, and their tyranny is beginning to wane. The time is close at hand when a failure of the cotton crop will not swamp the Southern farmer, for he will have a goodly reward for his year's work in the other products of his farm. He will sell for cash and buy for cash and no longer live an existence by anticipation, a dependent upon the local storekeeper. The resources of the South have not yet approached realization, but the last two years have accomplished marvels in bringing them to light through practical demonstration. When this work has reached something like its normal stature and development we shall hear less of Cotton, Corn and Credit, and more of the Newer South.



DID you ever hear the story of the millionaire who lived on thirty dollars a month because he was sure, for that sum, he would get the full value of every dollar he spent? [illegible] a shoe out to be fixed. The shoe was brought back to me by the cobbler's boy, who said to the clerk [illegible] and collect [illegible] the shoe [illegible] twenty-five cents due. [illegible] the shoe [illegible] for 20. Pay [illegible] boy came to me with [illegible] 's fifty cents I paid for it. A few days later I met the cobbler [illegible] I asked [illegible] lesson in that story for [illegible] smokes a cigar. Most [illegible] have been paying the clerk, por[illegible] bell boys in the guise of the [illegible] retailer. [illegible] retail is a little less [illegible] five cents' worth of tob[illegible] and at least five cents of unnecessary p[illegible] to the middleman.

If you will think of the fact here suggested "**Save Half Your Cigar Money and Get a Better Smoke**" you will see the way out is the Rogers Method.

John B. Rogers & Co. will guarantee to give you th[illegible] want at a saving of 50 per cent [illegible] our money. [illegible] customers are al[illegible] You are doi[illegible]

OUR PROPOSITION. [illegible] $1.00 [your check, expre[illegible]] and we will s[illegible] **all transportation charges prepaid,** a box of 50 EL PROVOST cigars in the shape and color you direct. Smoke as many as you wish to find out if they suit you. If they do not, return what you have l[illegible] at [illegible] pense and **we will send you $3.00,** three dollars worth of cigars, as [illegible]

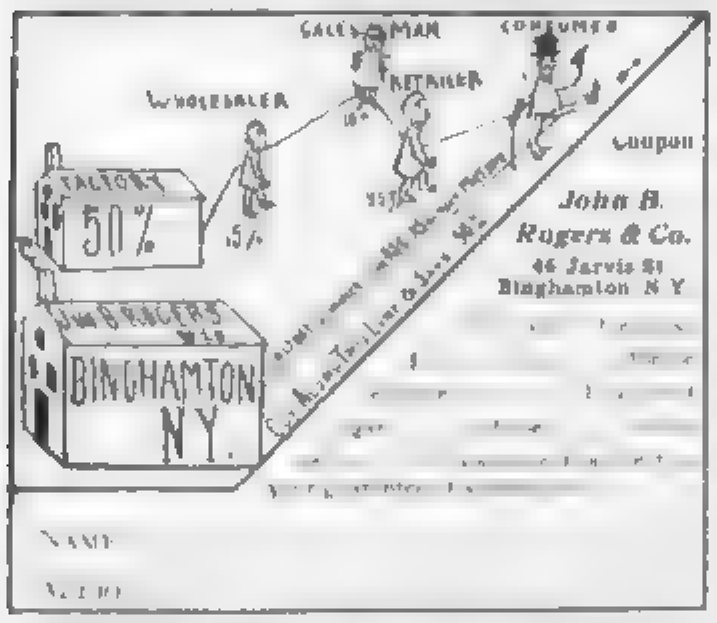
If your preference is for a pu[illegible] cle[illegible] grade posse[illegible] that you have [illegible] could not be produced to [illegible] 4[illegible] 4½ in. Regalia, 4[illegible] 4½ in. Conchas [illegible] of the El Provost is one [illegible] of the chief factors of our success, while our variety is practically unlimited to please you.

[illegible] send us 75c [illegible] package of 12 high-class cigars ordinarily sold at 10c and two-for-a-quarter, or for 60c we will send you a similar assortment of 5c and 10c cigars. [illegible] separately wrapped and descr[illegible]

Send us a trial order [illegible] way, telling us as nearl[illegible] kind of cigar you want and we are sure to make of you a permanently pleased [illegible]

[illegible] logue of o[illegible] cigars will be ma[illegible] upon app[illegible]

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., 46 JARVIS ST. BINGHAMTON N Y



Coupon
John B. Rogers & Co.
46 Jarvis St
Binghamton N Y
[illegible]
NAME
ADDR

HOW TO GET MUSIC FREE

This Ad is worth $2

If there is a piano in your house we will send you, without charge, [illegible] best sheet [illegible] tal pieces [illegible] portraits [illegible] free this with cheap [illegible] pay postage and wrapping [illegible] satisfied. We [illegible]

The UNIVERSITY SOCIETY 80 5th Ave New York

Be a Business Expert

This is an age of business, and big salaries are paid those who can do business work well. You can learn these branches by mail through the I. C. S. [illegible] methods, letter writing, [illegible] Prices low, terms easy. State [illegible]

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171 B, Scranton, Pa.

The Englishman's Shoes

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

"SEEMS to me," said Mr. Pugsley impatiently, casting down the evening paper before the open fire, "that you're making a heap of fuss over this coming Britisher. What is there in it?"

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Pugsley soothingly but firmly, "one must entertain one's guests properly."

"Oh, one must, must one?" returned Mr. Pugsley. "Well, I don't advocate sandbagging one's guests in one's hall and picking their pesky pockets—though I guess you wouldn't get much in this case. But it appears to me that you're making a good deal of a to-do."

"You forget all of the circumstances, my dear," replied Mrs. Pugsley. "His father is Sir Richard Branch, and when we——"

"Oh, yes; I know," broke in her husband. "They treated us well enough in a mild way. Didn't take the chance of introducing us to any of their friends, but I guess that was a lucky thing. But what I can't understand is why you should get so torn up over the young fellow."

"My dear, you forget Katharine."

Mr. Pugsley looked at his wife narrowly. Then his eyes gradually opened and he said: "Oh, that's the game, is it? What's the matter with Tom Appleton?"

"Tom is a very nice young man but——"

"But you think you'd rather have this Britisher for a son-in-law, eh?"

"That's not the point, my dear," replied Mrs. Pugsley decisively. "Katharine might prefer Mr. Branch."

"Then she's a bigger fool than I think she is. Tom's all right—known his father thirty years."

"Tom is an excellent young man, but he hasn't asked Katharine yet, and——"

"You know he wants her just the same."

"Perhaps. But that scarcely justifies our shutting her up from the sight of other men. Remember, you have never seen young Mr. Branch."

"Well, go ahead, turn the house upside down for the Britisher—do what you please—I'm going to bed;" and Mr. Pugsley stalked out. It certainly looked dark for Tom Appleton.

The Pugsleys lived in a rather pretentious suburban cottage, and were of that degree of well-to-do-ness commensurate with the keeping of two maid-servants. Mrs. Pugsley had suggested setting up a coachman, but so far Mr. Pugsley had resisted.

When Mr. Branch arrived he was found to be a tall and not bad-looking young fellow, but decidedly English—like most Englishmen. The evening was passed pleasantly, and the visitor seemed to be trying to make himself agreeable, which greatly pleased Mrs. Pugsley, "for," she argued to herself, "when an Englishman actually *tries* to make himself agreeable he must be very much in earnest." The guest was, without neglecting the daughter, clearly trying to cultivate the father, which was also a good sign in Mrs. Pugsley's eyes. Take it altogether, the evening was passed entertainingly, and Mrs. Pugsley was sure that Mr. Branch had made a good impression. It was undoubtedly the darkest hour for Tom Appleton.

The visitor and the members of the family had retired to their rooms. Mrs. Pugsley and her husband remained in the library.

"Seems to be a likely chap," remarked Mr. Pugsley; "he isn't bad for a foreigner."

"One can scarcely think of an Englishman as a foreigner," murmured Mrs. Pugsley.

"This one can—dead easy," returned her husband. "Wonder what he's got in all those trunks?"

"An Englishman always travels with a quantity of boxes," explained Mrs. Pugsley soothingly. "Besides, it's not good form to talk about one's guests."

"No? I'll bet a quarter the biggest one is filled with London fog, and that he's taking a whiff of it now."

"Absurd!" said the lady.

"Did you get on to his leather hat box?" asked the husband.

"Certainly. You ought to have one. Every gentleman ought to have one."

"Ought, eh? But what's in that other big leather contraption—looks 's if it might be a soup plate about four feet across."

"Why, his tub, of course. An Englishman always takes along his tub when he travels."

"S. & H."

TOBACCO TAGS, Coupons, Cigar Bands which are redeemed by the Florodora Tag Co.; Soap Wrappers, Trade Marks, Package Coffee Labels or Signatures; for which the manufacturers offer substantial premiums, will be redeemed with "S. & H." Green Stamps at any of our stores until further notice.

Better merchants give them; better premiums given for them. The oldest, the best and most reliable premium proposition in existence. Thousands have imitated it, but none have equaled the "Sperry & Hutchinson" Green Trading Stamp.

It takes twice as many trading stamps, of any other kind, to obtain a premium "just as good" as you can secure for the famous "S. & H." Green Trading Stamps. Like life insurance, it is not to-day nor to-morrow, but the months and years to come which test the value and safety of a "trading stamp."

THE SPERRY & HUTCHINSON CO.
THOS. A. SPERRY, President
Home Office New York City. Branches everywhere.

Typewriter Desks
FROM THE FACTORY

No. 98. Crane Roll Top Typewriter Desk. Selected White Oak throughout. Typewriter and bed fold in cabinet when not in use, leaving desk clear for writing. Large centre drawer for large papers in knee space. Size 36 in. wide, 30 in. deep, 45 in. high. Pigeon holes and spaces for books in top. Finished in rich gloss and has same solid construction as higher price desks.

Roll Top Desk $13.50 No. 98

Price $13.50 delivered east of Mississippi, allowance beyond.

No. 135. Crane Typewriter Desk. Selected White Oak. Drawers finish[illegible] Cover to [illegible] Price $11.00 [illegible]

Factory PRICE $11.00 complete No. 135

Why We Can Make Low Prices

Factory in heart of the only remaining white oak forests. Sell direct from maker to you—one [illegible]

CRANE FURNITURE CO.
HIGH POINT N.C.

4%

Apply the principals of thrift to your every-day life and watch the results—

This bank accepts savings deposits in any amount from $1.00 up and allows interest at the rate of 4% compounded twice a year. Write for booklet, "Banking by mail." *Mention The Saturday Evening Post*

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Capital, $1,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Bank that pays 4%

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

[illegible] returned from renting to be [illegible] cannot be distinguish[illegible] a great disco[illegible] $250. Also beau[illegible] at $125, $135, $150 [illegible] strument at $290, [illegible] $400 [illegible]

FROM

Uprights as low as [illegible] New Uprights and $165. A fine in[illegible] fully equal to [illegible] Freight rates are low. [illegible] You make a great saving. Pianos bear our guarantee. Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY
66 Adams St., CHICAGO
World's largest music house, sells Everything known in Music.

GET A "SUN" BURNER
$1.75 POST FREE

for that old incandescent gasoline lamp. The "SUN" never fails to give soft, brilliant, me[illegible] steady light, 100 candle power [illegible] Only [illegible] guarantee [illegible]

"Sun" Light is the best Light

Conforms [illegible] underwriters rules. Write for catalog

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.
Box 810, Canton, Ohio
Burner patented March 10, 1891, March 30, 1897

MAKE MONEY EVENINGS

by giving Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Small capital required. Illustrated Catalogue free. It tells how

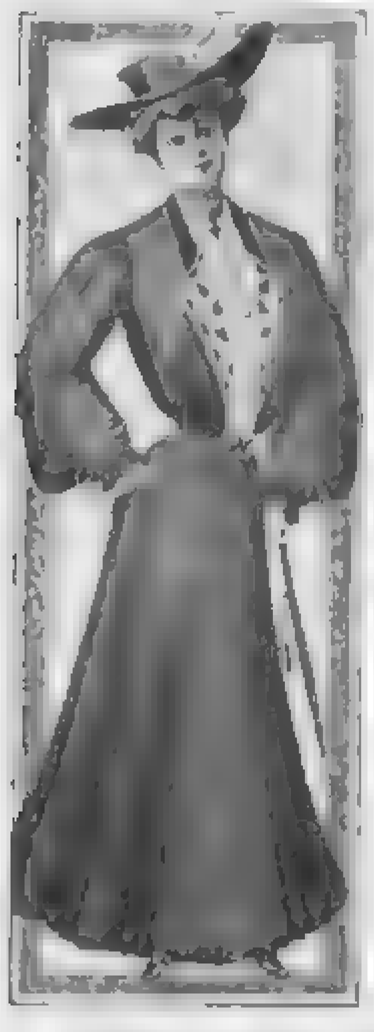
McALLISTER, Mfg Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

IRVING'S NEW WHISTLING WIZARD TOP

A Toy in Name, a Marvel in Reality.—Constructed on Accurate Scientific Principles.

A TOP WITHIN A TOP. Made of STEEL, Nickel plated, [illegible] ROTARY ENGINE capable of 20,000 revolutions per minute. NO SPRINGS, NO WINDING. A child can spin it in 3 seconds. It whistles and spins over 3 minutes. Performs over 40 highly interesting [illegible] at full speed [illegible] contrary to known laws of gravitation. Strictly a high grade scientific production. Complete outfit [illegible] Pedestal, Swing, [illegible] Cord [illegible]

WIZARD NOVELTY CO. Inc., 1005 Filbert St. Philadelphia, Pa.



New Fall Suits
Man-Tailored, $10 to $35
Your Money Back if Not Satisfied

You Won't Meet Your Neighbor with a Garment Like Yours — If We Make Yours

120 Styles and 400 Materials to select from.

[illegible] and Samples sent Free to any part of the United States

We keep No Ready-Made Garments But Make to Order Only

In ready-made goods thousands of [illegible] style and pattern [illegible] turned out and the purchaser is apt to find exact duplicates of her suit being [illegible]

[illegible] taste of the [illegible] a view to emphasizing the good points of the figure [illegible] defects.

We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money

Our materials are entirely new in weave and pattern, and our enormous stock of *guaranteed* fabrics includes the beautiful "**Normandie**" and "**Victoria**" suitings — shown by us only.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE

Tailor-Made Suits	$10 to $35
New "Lohengrin" Suits	$15 to $35
Skirts of Exclusive Design	$4 to $15
Fall and Winter Jackets	$10 to $25
Long Coats, "Tourist Models"	$12 to $25

Rain Coats, Visiting Costumes, etc.

We Prepay Express Charges on any garment you purchase from us, to any part of the United States.

Write to-day for a selected line of samples and our **New Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 51**, sent **free** by return mail to any part [illegible] colors you desire, and we will send a full line of [illegible]

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.
Mail Orders Only *Established 16 Years* *No Agents or Branch Stores*

R H Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices
Macy's
Bway at 6th Av. 34th to 35th St. New York.

FALL CATALOGUE FREE.

500 pages, 2,000 illustrations latest New York fashions.

New York is the Commercial Center of the United States, and Macy's its leading Store.

Our Fall Catalogue ready for mailing. If you want to dress in style and buy your goods right, send for it. We can supply every want at a saving.

Write for it now.

R. H. MACY & CO.,
Established 1858. New York City.
The largest dry-goods establishment in America

Temple Clasps
Never Hurt

IF YOU VALUE YOUR EYES
write for our free book, "Eye Logic." It tells all [illegible]
It also tells how you can really help your sight. It is FREE
Briggs Optical Co., 380 Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

The Greatest Help
that has come to woman since the sewing-machine — Fels-Naptha. It cuts wash-day in half.
Fels-Naptha [illegible]

"Bathtub, you mean? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, of course but an Englishman always takes his own."

"Well, I don't think when I can have a good porcelain bathtub with hot and cold water, that you'll catch me plashing about in a tin dish like a canary bird. Did he bring along his own cuttle fish bone?"

"David, I'm going to bed," said Mrs. Pugsley with asperity. "I shall not listen one moment longer to your absurd and boorish talk. You display your country breeding with every word." And the lady swept out of the room with as much dignity as a rather short stature and a somewhat too liberal avoirdupois permitted.

Mr. Pugsley gazed after her with some alarm. "I s'pose I've done it now," he soliloquized.

A few minutes later, as Mrs. Pugsley was busy in her room with her back hair, Mr. Pugsley entered on tiptoe with a curious expression on his face. "Amelia," he said scarcely above a whisper, "what's that Britisher's idea in shedding 'em in the hall?"

His wife gave him a frigid look and said: "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He's shed 'em in the hall — his shoes, I mean. What's his notion?"

"David," she answered in a provoked tone, "I wish——" She stopped suddenly and sank into a chair while the color went out of her cheeks as she added: "Oh, what *are* we to do?"

"Do? Lay low. Not say a word. Plenty of room for 'em in the hall. Nothing'll touch 'em. He'll miss 'em in the morning and snoop around a little and find 'em. Bound to fall over 'em when he comes down to breakfast, anyhow."

"Oh, hush, David! You don't understand. He didn't take them off outside — he set them out to be polished. All Englishmen do that always, no matter where they are. I've read about it. They expect the servants to do it and return them before morning."

"Hey? Servants? Well, he's struck the wrong shop this time;" and Mr. Pugsley sat down on the sofa and laughed aloud. "I'd just like to see some one ask Bridget or Nora to polish anybody's shoes, let alone an Englishman's!" And he slapped his knee and laughed again.

"Oh, yes," groaned Mrs. Pugsley. "Of course it's impossible. Isn't there a bootblack at the village?"

"Yes, one at the station. But he always closes up and goes home on the seven o'clock train. It can't be done. Our British friend is up against it this time. I'm going to bed."

Mrs. Pugsley sat in thought. Then she said: "David, we're in a predicament. There is but one thing to do. You must go and polish those shoes."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Well, I swan!"

"This is no time for idle words. You must do it."

Mr. Pugsley snorted. "Just you let me know when you see me making a bootblack of myself!"

Mrs. Pugsley rose from her chair and drew herself up to her fullest height. "Mr. Pugsley," she said firmly and slowly, wrapping her dressing sacque closely around her. "Mr. Pugsley, I shall take those shoes down to the kitchen and polish them myself. Our guest shall never know that we have no servant for such work." The lady swept majestically toward the door.

"Hold on, old girl," called her husband. "Do you mean that?"

"I certainly do mean it."

"Then I give in. Come back here. I'll do it. Confound the Britisher," and Mr. Pugsley strode out of the room, seized the offending shoes and stalked downstairs to the kitchen, the outlook for Tom Appleton growing brighter with every step.

Once in the kitchen Mr. Pugsley threw the shoes in one corner and began to scout for a match. He thought likely that he might find a box on the shelf over the set tubs, and after colliding with a rocking-chair and tipping over a candlestick and getting his hand into a pan of cold starch he was rewarded. He turned and lighted a gas-jet which flared up blue half-way to the ceiling. "Let 'er sizzle — hope it'll burn the blamed house down," he said savagely, as he ran his fingers through his hair to wipe off the starch. "Now where in thunder is that blacking?" After considerable search, during which he kicked at the family cat and hit the corner of the range with his stockinged foot, he found the blacking under the sink. The cat meantime had retreated to the top of the tubs, where she

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER

W. L. DOUGLAS
UNION MADE $3.50 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and [illegible] you would understand [illegible] greater intrinsic value than [illegible] and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

$6,263,040.00

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it — take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers [illegible]

Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear
have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes for th [illegible]
[illegible] *from $5.00 to $7.00* [illegible]
Mr. C. F. [illegible], Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Ri [illegible]

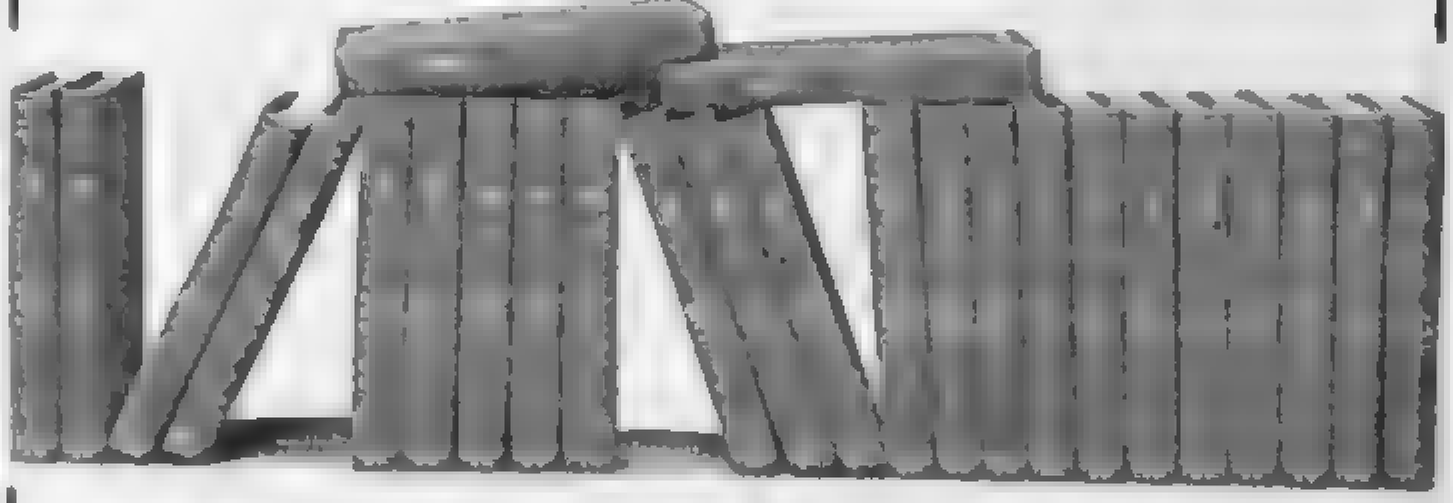
W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE GIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WHY? From the time when we, as children, first begin to tantalize our parents with our incessant "why," until old age creeps upon us, our interest in the things about us never tires, for we seem to know somehow, without thinking it all out, that the story of the great fascinating world as it is, if properly told, contains more romance than any fiction. Heretofore, strange as it may seem, these stories have all been dry and deadly dull, locked up in text books or heavy works of science, so moldy, musty, and uninviting that our interest wanes almost before we commence to read.

NOW COMES A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU AND EVERY WIDE-AWAKE MAN AND WOMAN



25 Magnificent Volumes — 1000 Graphic Illustrations

The New Library of Valuable Knowledge

TOLD in the most delightfully entertaining way by the eminent scientists and scholars of America and Great Britain. Books called "Stories" because they are more fascinating than romance, yet revealing in a concise and accurate manner, the wonders of the Universe and Man's activities in it.

Twenty-five Profitable Volumes Containing

1. The Story of the Stars
2. The Story of the Solar System
3. The Story of the Eclipses
4. The Story of the Earth
5. The Story of the Earth's Atmosphere
6. The Story of Germ Life
7. The Story of the Plants
8. The Story of Life in the Seas
9. The Story of Animal Life
10. The Story of the Living Machine
11. The Story of a Piece of Coal
12. The Story of a Grain of Wheat
13. The Story of the Cotton Plant
14. The Story of Primitive Man
15. The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West
16. The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East
17. The Story of the Alphabet
18. The Story of Geographical Discovery
19. The Story of the Art of Building
20. The Story of Music
21. The Story of Books
22. The Story of Photography
23. The Story of Electricity
24. The Story of Rapid Transit
25. The Story of the Mind

[illegible] in rich, dark red buckram, with gilt [illegible] bands and gold backs. [illegible]

A mere glance at the authors named below will suffice to convince you of the wealth of learning at your service

[illegible] F. R. A. S. [illegible] B. Rawlings [illegible] LL. D. [illegible] by William T. Harris, A [illegible] Commissioner of Education. [illegible]

If you are a busy man or woman [illegible] knowledge is more [illegible] any other; if you want evening after evening of entertainment and profit, **cut the coupon off to-day.**

If you are a wide-awake young man or woman of inquiring mind and would like to be entertained, [illegible] you get just that knowledge which will help you most throughout your life, **sit right down now and cut the coupon off.**

If you are a scientist, student or scholar, [illegible] to acquire, **cut the coupon off — now — before it slips your mind.**

Whoever, whatever, wherever you are, no matter what your circumstances may be, here is a splendid opportunity for you. Here is the assistance of a co[illegible] now offered [illegible] to get it, **so cut the coupon off while the matter is fresh in your mind.**

OUR INTRODUCTORY OFFER
CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST YOU
Sets sent free for examination.
Small monthly payments.

Sign and return the coupon to us to-day. We will then send you the twenty-five magnificent [illegible] them at the **special introductory price and small monthly payments** [illegible]

Take our word for it. You will never regret cutting that coupon off to-day.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
44 E. 23d St., New York City

CUT THIS COUPON OFF AND MAIL TO-DAY

S. E. P. [illegible]

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & Co.
44 E. 23d St., New York

[illegible] send me, ON APPROVAL, [illegible] set of THE LIBRARY OF VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE [illegible] satisfactory, I will return them within a week of receipt at your expense. It is understood that the title in them is to be yours until paid for.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City and State ____________

About *Your* Collars

Style is the important thing to you. It is to us. Though it costs money to originate style and put it into collars, and though it means an expensive exactness thro' a mostly-hand-process to keep it there, we consider it worth while.

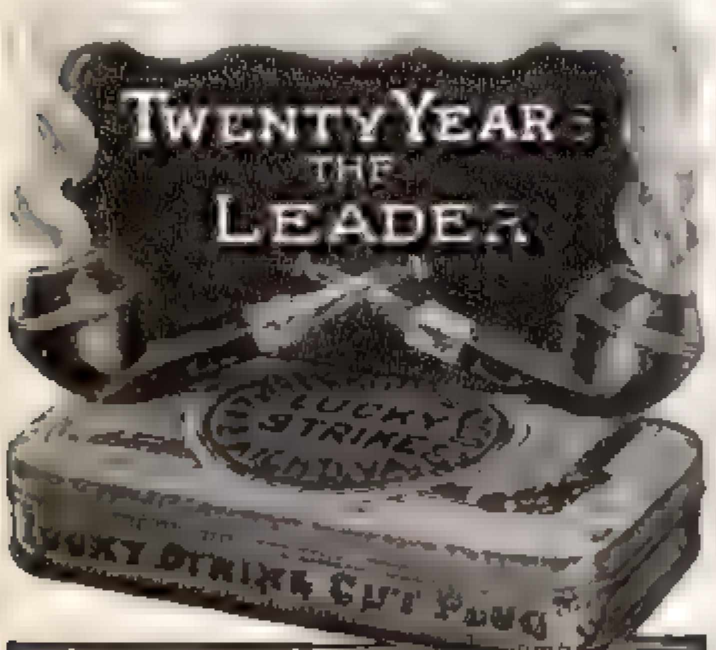
CORLISS-COON COLLARS
HELMET BRAND
2 FOR 25¢

The new wing shown above *has* that distinctive style, and, if you care about value as well, is four ply of carefully selected materials, with gutter seams to prevent raw edges — one of the little things that adds to the life of a collar.

They cost us more to make
They cost you less to wear

Write for our new booklet [illegible] they ARE better. [illegible] we will by mail.

CORLISS, COON & CO.
Dept. S, TROY, N. Y.



LUCKY STRIKE

10c per box Larger sale than all other brands of sliced cut plug tobacco combined. Mild, Fragrant and Delicious — it does not bite the tongue. [illegible] Lucky Strike Tobacco [illegible]

For sale everywhere

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.
[illegible]
LEADING INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURERS

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Labor-saver

Fels-Naptha with cold or lukewarm water saves half. Will you be lost for something to do?

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

stood at bay, waving a distended tail and watching him with bulging eyes.

Mr. Pugsley rescued the shoes from the corner and brought them with the blacking to a chair near the sink. "Great Scott, heft 'em!" he exclaimed in an earnest but subdued voice. "'Levens, if they're a thing. Thoroughbred English." He slipped his left hand into one of the shoes and began applying the blacking with vigorous dabs and wipes. Just then the cat uttered an unearthly yowl. "I'll fix her!" he ground out ferociously between his teeth, and seizing a piece of wet soap from the sink he let fly. His aim was good, but the cat was too quick, and leaped straight up to the shelf and came down in the pan of starch. She struggled to get out, and cat and pan went to the floor with a great scattering about of the starch. Then the cat rushed away toward the dining-room, her tail, unmanageable from its weight of starch, slapping about against the furniture. "Serves her right," growled Mr. Pugsley. "Glad the starch is spilled. Hope the hot water boiler will blow up and the chimney fall down. When I take these shoes up I'll be hanged if I don't open that Englishman's door and fire that starched cat in. One must entertain one's guest, must not one? Oh, yes; one must, if one's a tom-scatted donkey, as one appears to be."

For the next five minutes the unfortunate Pugsley, except for short grunts, polished in silence. He had finished one shoe and had the other about half done, when suddenly there was a sound which made his heart stand still. It came from the direction of the outside door. It was a gently scraping sound. Yes — yes, it was an entering key! He reached for the other shoe, bent on flight. But the door swung open, and over his shoulder he caught a glimpse of Nora in the blue gaslight. A piercing scream followed. "Oh, Mike, Mike," gasped Nora; "boorglars in me kitchen! Oh, Mike, do your juty!" The girl's escort sprang in the door, to the terrified eye of Mr. Pugsley the largest policeman he had ever seen in uniform. "Ah, ha, me fine lad!" cried Mike, instantly seeing the possibilities of the situation for impressing the girl. "Caught ye this time wid the goods on! T'row up yer hands, and none of yer resisting the afficer or I'll fan ye!" and he seized Mr. Pugsley by the collar and began swinging him about rather lively.

"See here," cried Mr. Pugsley with what voice he could command with the neckband of his shirt cutting into his throat, "you're making a mistake. I live here."

"Awh, sing it to the judge in the morning. I've no time to listen to yer music now."

"I tell you I'm Mr. Pugsley," gurgled the unhappy man.

"Listen to that," cried the officer; "look at him, Nora — did ye ever set eyes on him before, let alone him being Mr. Pugsley?"

The girl put half an eye around the door post, saw the back of the prisoner's head and said: "Never, Mike, never!"

"Come, get on them ten-by-twelves of yours, and we'll take a little waltz down to the station-house." And he partially relaxed his hold on the Pugsley collar.

"Help! Murder!" roared Mr. Pugsley at the top of his voice. The officer brought him round with a startling jerk. The door from the butler's pantry was pushed open and Mr. Branch stepped through, wrapped in a bath robe.

"Oh, I say, Bobby, have you caught a housebreaker?" he said, coolly adjusting his monocle.

"Yes, sir — wid the goods on."

"Oh, I say, now, Bobby — with the goods on — eh?"

"In the act, sir."

"Ah, quite right, my good man, quite right. So he was. He has my shoes."

Again the door burst open and Mrs. Pugsley swept in.

"What does this mean?" she cried. "Let go of my husband! What does this mean, I say?"

Pugsley turned around and faced his wife and visitor. Long choked-off wrath burst forth.

"What does it mean, hey? I'll tell you what it means! It means that you're a tarnation fool, and that I'm fooler! It means that one must entertain one's friends even if one makes a jackass-colored jackass of one's self! There, you and he can finish 'em!" and he cast down the shoes, lowered his head and fairly dived between his wife and the Englishman and through the door. He met the cat coming back, waving a tail like an icicle. The starch had begun to do its work.

At last the moment had arrived when the prospects for Tom Appleton could not look brighter.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

1,200 Pages a Year. Not a Dull Line from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve. Full of Bright Pictures
Published 52 Times a year (Including Our 15-Color Calendar), $1.50 a Year. Louis Klopsch, Prop.

The Queen of American Weeklies

We extend to all the world a Hearty Invitation to draw up a Chair to our Family Table, and share the Feast of **Good Things** which **The Christian Herald** provides the whole year round in Generous Measure and Refreshing Variety. For the Coming Year we have Arranged for a Succession of unequaled Literary and Pictorial Surprises, including a series of Exceptionally Fine **Color-Plates,** from Originals Painted Especially for us by Artists of International Repute.

Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon
[illegible]

Irving Bacheller
CONTRIBUTOR

Two Remarkable Offers

In order to Introduce **The Christian Herald** into your Family, we will, on receipt of **$1.50,** send it **Free** Every Week until the **End** of this **Year,** then, **Every Week until January 1, 1906,** and in addition, we will present you with our Superb Drop-Leaf Calendar for 1905, covering 300 square inches, beautifully Lithographed in Fifteen Colors — the most attractive Calendar ever published.

OFFER NUMBER TWO. — Or, on receipt of **$2.00,** we will send all of the above and Margaret E. Sangster's latest volume of universal utility, entitled,

Good Manners for All Occasions

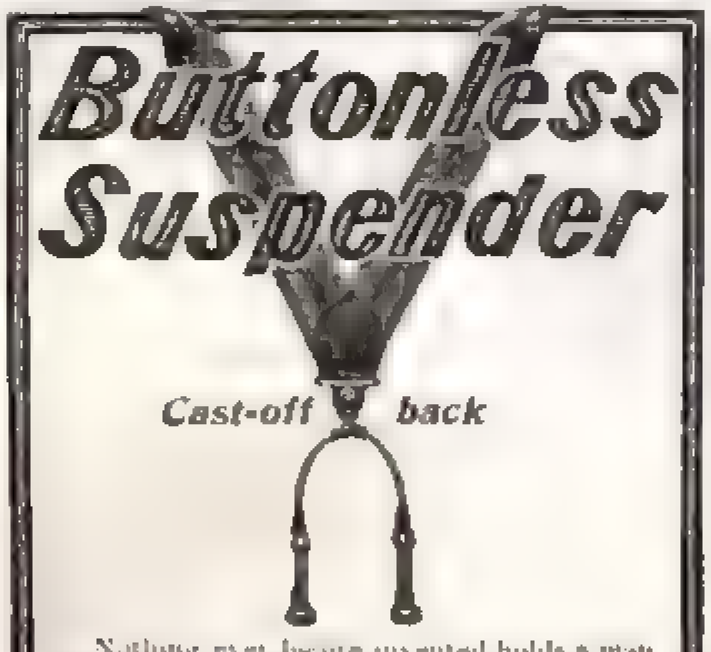
Margaret E. Sangster
[illegible]

Consisting of **400** Large Pages, Richly Illustrated, Beautifully Printed, and Exquisitely Bound in Dark Olive Vellum with Gold, Cream and Red Side Stamp and Gilt Top. A Veritable Gem of Bookmaking.

This Volume is the One and the Only Authority on Matters of Etiquette and Good Manners of to-day. It embraces Every Phase of Social Life, and brings Good Form within Easy Reach of the Humblest Home. It tells all about Etiquette of the Family, Etiquette of Correspondence, Etiquette of Travel, Etiquette of Introductions, Etiquette of Courtship, Etiquette of Weddings; Good Manners in Hospitality, in Receptions, in House Parties, in Entertainments, in Dinners, in Luncheons, Etiquette of the Visiting Card, Mourning Customs and Funeral Etiquette, Good Manners in Church, Good Manners in Dress, Good Manners for Men, Good Manners for Women, Good Manners for Children. No matter how intricate the problems of Good Manners that may be presented, Mrs. Sangster's Book solves them instantly and correctly.

Remember, every day's delay means just that much loss to you, as we send **The Christian Herald Free to January 1st,** from the date of the receipt of your order. Therefore, Act To-day — **To-morrow may be Too Late.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 290-298 Bible House, New York



Nothing ever before invented holds a man's trousers so securely and so comfortably as the "Buttonless" Suspender. [illegible] Will take in drawers if desired [illegible]

At your dealer's, or sample pair delivered on receipt of price. 50c

Agents wanted. Write for booklet

THE BUTTONLESS SUSPENDER CO.
West Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

MEN'S
Flexo Garter

FLEXO GARTERS

fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest — are the best garters.

Sold by all dealers. Insist on "Flexo," and if the dealer hasn't them, send us his name and 25c and we will supply you.

Flexo Garters in fine heavy ribbed silk elastic 50c.

A. STEIN & CO., 263 Fifth Ave., Chicago

Star Safety Corn Razor

Manufactured by Kampfe Bros., manufacturers of the original and only Safety Razor [illegible]

BE YOUR OWN CHIROPODIST

[illegible] Simple, Safe and Sure [illegible] every Safety [illegible] any corn, [illegible]

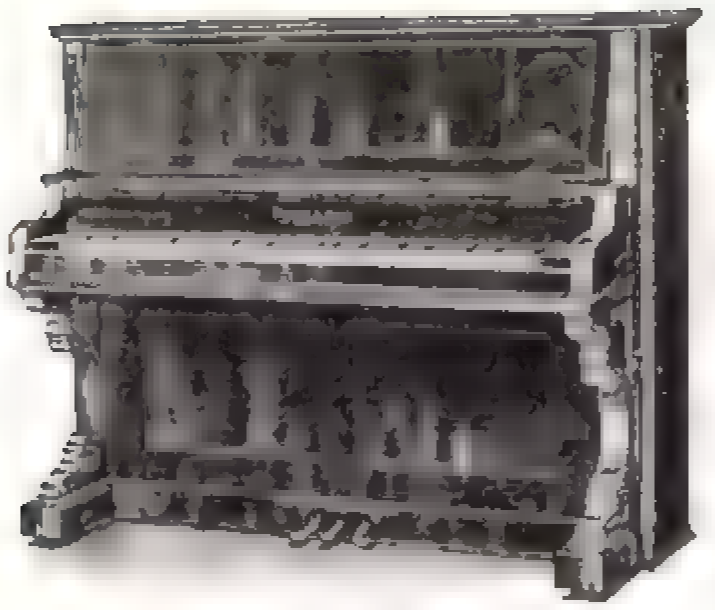
KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., NEW YORK

(This cut shows guard partly open.)

HORTICULTURE

Make Your Spare Time Count by taking our Correspondence Course in Horticulture under Prof. Liberty H. Bailey of Cornell University. [illegible] We [illegible] Modern Agriculture under Prof. Brooks [illegible] Commercial, Normal and Academic departments. Tuition nominal. [illegible] students. *Catalogue and particulars free. Write to-day.*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.



Style 409.
Height, 4 ft., 4½ in. Width, 5 ft. [illegible] in.
Depth, 2 ft., 1¾ in.

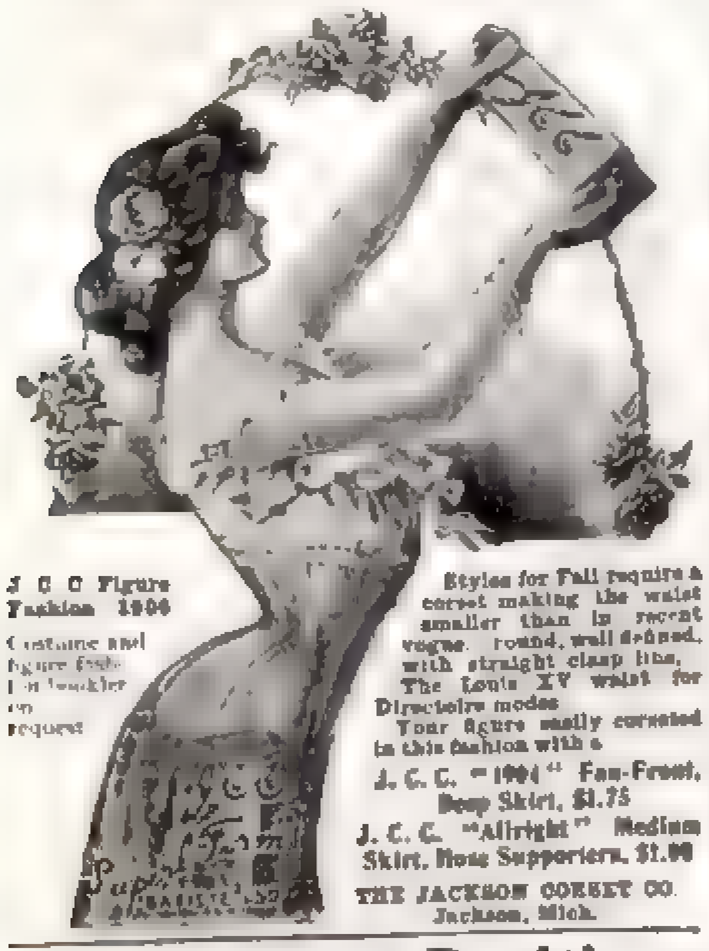
A small-room upright with exquisite tone qualities and wonderful power, in these respects strikingly resembling the grand. Here is for the first time a miniature upright which will satisfy critical musicians. Like the concert grand, it has [illegible] octaves, overstrung scale, three wire unisons to each note (except in wound bass strings), the improved agraffe and the sounding-board bridge "built up" of transverse layers of rock maple, cemented together under hydraulic pressure to prevent cracking. In all respects it is so much superior to other small uprights that we will ship it on trial to any United States city or village where we have no dealer. If it fails to please, it may be returned to Boston at our expense for both railway freights.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS.

Our new catalogue will be sent for the asking. It contains beautiful half-tone pictures of new grands and uprights especially designed for our 1905 trade. Their case designs are models of beauty, grace and refinement, and in artistic musical qualities pianos more nearly approaching perfection have never been made. While their first cost is necessarily greater than that of poorly made instruments, Ivers & Pond pianos will ultimately prove far more economical. They stand in tune twice as long as the average piano.

HOW TO BUY. Where we have no dealer we sell direct from our Boston establishment. We will personally select and send a piano for trial in your home with the guarantee that if it fails to suit you perfectly it may be returned at our expense for both railway freights. Easy payments if you like. Old pianos taken in exchange. We invite correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



J. C. C. Figure Fashion 1904
Costume and figure fashion booklet on request

Styles for Fall require a corset making the waist smaller than in recent vogue, round, well defined, with straight clasp line. The Louis XV waist for Directoire modes.
Your figure easily corseted in this fashion with a
J. C. C. "1904" Fan-Front, Deep Skirt, $1.75
J. C. C. "Allright" Medium Skirt, Hose Supporters, $1.00
THE JACKSON CORSET CO.
Jackson, Mich.

Government Positions

25,566 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the year ending June 30, 1903. Excellent opportunities for young people. [illegible] BY MAIL [illegible] have been appointed [illegible] letters from hundreds of persons in the Government service who state that they [illegible] recently [illegible] the Government. [illegible] are sent free on request.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
223-25 Pa. Ave. S. E. Washington, D. C.

Glassware Shines
when washed with Fels-Naptha
and cold or luke-warm water.

Fels-Naptha [illegible]

The Popular Song

BY S. E. KISER

Now here is the style of the popular song,
The song that is always a hit;
You'll observe that the rhyming is not very strong—
That's one of the beauties of it.

A little child was dying where
The light grew dim, one day,
The bedclothes they were lying on the floor
She looked up at her father, and
She unto him did say
"Please, father, don't beat mother any more
Don't take your wooden leg off when I'm lying 'neath the ground,
Asleep away out yonder, cold and dead,
For some day you might break it, as you try to hop around
And with it pound poor mother on the head.

CHORUS

Father, don't beat mother
With your peg leg any more
When, at night, she greets you
At our little cabin door;
Father, keep your peg on
After I am dead and gone,
Be kind to dear old mother, for
You know she isn't strong.

The father knelt beside her there,
He put his leg away,
And down his furrowed cheeks the tears did roll
"Oh, darling, I'll remember," he
Unto the child did say
As in his arms his dear one he did hold
The mother stood and listened, and her heart was very sad,
She had a beefsteak fastened on one eye;
"Be kind and gentle to her," said the child,
"remember, dad,
That raw meat it has risen very high."

CHORUS

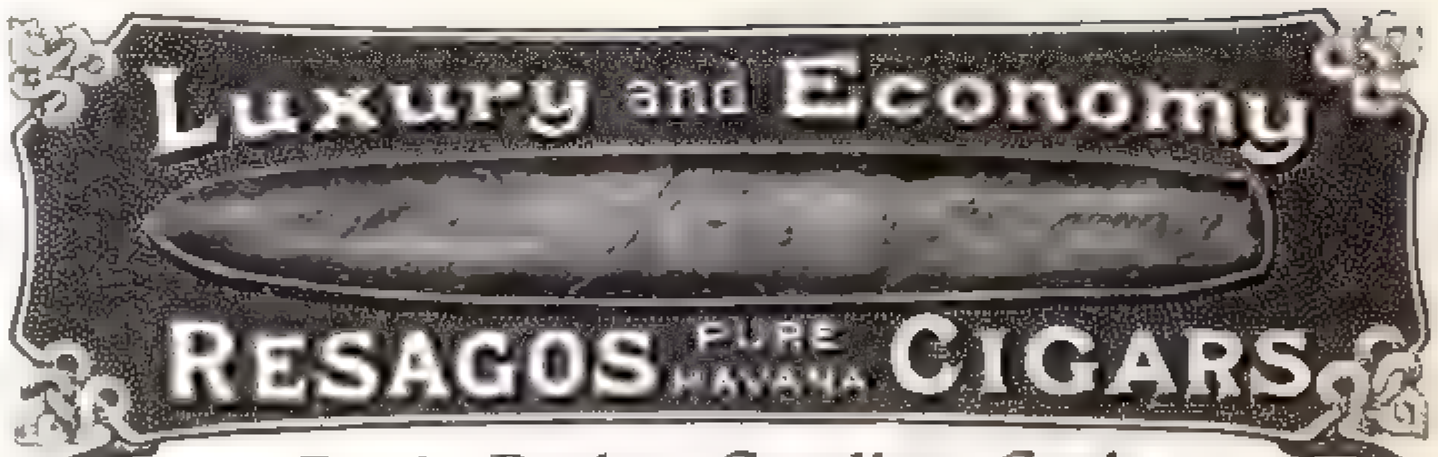
Father, don't beat mother, etc.

That night beside their dear one they
Did linger all alone,
The peg leg it was laid across a chair;
The joy had all departed from
That happy little home,
No more would childish laughter echo there.
The sobbing mother took the beefsteak from her damaged eye,
The saddened father unto her his wooden leg did bring,
She put it in the stove, and while with it the steak did fry
The spirit of the child did hear them, as they ate it, sing:

CHORUS

Father won't beat mother
With his peg leg any more
When she comes to greet him
At their little cottage door.
Father's peg will never
More cause mother dear to weep;
They will now be happy, and
They'll save a lot on meat.

Now, this is the style of the popular song—
In candor we'll have to admit
That neither the rhyme nor the reason is strong,
But that's what would make it a hit.



RESAGOS PURE HAVANA CIGARS

Don't Bother Sending Cash

Write to us on your Business Letter Head and we will send you a box of 50 Resagos Havana Cigars — five inch, full weight.

We were the first factory in America to eliminate the expense and incidental profits of traveling salesmen and dealers, by selling direct to discriminating individual smokers and clubs. On our books to-day are customers who have been dealing with us continuously from the time we started. Could we have retained their trade; could we have held the thousands and thousands of other men who obtain their entire supply from us, if our cigars were not superior to any competing brand? Our customers say that in size, looks, and aroma, our Resagos are superior to any of the ten-cent cigars for sale by dealers. We want your patronage and are willing to bear the entire expense of proving to you the luxury and economy of La Reclama Resagos Havana Cigars. All you need do is write us, sending your letter head or business card, stating color you prefer, and we will send fifty of our cigars, express prepaid. Sample them and if you [illegible] the them send the remainder back to us and we will pay the express without question. If you like them send us $2.00 and we will have your patronage, for all time to come.

Mr. George Richards, Security Trust Co., Rochester, N. Y., says: *"The finest thing I ever saw for the money."* Mr. Hugh Young, Pres. Federal Nat. Bank, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: *"Resagos is the best smoke for the least money that I know of."*

The Old **LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY,** 1879 First Avenue New York City
Established 1875. Refer, Union Exch. Bank, Fifth Ave., New York, Dun, Bradstreets.

$29 Saved—Interim Edition

A NEW and revised edition of Ridpath's History of the World brought down to the Midsummer of 1904 was published in August. 100 sets were bound before the publishers realized that events were marching so fast in the Far East that another edition with additional matter to cover the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese campaign must be issued at once. In fact, it is now in the hands of the type setters and will be issued about November 1st. So these 100 sets — the Interim Edition as it were, i. e. the edition down to mid-summer 1904 — must be sold at what they will bring before the new edition is out. A. T. Stewart used to say when you have a loss to make — "make it now." Adopting that plan, we offer these brand new sets of a new edition at exactly the price we have been getting for second hand damaged sets, and on little monthly payments if you choose. At this price, they will sell before the next edition is ready.

If $29.00 is worth more to you than the history of the last sixty days, sign and send the coupon today, lest you may be too late.

Compare the Russo-Japanese War with other great wars

Read how a handful of Americans swept through Mexico, capturing walled cities and fortified passes, routing intrenched armies five times their number, never losing a battle until barely six thousand travel tired men entered the seemingly impregnable City of Mexico, defended by thirty thousand "Descendants of Cortez and the Spanish Heroes of the sixteenth century." Read of Hannibal crossing the Alps, of Cæsar and his historic march to the North, conquering the Gauls, of Alexander the Great conquering the world, of William the Conqueror, Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Gordon, Nelson, Farragut, Grant, Lee, Sherman and the other great men of history.

The War and Great Events of Today

You are interested in the war — in the future of this country — in the economic [illegible] — in the live, national and international topics of the day, but [illegible] Ridpath's History of the World is recognized as the standard [illegible] brought down to the summer of 1904.

This New Ridpath Contains

A [illegible] of the Boer War, the Spanish-American War [illegible], the Rough Riders, President Palma and Cuba, [illegible], the labor troubles and trusts, the St. Louis World's Fair, the assassinations of McKinley, King Humbert, the King and Queen of Servia and all the important events down to the siege of Port Arthur and the nomination of Parker and Roosevelt.

A new set at the price of a second hand one

As you read of wars and treaties and questions of public policy at home and abroad do not pass over them superficially. Send for our fine illustrated sample page book. It will tell you **HOW** this history came to be written, **HOW** it will interest you, **WHY** you need it, and **WHAT** such men as President McKinley, President Harrison, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent, Rabbi Hirsh, President Angell and Gen. Lew Wallace and hundreds of others say of it.

Specimen book FREE

Ridpath's History of the World is a great big set of nine royal [illegible] many maps and color plates and thousands of illustrations. You pay nothing until you have examined the books, then you pay in small monthly payments if you choose. The complete set is sent at once. [illegible] the coupon and send it today.

MERRILL & BAKER
11 East 16th St., New York

SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL

S. E. P.
Sept. 24

MERRILL & BAKER
11 East 16th St.
NEW YORK

Without cost to me, please send the RIDPATH Sample-page and Illustration book which contains specimens of the Chromographic [illegible] Engravings [illegible] [illegible] with full particulars and special price.

Name

Address

INQUIRY COUPON — (If you mention The Saturday Evening Post you needn't cut out coupon.)

The First of the Merchant Princes

(Concluded from Page 7)

institution. The same keen foresight which he displayed in the accumulation of wealth he showed in the distribution of it, with the result that the college has succeeded financially to a remarkable degree, for it was not only his money that he put into it but his powerful brain and indomitable energy as well

The original endowment was approximately $2,000,000, which provided for one hundred orphan boys, residents of Philadelphia, and the annual expenditure amounted to about $47,000. The estate from which it now derives its income amounts to $38,000,000, and $15,000,000 has already been expended on its maintenance and enlargement. The annual expenses are now over $500,000 a year The estate owns blocks of valuable business sections of the city, and extensive coal lands in the State, which have more than doubled in value since the death of Girard It is considered one of the best managed estates in the world, and men of the highest integrity and financial standing act as its trustees. The present enrollment of the college is 1550, and when the number has reached the 1800 mark no more students are to be admitted The income over and above minimum expenses is then to be given to the city "to diminish the burden of taxation upon the citizens of Philadelphia." In regard to admission of students, a preference is given, first, to orphan boys from Philadelphia; secondly, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania; thirdly, to those born in the city of New York; and, lastly, to those born in the city of New Orleans. The preference for the last two was due to the fact that they were the first cities he visited on his arrival in the New World.

There was one clause of the will, however, which caused a great stir throughout the country. This pertained to the religious training of the students, and many declared that it was Girard's intention to found the college on atheistic principles. The clause read as follows:

—"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatever, but to keep the orphans free from the excitements which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer

Certain relatives, piqued at not having received a portion of the vast estate, took advantage of the commotion to enter a suit against the will, known as the famous Girard will contest. Daniel Webster was retained by the heirs, and he readily saw that his only hope of winning the case was to enter a plea on the basis that the college was an anti-Christian institution. His speeches, delivered with that power and eloquence for which he was famous, were so full of pathos and sentiment that many people sided with him. The case went from one court to another, and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was unanimously decided in favor of the will, the court declaring "That an institution might be a Christian one without being sectarian, and that there could be religious instruction even though ministers, ecclesiastics and missionaries were excluded"

The college, however, is not the only thing Girard founded. He founded a precedent as well. As he was the first American millionaire, there had been no large gifts donated to charity in this country before his day. The enduring monument that he erected to his name set an example which has since been followed by many of our wealthy citizens, for he showed them, by his mode of living and his beneficence, that great wealth is only a means to an end, and that its greatest privilege is the power it gives to benefit one's fellowmen

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria.

Knapp-Felt
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
NEW YORK

Hats for Men

THE ORPHEUS

This is one of the many noticeably elegant shapes made by C. & K.

We'll send, if you like, a copy of "The Hatman," showing other handsome styles.

Hatters of experience will tell you that Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hats are the best hats made.

If your hatter is an experienced man he'll know us —

We've made fine hats for 50 years.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Dressing for Health

Is dressing in Wright's Health Underwear. In no way can bodily health be so well promoted during the winter months as by wearing the famous *Fleece of Comfort* — the underwear that is constructed on correct hygienic principles — that is a "Health Underwear" in fact as well as in name

WRIGHT'S
HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Is made (as no other is) on the loop-fleece principle that gives a fabric perfect in absorptive and ventilating properties — a fabric that cannot mat in the wash, and that retains its health-promoting qualities until worn out Withal, it costs no more than ordinary kinds. Dealers sell it. Our free book "*Dressing for Health*" tells the story fully. Address

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO
75 Franklin St., New York

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

WANTED — A reliable man [illegible] for permanent employment [illegible] connection with [illegible] New and Enlarged Edition of Webster's International Dictionary [illegible] steady worker [illegible] Address with references,

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

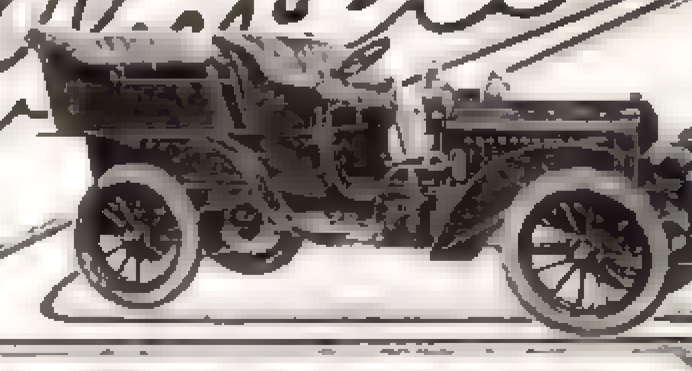
Reform in Soap

Fels-Naptha cuts washday in half and makes that half easier on your back.

Saves wear on clothes besides.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

Columbia



During the 1904 season [illegible] satisfaction and so little [illegible] as the COLUMBIA [illegible] advertised it extensively for the reason that the car has been [illegible] demand has kept ahead of the supply. From now [illegible] as received. The prices are

With Standard Tonneau Body, - - - - $4,000
With Side Entrances, Wood Body, - - - 4,200
With Side Entrances, Aluminum Body - - 4,500
With Limosine Body, - - - - 5,000

Canopy and Cape Tops in special styles to order

Catalogue of COLUMBIA Gasolene and Electric Pleasure Automobiles will be sent on request; also special catalogues of COLUMBIA Electric Town Carriages [illegible]

ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK
134-136 West 39th Street

CHICAGO
1413 Michigan Avenue

BOSTON
74 Stanhope Street

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

HERE'S COMFORT

Tyrian Traveller's Cushion

is a contrivance for making travelling comfortable. It is inflated with air, and can be [illegible] head rest, back rest, or to sit upon. [illegible] cially adapted for all [illegible] where sitting is uncomfortable. When not in use can be rolled and easily packed. Can also be used as a water bottle, the soft flannel covering making it especially comfortable for this use. Combination screw for air or water inflation.

Sold by leading druggists for $1.75, or sent pre paid on receipt of price

TYER RUBBER CO., Andover, Mass.

5% PER ANNUM

IN A STRONG BANK

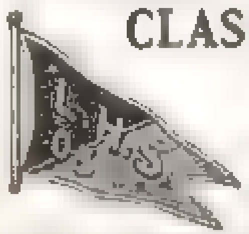
with a

History of 33 Years of Uninterrupted Success

Interest [illegible]
Average rate [illegible] for 33 years over 5%
We have depositors in all states and 14 foreign countries
Dividends paid stockholders, $,70,500.00

If interested "Banking by Mail" Department at once for full information

OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.
Owensboro, Kentucky



CLASS PINS OR BADGES

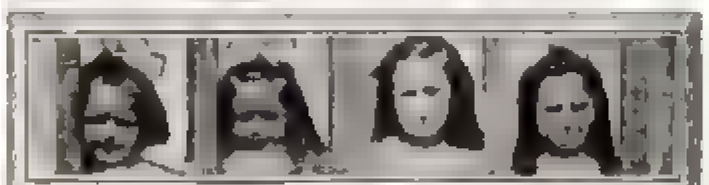
For any College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge.
Direct from Factory to Wearer.

We make to order Gold, Gold Plated Silver, Silver-Plated Pins, Buttons or Medals of all descriptions. Either of the two styles illustrated in one or two colors enamel, any letters or figures if not more than shown.

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample, 25c.

Free — Large Catalogue [illegible] designs. Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible] Buttons and Ribbon Badges at low prices Special designs and estimates free

Bastian Bros., 21 L., S. Av., Rochester, N. Y.



Your children

How long will you take care of them? As long as you live? How about afterward? Send for our booklet, "The How and the Why."

We insure by mail

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

The Den Clock, $1.00

Solid brass works, run by a weight, no spring, no key-winding

Richly-designed front, executed in good, honest hardwood.

Utility and art combined A dependable timekeeper and a beautiful wall ornament in one. Double value, yet a [illegible]

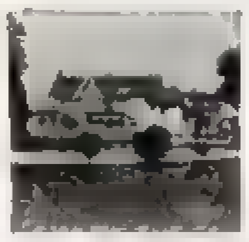
Send your dollar and we will deliver the clock to any address [illegible]

[illegible] Exceptional value

American Cuckoo Clock Co., Station E, Philadelphia

An Ideal Home Heater

THE KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR



No dust — no smoke or gas — no pipes or radiators to freeze up, leak, or keep in repair — no danger of accidents.

POWERFUL — ECONOMICAL HEALTHFUL

25,000 In Use

Send for booklet A.

KELSEY HEATING CO., Syracuse, New York
New York Office, 156 Fifth Avenue.

Clark's Cruise of the "Arabic"

15,801 tons, one of the finest, largest and steadiest steamers in the World

TO THE ORIENT

February 2 to April 13, 1905,

Seventy days, costing only $400 00 and up, including shore excursions.

Special Features: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, *19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land*, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc Tickets good to stop over in Europe

FRANK C CLARK, 113 Broadway, New York

Filling cracks with Grippin's Filler and Patent Applier

The Improved Method of

FINISHING FLOORS

old or new, for rugs or otherwise with GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK AND CREVICE FILLER AND FLOOR FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor [illegible] the highest degree [illegible] We give full instructions for treating all surfaces. Write to-day for our descriptive matter to

GRIPPIN MFG CO.
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

YANKEE
SAFETY RAZOR

Thirty Shaves Free

Write a postal and we will tell you of the store in your town that sells Yankee Safety Razors on thirty days trial. Two minutes of "velvet like" shaving with the [illegible] the most highly perfect safety razor in existence. Impossible to cut the face

Yankee Safety Razor, guaranteed for a year, $2.00

REICHARD & SCHEUBER MFG COMPANY
62-64 Duane Street, New York

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates [illegible] settlers to the above States [illegible] Map of California, free

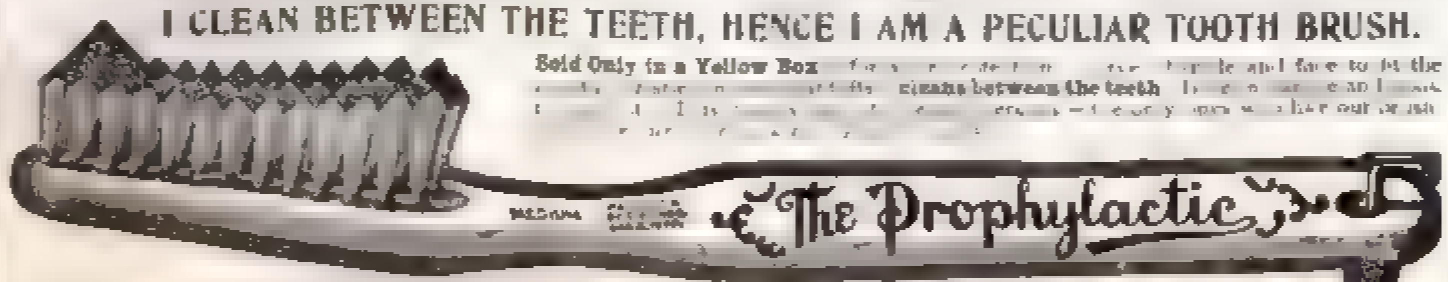
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X 355 Dearborn Street, Chicago

CALIFORNIA FOR 5¢

Nice illustrated descriptive magazine, 3 months. Western Empire, [illegible] Los Angeles

I CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH, HENCE I AM A PECULIAR TOOTH BRUSH.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] cleans between the teeth [illegible]



Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers FLORENCE MFG CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

LOWNEY'S

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

Every sealed package of

Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons

Is guaranteed to be fresh or money refunded. A guarantee slip is in each package of half pound or more. The Purity and Delicious Quality of these Bonbons have secured for them the largest sale of any confections in the world

The Lowney Receipt Book Sent Free

The Walter M. Lowney Company
Boston, Mass.

ECONOMICAL DRESS.

A New Style Marking a Revolution in the Comfort and Cost of Underwear.

Men and women who are accustomed to regard winter as a period of colds, rheumatism and discomfort, will appreciate the new kind of underwear that is fast coming into use. It is known as Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear, and unites low price with high value.

This underwear is exactly what its name implies—rib and fleece. That is, the rib runs lengthwise and the fleece is knitted in crosswise, thus combining warmth and elasticity.

No ordinary washing will shrink Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear or change its form or size. Its soft fleece and elastic nature remain uninjured.

Women's garments are close-fitting, of full length and tastefully trimmed. The men's garments are handsome, well made and nowise inferior. Both kinds may be purchased of all reliable dealers at fifty cents a garment.

All boys', girls' and children's separate garments are twenty-five cents, union suits fifty cents.

Every garment bears the trademark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece. These remarkable goods are manufactured by the Utica Knitting Company.

VELLASTIC
UTICA
Made under Fabric
Pat 603164 Apr 26'98

Agents wanted

NEW DEPARTURE CIGAR AND CIGARETTE HOLDER
10c NICKEL 25c GOLD
Any [illegible] cigar or cigarette. Pat
[illegible], Allston, Mass

Soaking is Easier than rubbing: Fels-Naptha, than other soaps—easier on you and your clothes.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

The Wearin' o' the Green

(Continued from Page 9)

heads broken at the Wexford County fairs for less. And it was not the first time that he had heard his great-grandfather called the blackheart Osborne because of his overzealous loyalty to England in the rebellion of 1798. In Ireland such things are remembered by the peasantry.

Kathleen barred the door. She felt that Osborne was losing his livelihood because Flaherty was angry.

"Shure, Dan, dear," she said coaxingly, "it all happened long befure he was born, an' so what cud he do to rimidy ut? It's him that's Oireland's lover as much as you or me. Now, don't be cross, avick! 'Tis but a chance he played the chune, an' 'tis too good a chune fur thim Orangeys, annyway—"

"Out iv me place he goes," shouted Flaherty, making as if to fling wide the door.

"Kathleen," said Osborne sharply, "nothing in the wide world could be making me stay here. Understand that, the both of you."

Kathleen still held the door. "Evil fall on ye, Dan Flaherty, fur a hot-tempered, bad-hearted omadhaun!" she cried. "To rail at a poor lad wid his way to make because he plays a chune that all the wurruld knows is a good chune, howivir bad the wurruds that goes wid ut. An' I'll be lavin' ye mesilf. It's ye'll be furbiddin' me to 'sociate wid Protestants nixt, in case I mate somebody that's sicind cousin to an Orangeman. Shure why don't ye furbid fried eggs to the place, furbye the yolks iv thim sometimes turns up orange. Shud we be havin' anny more turnips here, I dinnaw? Why don't ye dye the hair uv ye? 'Tis yer principles cud be mistook be the crown iv ye. Across the street I go, to the rest'rant there where they've been afther me this t'ree weeks an' more, an' thin we'll see who'll be gittin' the custom."

She got her hat and coat while Osborne stood by the door, looking over Flaherty's head. Outside, she cast a defiant look back at Flaherty's wide, angry face; then she began to cry quietly.

Osborne walked embarrassed beside her. He was mixed in a quarrel with a restaurant keeper and a waitress; what would happen to the heir of the Osbornes next, besides starvation? When they had gone a block or two Kathleen dried her eyes.

"There! I feel betther," she said.

Osborne understood perfectly that she felt less badly over her division from Terence because she had been enabled to tongue-lash somebody.

"An' now we'll be turnin' back. I'll make me arrangements at the ither rest'rant, an' what'll ye be afther doin'?"

"Oh, I," said Osborne, as they crossed the street, "I'll take a week off on the money I have and look for some work more—something I've been trained for."

"In wan way 'tis too bad we're out wid Flaherty," Kathleen said. "He's the gr-r-eat man fur pulls. He's been too busy to notice ye much this week; I notice he has not been askin' ye questions. I t'ought whin he was not so busy an' more used to ye, he'd do somethin' fur ye. He's boss in his warrud, ye know, an' him an' the mayor's frinds. He knows lots of great people."

They stopped at the door of the rival restaurant.

"Never mind," said Osborne. "Don't think of me, Kathleen. You've been very kind. I'll come in here every night for dinner to see how you are getting on. And—and I hope to find Terence here soon."

Kathleen tossed her head.

"It'll be a far cry to that day," she said. "Good-night, sor."

Kathleen, as she had predicted, drew some of Flaherty's custom to the rival restaurant. She flew about in her usual pert way, but Osborne saw with discontent that her pretty face was paling, and her smile was rarer. He thought several times of going to see Terence, but his pride held him back. And then, what excuse could he give for interfering?

About a week after his departure from Flaherty's he entered the other restaurant, worn out after a fruitless search for work. It was rather late, and nobody was present but Kathleen and the proprietor. Kathleen served him listlessly.

"Kathleen, I just saw Terence going into Flaherty's," he said.

Kathleen brightened, and Osborne smiled. The same thought was in their minds: what would Flaherty say when Terence asked him

FREE—The New Game FREE

5,000 50c Packs Given Away

if you write at once

Price 50c All dealers, or prepaid from us

Write today and get the game FREE

A 50c. Pack of

COMPETITION
or
Department Store

will be sent **free**, [illegible] the **first** [illegible] every [illegible] Competition.

[illegible] **five** [illegible] 25,000 [illegible] **ten** [illegible] as above.

COMPETITION [illegible] 125 [illegible] 100 white and 25 red. It is [illegible] original game, full of fun. Two to eight can play.

FLINCH CARD CO., 124 Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE WHOLE STORY

"[illegible] at $[illegible] a week [illegible] giving ten times the salary I get [illegible]"

How Baxter got his snap.

THE famous [illegible] JOHN [illegible]

Any young man or boy can greatly increase his income [illegible] if he will devote a few hours each week to the right kind of reading for a few months. We have hundreds of letters [illegible] We will send these letters [illegible]

We Make It Easy

[illegible] your regular occupation.

We give instruction by mail, and you can take one week to a lesson or one [illegible]

The time you devote is entirely at your option.

The Cost is Practically Nothing

[illegible] If they do not [illegible] conditions to pay.

We arrange payments to suit you.

Until October 31st

[illegible] Write [illegible]

The Demand for Men Who Know

the subjects below is greater than the supply. Select the course you would prefer to take up with us and we will send full particulars and synopsis of the lessons, [illegible]

—COUPON—

List of Courses to which Special Offer Applies. Mark with an X the subject in which you are interested. Cut out and send to us.

Electrical Engineering
[illegible]
Electric Lighting
[illegible]
[illegible]
Mechanical Engineering
[illegible] Engineering
Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
[illegible]
Stationary Engineering

...... Marine Engineering
[illegible] Engineering
...... Structural Engineering
Municipal Engineering
[illegible] Engineering
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Drafting
Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing

...... Complete Architecture
[illegible] Engineering
...... Contractors' and Builders
[illegible]
[illegible] Worsted [illegible]
[illegible]
Mechanical Drawing
[illegible]
College Preparatory
[illegible] Post

Name.................................... Street Address
City.......................State...............Age......Present Occupation.

American School of Correspondence, At Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, U.S.A.

Don't do this drudgery

Carrying coal and ashes up and down stairs is needless, wearing work. Why do it? Why shiver and freeze through another winter with crude heating methods? Why continue to pay extra for the dirt, drudgery and fuel waste of the old-fashioned ways? Put in Steam or Water warming—now so simple, like telephoning the cellar for heat—and enjoy all the comforts and healthfulness of our way.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

introduced into homes or buildings is an investment of capital in lasting property. They cannot rust or wear out—they outlast the building. They enable the WHOLE investment to command larger rental, if the owner becomes a landlord. They enable the owner to secure a higher price on the WHOLE property, if offered for sale. Our way offers the only way to convert the money thus spent into a profitable investment, also to secure largest heating comfort.

Simple to put into OLD buildings—cottages to 50-room buildings—without disturbance to building or occupants. State kind and size of building you wish to heat. Valuable information and booklet (free).

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 26 CHICAGO

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL

BE A PLAYER

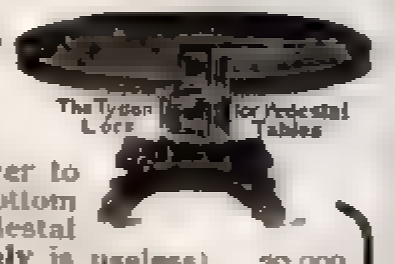
and make yourself fascinating and popular. Why spend money for piano or organ lessons when you can learn at home in **3 days to 3 weeks** to play all latest and fascinating tunes, songs, accompaniments, etc., on the Columbia Zithers?

WE TEACH YOU FREE.

Send for our wonderful and instructive book, "Music in 3 Days." It is free. Tells how you may become a Zither player at once. Play tune first ten minutes. We sell beautiful **Columbia Zithers, $2 and up.**

Ask music dealers about it. Send for FREE book.

PHONOHARP COMPANY 157 Liverpool St. East Boston, Mass.



Hastings Tables

FITTED WITH THE

Tyden Lock

are guaranteed never to spread at top or bottom (locks **inside** the pedestal—to lock at top **only** is useless). 20,000 sold by us in last three years—all giving satisfaction.

Our "Book of Designs"

showing the very latest patterns of pedestal dining tables **sent free** on request.

Hastings tables are sold by leading furniture dealers.

Hastings Table Co. Department 6, **Hastings, Mich.**

The Misses Ely's School For Girls. General and College Preparatory Courses. Large recreation grounds. Riverside Drive, 85th and 86th Sts., New York City.

A Dainty little book—"Fairy Tales"—

will be mailed any one sending 10 cents in stamps or 10 Box Fronts from Fairy Soap

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Dept. 31, CHICAGO

where Kathleen was? Then Kathleen grew sober; perhaps Terence would not ask. But presently the door dashed open and Terence strode in. He walked straight up to Kathleen.

"I'm jist afther tellin' Flaherty what a blackguard he is fur dischargin' ye, Kathleen," he said.

Kathleen laughed happily.

"Discharge me, indeed! Sure, I lift him."

"Come over here an' tell me all about it," Terence said.

He drew her to the most distant table, while Osborne contentedly proceeded with his dinner. Since they both could unite in abuse of Flaherty, Terence and Kathleen were on the high road to reconciliation. He could tell by the murmur of their voices that matters were being satisfactorily adjusted. Looking over once, he saw that Terence was holding Kathleen's hand under the table. Osborne bent to his dessert with relish. Presently he heard Terence speak his own name loudly:

"The Osborne of Castle Osborne!"

He turned his head quickly; Terence was standing, and coming to him.

"She's been tellin' it all to me," he said. "You're the Osborne."

Terence was hunching his shoulders and shaking his broad head.

"You'll not be remembering me, sor?" he asked.

And suddenly Osborne did remember. He saw a picture of himself, as captain, leading a line of ragged gossoons through the Wexford lanes, and his first lieutenant was Terry O'Riley, who always took his orders with a funny hunch of the shoulders.

"It's Terry," Osborne said. He held out his hand, and Terence shook it heartily.

"Sure, Misther Robert, how cud I know you afther fifteen years," he apologized. "'Tis that long since I run away from home."

"Sit down," said Osborne. "To think it's you, Terry!"

"But I'm that ashamed!" said Terence. "Misther Robert, now promise me you'll take that conthract fur the ile to-morrow. My mother'd not rist in her grave if she knew there was annythin' I cud do fur the misthress' son, an' hadn't."

"Oh, very well, Terence," laughed Osborne. "And I want to tell you," he added, "how glad I am that you and Kathleen understand each other again."

Both men looked up at Kathleen. Her pretty face was set.

"I'm not so sure we do," she said with the characteristic toss of her head. "'Twas me that asked you, Terence, to take Misther Osborne's ile, an' ye wudn't. Ye wudn't do it fur me that was kapin' comp'ny wid ye. An' now ye offer to do it jist because ye and Misther Osborne played thegither when ye was byes. I'm complimintel, I'm sure."

"Arrah, Kathleen——" began Terence.

"I didn't know ye to be holdin' so close to the landlords, Terence," she went on with fine sarcasm. "'Tis in nature, it seems, fur ye to do more fur Misther Osborne thin fur me, because he lived in the great house. But 'tis news to me. I had t'ought that a gurl that had promised a man had the furrst rights."

"Oh, come, Kathleen, this is all nonsense," protested Osborne.

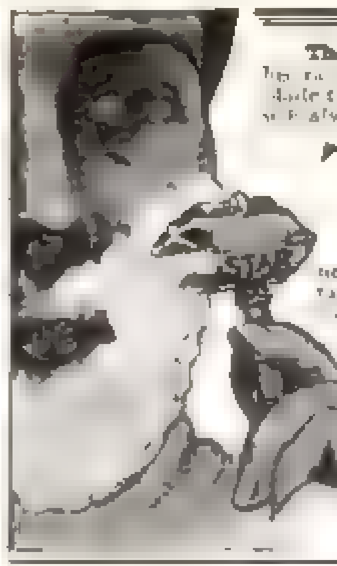
"If ye plaze, Misther Osborne," retorted Kathleen, "ye may be Terence's masther, but ye are not mine to say what is nonsense, an' what isn't, an' what I must do, an' mustn't. An' what about poor Flaherty, I'd like to know, Terence? You promise to take his ile, an' he makes it be the keg, an' now you'll be t'rowin' it back on his hands. I shud t'ink Dan Flaherty'd had enough losses lately, be this an' be that. But if you won't stick be Dan Flaherty it's me that will. I'll be goin' back to him this very night, an' I am hopin' ye both'll kape on relavin' us iv yer comp'ny; fur I may assure ye we like yer room betther nor yer prisence."

She left both men staring while she got her money from the astonished proprietor, and, taking her hat and coat in her arms, walked across the street. They saw the green bow bobbing on her black hair till she and it were lost inside Flaherty's door.

Osborne and Terence continued to take their meals at the restaurant opposite Flaherty's, and each time they met Terence was more despondent.

"I'm beat what to do," he said at last. "I've tried this week stiddy to patch things up, an' she won't listen. Shure, isn't she the great one to side wid the undher dog?" He smiled ruefully.

"The one safe thing is to make up with her and marry her before she can get offended again," Osborne said.



The man who shaves himself and is shaved to his satisfaction, knows how necessary it is to keep his razor blades in **perfect condition**. [illegible] the **New Star Stropper** [illegible] will always guarantee the perfect condition of your razor blades.

The Star Safety Razor

The first and only safety razor of recognized perfection and perfect to shave with ease, quickness and a clean shave, combined with perfect safety to the user (absolutely impossible to cut or irritate the face), especially adapted to those having a stiff, thick, wiry beard. Its use does away with the evils of the barber shop. Money and time saved. Ready for use at any time or place. This razor has stood the test of over 5,000,000 users for over 25 years—this proves its excellence.

The **Star Safety Razor** has been imitated but never **duplicated**. (In purchasing a razor please remember the above fact.)

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Razor, complete, $2.00. Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up.

New Star Diagonal Stropper, $1.50.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., N.Y. or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery. (Remember the word "STAR.")

A satisfied depositor is a bank's best recommendation.

This bank has thirty-nine thousand such depositors.

Capital and Surplus

$2,800,000.00

Deposits

$21,000,000.00

4% interest on Savings

This is one of the strongest banks west of New York. It has depositors in almost every state in the union, who do their banking entirely by mail. Send for booklet.

The Cleveland Trust Company

Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

WOODLAWN FARM

Own Prize Winning Poultry

Every bird perfect—all pure strain. The kind you will be proud of and that will bring you big profit.

Special Prices this Month

Many pens of prize-winning stock will be sold at reduced prices. Write at once for [illegible].

WOODLAWN POULTRY FARM CO.

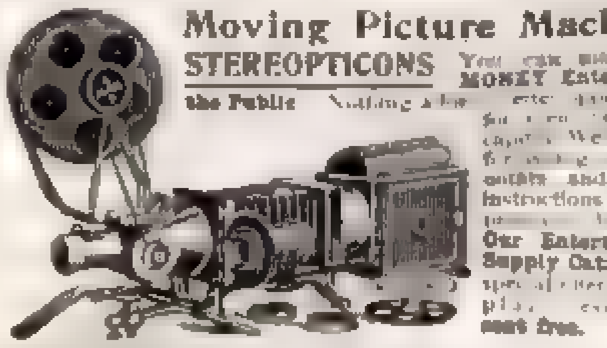
Farm D, Johnstown, Pa.

SPECIAL.—The finest Scotch Collie Pups on earth from $6 up. Write to-day.

THE GREAT GAME

PIT

SOLD EVERYWHERE PRICE 50¢



Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalog** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY

225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA

160 Broadway, New York City

Restu

WORN IN ANY SHOE

Instantly relieves Weak [illegible] the toes. Bunions and Rheumatism [illegible] the feet. RESTU [illegible] and aching feet, prevents Flatfoot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. RESTU [illegible] merit worth investigating.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

RESTU MFG CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Examinations for **Post Office Clerks and Letter Carriers** soon to be held in all first class post offices. 5,000 clerks and carriers appointed last year. [illegible] year. Full particulars as to positions, salaries, dates, places of examination, sample questions, etc., free. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.)

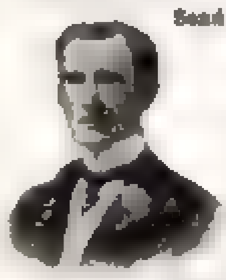
19-42 Second National Bank Building

Washington, D. C.

LEARN SHORTHAND

By Correspondence from **Court Reporters.** We do the largest court reporting business in the world and teach the same standard system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach no fake shorthand. Write for "[illegible]" and copy of guaranty, sent free. **WALTON, JAMES & FORD.**

Suite 30. 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



Send 10 cents for 3 months' trial subscription to

The Book-Keeper and Business Man's Magazine

A handsome 200-page magazine for Book-keepers, Cashiers and Business Men. It teaches Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law, Advertising, Short Cuts, Corporation Accounting, Banking, Business Pointers, Amusing Arithmetic, [illegible] $1.00 a year.

The Book-Keeper Publishing Co., Ltd., 34 Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

HOW TO BREATHE

For Health, Strength and Endurance

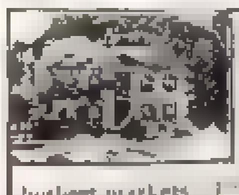
Read **Lung and Muscle Culture,** the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of

BREATHING AND EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Correct and incorrect breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of **10 cents.**

P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.

1101 Hartford Building, New York.



Virginia Farms

We send lists of farms for sale in the most desirable sections of Virginia [illegible] highest markets [illegible] freight rates [illegible] **$5 and up per acre** [illegible] pamphlets, etc., address **F. H. LABAUME, Agr'l & Ind'l Agt. N. & W. Railway, Department B, Roanoke, Va.**

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line of inquiry to **The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.**

CALIFORNIA **SAN BENITO COUNTY** **Gem of the Central Coast Counties**

No sweltering or interior heat. Big profits in fruit, dairy and poultry. [illegible] cheap land, good schools. [illegible]

E. W. JEFFERSON, Secretary, Hollister, Cal.

Change in Soap

You will change to Fels-Naptha as soon as you find it out.

Makes washday a lot easier than it used to be.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

"Yes; but how? I've written an' tried to talk, an' she won't hear me."

Osborne was almost unhappy. These two humble people were the only friends he had in America, and he was, in a way, responsible for their lack of harmony. Suddenly an unpleasant solution occurred to him. Flaherty was the one who could heal the breach; he ought to go to Flaherty. It was some time before he could contemplate this course calmly, for his blood boiled whenever he thought of Flaherty. But at last he brought himself to it. He chose a time in the evening after Kathleen was gone, and when Flaherty was closing up his place.

When he opened the door Flaherty faced him truculently.

"My name," began Osborne, "you know in part only. I am called Robert Emmet Osborne. My great-grandmother was Robert Emmet's cousin. She was still alive when I was born, and she named me."

The expression on Flaherty's face changed. He extended his enormous hand.

"Anny wan wid wan dhrop iv Robert Immit's blood in him must be all right, no matther how much other dorthy thraitor blood he has in him," he said.

Osborne shook hands with him. The pride he thought he had overcome had vanished. He was merely amused, and a little touched, too, at Flaherty's loyalty to his country.

"God save Oireland," said Flaherty solemnly.

"God save Ireland," said Osborne sincerely.

"An' now, me bye, phwhat kin I do fur ye?" asked Flaherty.

"Yes, I do want something."

Osborne related in detail the cause and course of the quarrel between Terence and Kathleen. Flaherty slapped his huge thigh, and roared resonant laughter.

"Oh, she's the gr-r-eat colleen!" he cried. "'Tis jist as ye say: she'll side wid the undher dog. Now, I'll tell ye; ye say to Terence to dhrop in here fur supper about eight o'clock. Tell him I furgive him his harrud worruds. An' do ye dhrop in about sivin, an' take yer sate at the piano. Thin we'll see. An' now, bye, till me about yersilf — Robert Immit's cousin ——"

Osborne found himself pouring out his hopes and hardships to an attentive ear, and he left the restaurant that night with a warm feeling for Dan Flaherty.

The next evening at the appointed time he entered Flaherty's, and took his place at the piano. Kathleen almost dropped her loaded tray when she saw him. She looked sharply at Flaherty, who stared over his desk unmoved. For the next hour Osborne played under as much of Kathleen's basilisk gaze as she could spare for him. Now and then he saw her glance suspiciously at Flaherty. Just as Terence came in Flaherty moved over to Osborne and placed his large arm comfortably on the young man's shoulder. When Terence was seated Flaherty turned to Kathleen.

"I wish ye'd ask that customer," he said, pointing at Terence, "if he's got the price iv his supper wid him. His boss was tellin' me the day that he's to be turned off. I'll have no dead-bates in me place."

Terence kept his head dropped even when Kathleen had flown to his side.

"'Tis noice talk fur ye, Dan Flaherty!" she cried. "I'm thinkin' Terence O'Riley kin pay his way as well as ye. Ye an' yer Orangeys, Dan Flaherty! Since whin were ye so t'ick wid the landlords, too? An' you the prisident iv the Wolf Tones! But if ye t'ink ye kin ride roughshod over Terence ye've mistook yer man. Dead-bate, indade! Since whin were the Flahertys so quick to pay their debts, an' how much rent are ye owin' on this very place? Turned off, indade! Till him he lies, Terence."

"I'd not heard I was to be turned off, Dan," said Terence meekly.

"Is that the way to face him?" flashed Kathleen at Terence, and Osborne and Flaherty trembled for their plan. But Terence saved himself.

"Shure, what do I be carin' how I act if ye won't make up, Kathleen, darlin'?" he asked.

Kathleen hesitated. Then the strain of the past weeks and of a very busy day told, and she broke into tears. Terence sprang up and put his arms about her, while Flaherty turned his back, and Osborne wheeled round on the piano stool.

The *deus ex machina* smiled broadly.

"'Tis all right now," he said; "an' fur ye, too, me bye. I have an addhress here where they'll take a good mechanical engineer. An' now, ye might jist drownd out thim sounds behint be playin' The Wearin' o' the Green."

A Hotel on our Pacific Beach property.

How $234 Grew to be $22,357,656

The Story of San Diego

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO the site of the present city of San Diego, California, comprising nine hundred acres, was sold for $234.00. To-day this property has an assessed cash value of $22,357,656! This wonderful increase in the valuation is particularly due to two causes: (1) the natural advantages of the location of the city, and (2) the consequent inflow of men and money to further its development.

San Diego bay offers the finest natural harbor on the entire Pacific coast, and it is the nearest harbor to all Oriental ports, including the ports of Japan, China, Australia and the Philippines. It is the first port in the U. S. at which ships can touch when passing westward through the new Panama canal, and is, therefore, the natural, logical port of entry for the entire American commerce of the Orient.

The average temperature for the past year in San Diego has been 67 degrees. Fruit ripens and flowers blossom all the year around. Sea-bathing can be enjoyed in January and July. It is summer all the time, without thunder and lightning, without tornadoes or sunstrokes. The climate invites outdoor life. It is, therefore, the ideal climate for children as well as for adults. The even temperature and outdoor life prevents the contracting of pneumonia or consumption and their kindred ailments. The cost of living in San Diego is less than the cost in any other city of similar size in the United States. You can have green vegetables from your own garden every month in the year, while the cost of fuel for the average family does not exceed $25.00 the year. These are some of the natural advantages of the location of San Diego. Is it any wonder that business men, with practically unlimited capital, are constantly taking advantage of these natural conditions to broaden and build up the commercial side of this great city, as shown by the accompanying photograph of a portion of San Diego's water front?

What $10.00 Will Do For You

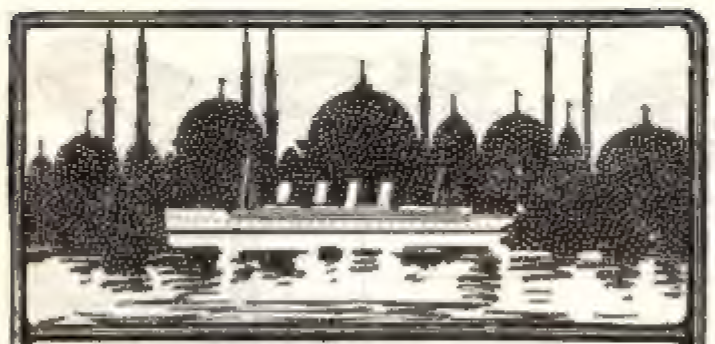
We have a beautiful sub-division, known as Pacific Beach, within twenty minutes' ride of the heart of the city, and five minutes' walk from the finest ocean beach in the whole United States, and are offering lots in this sub-division at $100.00 each; $10.00 cash and $10.00 a month until paid for, no charge for interest or taxes on deferred payments. Lots which we sold six months ago for $100.00, and located within a few blocks of those we now offer, are selling to-day for $250.00 and $300.00, and we confidently believe they will be worth $500.00 in the near future.

These lots are not only extremely desirable for those who wish to own a home in California, but they offer one of the greatest investment opportunities in the history of American enterprise and development. $100.00 invested in San Diego property thirty-five years ago would have made you worth almost $10,000,000 to-day. $100.00 invested in real estate in any city on the Pacific coast only five years ago would have netted you $1000 to-day. $100.00 invested in Pacific Beach property now will unquestionably bring you in ten times that amount in less than five years, should you care to sell and pocket your profits.

You should write us to-day and let us send you full particulars about the climate, the social life, and the industrial development of San Diego, showing you exactly why property in this the most beautiful section of all California is one of the wisest, safest and most profitable investment opportunities to be found anywhere in this great country. You need only write us for further information, and we will promptly reserve as many lots as you wish, and hold them for you until you have carefully investigated the facts and proved to your entire satisfaction that you want to purchase, and can send us the first payment. It costs you nothing to have lots reserved — simply state how many you want and we will select the most desirable lots yet unsold and hold them for you.

FOLSOM BROS. COMPANY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

REFERENCES: Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Agencies, and any Bank or Trust Company of San Diego, California.



SUPERB
WINTER CRUISES
To Summer Lands and Historic Scenes

18 Different Cruises and Special Services

S. S. DEUTSCHLAND. 2 Fast Trips to Italy from New York, Jan. 7 and Feb. 7.

S. S. MOLTKE. 76 Days' Oriental Cruise. Cost $300 upwards.

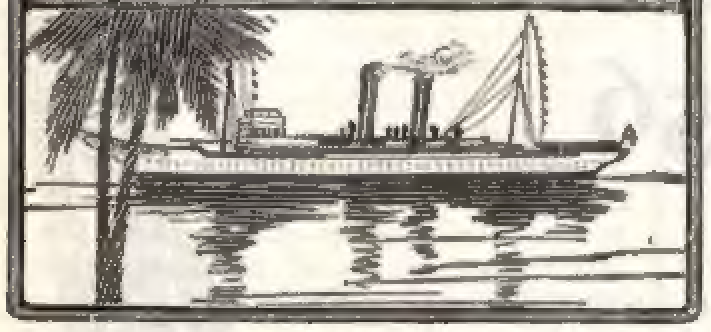
S. S. PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE. Cruises to the West Indies, also to the Mediterranean. Cost $125 upwards.

S. S. METEOR. Cruises in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic Seas. Cost $70 upwards.

ATLAS LINE SERVICE to Jamaica, etc. Cost $40 one way, $75 round trip.

Send for illustrated booklets before deciding Winter plans.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
37 Broadway, New York
Chicago St. Louis Boston Philadelphia



ABSOLUTE PURITY
IN KITCHEN UTENSILS
FREEDOM FROM POISON
is hereby guaranteed

WE MAKE AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE 1520 KINDS
L & G MFG. Co.

The Blue Label on every piece proves our statement.
When you buy Kitchen-Ware, buy
AGATE NICKEL-STEEL.
LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
New York Boston Chicago

OCTOBER
1
8
27 28 29

These are Diamond Days

To early fall buyers we make a specially tempting offer for October — a selected lot of top quality pure white diamonds of good size and great brilliancy — *absolutely perfect*, any style setting.

October Special

Price $45. TERMS $9 when accepted, and $4.50 per month, or $41.40 all cash.

All we ask is your consent to send one, express prepaid, for your inspection.

By the Marshall Method You are Satisfied First, then Pay.

These stones are chosen from our stock of finest quality gems, and have never before been offered at this figure.

112 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE

We send free this month our complete catalogue, showing everything sold by Jewelers. It is different from any book published.

GEORGE E. MARSHALL, (Inc.) 101 State Street, Chicago.
W. S. Hyde, Jr., Pres. *A. S. True, Sec.*
Reference: First National Bank of Chicago.

Fels-Naptha
saves half the wash-day — time, back, hands, clothes.
Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes," said Petheridge Jukesbury; "dear me, yes. Why, dear me, of course."

But his warning hand held Margaret back — Margaret, who stood with big tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Dearer than life itself," Billy assented wearily, "but before God, loving you as I do, I wouldn't marry you now for all the wealth in the world. I forget why, but all the world is a stage, you know, and they don't use stages now, but only railroads. Is that why you rail at me so, Peggy. That is a joke. You ought to laugh at my jokes, because I love you, but I can't ever, ever tell you so because you are rich. A rich man cannot pass through a needle's eye. Oh, Peggy, Peggy, I love your eyes, but they're so *big*, Peggy!"

So Billy Woods lay still, and babbled ceaselessly. But through all his irrelevant talk, as you may see a tributary stream pulse unsullied in a muddied river, ran the thought of Peggy — of Peggy, and of her cruelty, and of her beauty, and of the money that stood between them.

And Margaret, who could never have believed him in his senses, listened, and knew that in his delirium, the rudder of his thoughts snapped, he could not but speak truth. As she crouched in the corner of the room, her face buried in an armchair, her gold hair half-loosened, her shoulders monotonously heaving, she wept gently, inaudibly, almost happily.

Almost happily. Billy was dying, but she knew now, past any doubting, that he loved her.

The dear, clean-minded, honest boy had come back to her, and she could love him now without shame, and there was only herself to be loathed.

. . . .

Then the door opened. Then, with Colonel Hugonin, came Martin Jeal — a wisp of a man like a November leaf — and regarded them from under his shaggy white hair with alert eyes.

"Hey, what's this?" said Doctor Jeal. "Eh, yes! Eh — yes!" he meditated slowly. "Most irregular. You must let us have the room, Miss Hugonin."

. . . .

In the hall she waited. Hope! ah, of course there was no hope! the thin little whisper told her.

By and by, though — after centuries of waiting — the three men came into the hall.

"Miss Hugonin," said Doctor Jeal, with a strange kindness in his voice, "I don't think we shall need you again. I am happy to tell you, though, that the patient is doing nicely — very nicely, indeed."

Margaret clutched his arm. "You — you mean ——?"

"I mean," said Doctor Jeal, "that there is no fracture. A slight concussion of the brain, madam, and — so far as I can see — no signs of inflammation. Barring accidents, I think we'll have that young man out of bed in a week. Thanks," he added, "to Mr. — er — Jukesbury here, whose prompt action was, under Heaven, undoubtedly the means of staving off meningitis and probably — indeed, more than probably — the means of saving Mr. Woods' life. It was splendid, sir, splendid! No doctor — why, God bless my soul!"

For Miss Hugonin had thrown her arms about Petheridge Jukesbury's neck and had kissed him vigorously.

"Oh, you beautiful child!" said Miss Hugonin.

"Er — Jukesbury," said the Colonel mysteriously, "there's a little cognac in the cellar that — er ——" The Colonel jerked his thumb across the hallway with the air of a conspirator. "Eh?" said the Colonel.

"Why — er — yes," said Mr. Jukesbury. "Why — ah — yes, I think I might."

They went across the hall together. The Colonel's hand rested fraternally on Petheridge Jukesbury's shoulder.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

MAKES THE WHEEL OF BUSINESS SPIN.

The Quickest Way is the Best Way

No need to touch two keys to make a single imprint with the Smith Premier.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Home Office and Factory, Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches in all large cities

Wenonah Military Academy

11 miles from Philadelphia, on the West Jersey & Seashore R. R. Wenonah has neither factories nor saloons.

New and spacious buildings, beautiful grounds, purest water and most perfect sanitation.

Science, Classical and English Courses, Physical Culture and Athletics under competent director. Fine Athletic Field and Gymnasium.

For catalogue and particulars address
MAJOR JOHN R. JONES, Superintendent, Wenonah, N. J.

We Will Pay 5% On Your Savings

No Speculation
Business Established 11 Years

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

THE INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO. is one of the largest savings institutions under New York Banking Dept. Supervision. Our patrons, many of the most prominent clergymen and professional men in the country, heartily endorse our methods.

Accounts of Conservative Investors Solicited, Upon Which We Will Pay 5 Per Cent. Per Annum.

Start at any time, withdraw at any time — no loss of earnings. *Full particulars sent upon request.*

Assets, ... $1,700,000
Surplus and Profits, 160,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO., 1135 Broadway, New York

Executive Positions Clerical

We want men immediately to fill hundreds of Executive, Clerical, Technical and Salesman positions, paying from $1,000 to $5,000 a year. If you are a high grade man write for booklet and state the kind of position you desire. Offices in 12 cities.

Hapgoods (Inc.), Brain Brokers
Suite 509, 309 Broadway, New York

Technical Positions Salesman

WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

Show-card Writing or Lettering. Separate courses. Only field not over-worked. Thorough and comprehensive instruction by mail at your own home by a teacher with a national reputation. Easy terms. Write today for large illustrated catalog of particulars.

THE DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."

PA AND MA AND YOU ARE SECRETLY planning what to give each other for Christmas. A gift that renews itself daily for a year is a **diary.** The best is Huebsch's YEAR BOOK. Your stationer can get it for you if he doesn't carry it in stock. Let me send you a circular.

B. W. HUEBSCH
1137 Tract Building New York

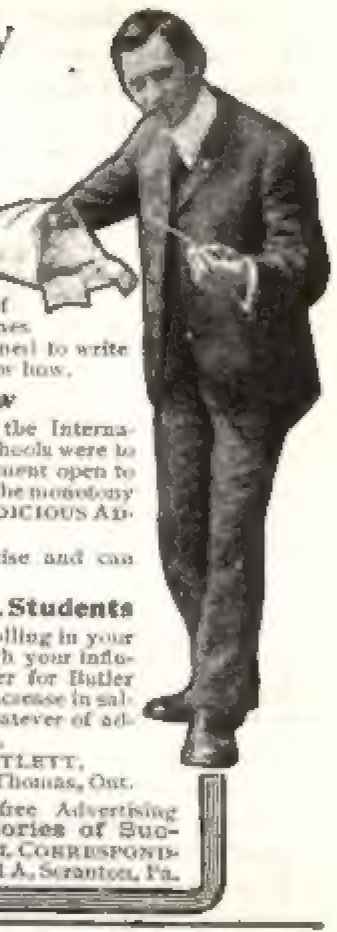
U. S. CIVIL SERVICE

Good Salaried Government Positions

You can put yourself in a congenial, well paid government position at a very small cost. All that is necessary is that you shall be an American over 18, and able to read and write. Write for *Civil Service Booklet.* State age.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171C Scranton, Pa.

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
J. W. COCKRUM, 538 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.



Make Money Making Ads

THE expert ad-writer easily gets business out of newspapers and magazines because he has been trained to write good ads by one who knew how.

We Can Teach You How

"It would be a relief if the International Correspondence Schools were to use at least one advertisement open to criticism. It would break the monotony of constant praise." — JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

We know how to advertise and can teach you how.

Employers Want I. C. S. Students

"Three months after enrolling in your Course, I became, through your influence, advertising manager for Butler Bros., at a 33⅓ per cent. increase in salary. I knew nothing whatever of advertising before enrolling.
EDGAR BARTLETT,
49 Southwick St., St. Thomas, Ont.

WRITE TO-DAY for free Advertising Booklet and "1001 Stories of Success." INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 1171 A, Scranton, Pa.

Odors of perspiration
are particularly annoying in
theatres and ball-rooms
and other crowded places. The remedy is
"Mum"
Clean, harmless, odorless. Chemically neutralizes all odors of the body.
25c by mail, postpaid, or at drug- and department-stores.
MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

NURSING
Is a womanly, lucrative profession, graduates earning $12 to $30 a week. Our courses require no unusual ability — only earnest, faithful effort. They are especially adapted to the young woman seeking a life vocation and to the practical nurse who needs a thorough knowledge of the theory of her profession.
A TREATISE GIVING FULL INFORMATION MAILED TO EARNEST APPLICANTS.
THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
305 MAIN ST., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

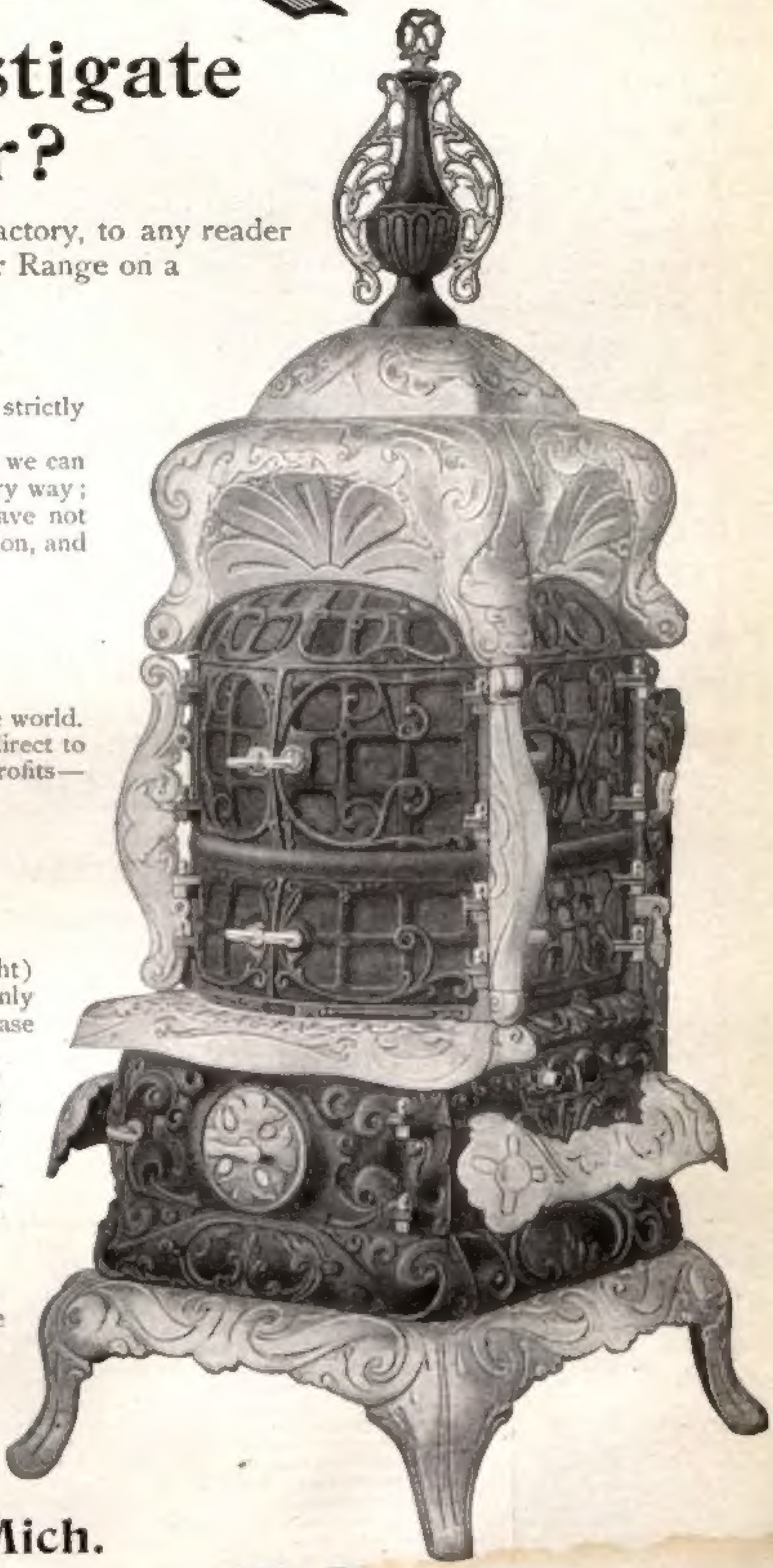
DON'T SHOUT!
The "Morley"
makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature **Telephone for the Ear** — invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.**
Write for booklet and testimonials.
The Morley Company, Dept. T,
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Does Farming Pay?
It all depends on how you farm. Send at once for our free book, the
100% Farmer
showing how to learn the most successful methods of farming.
Correspondence Agricultural College
432 Nebraska Street Sioux City, Iowa

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS
WE GUARANTEE to teach our course in Shorthand complete in 30 days study of 5 hours each. No ruled lines; no position; no shading, dots, nor dashes. No long list of word-signs to confuse. Easy, simple, speedy, practical. **Students in high-grade positions. Employers pleased.** Lawyers, doctors, literary folk, club women, can now acquire Shorthand with ease for use in their callings. No need to spend months, as with old systems. **"Boyd's Syllabic System,"** 20th century wonder, is the best. Write to-day for testimonials, booklets, etc.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
41 National Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Ill. College of Law (largest Law School in Chicago). University methods. Credit given by resident school for work done by mail. **Books** required for the first year **loaned free.** Send for Catalogue.
University Extension Law School, 299-301 Erie St., Chicago

A Kalamazoo Direct-to-you



Will You Investigate This Offer?

We will ship—freight prepaid—direct from our own factory, to any reader of The Saturday Evening Post, any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a

360 Days Approval Test

We guarantee to save you from 20% to 40% in price, and to give you a strictly high-grade article, not excelled by any other make, no matter what its price.

Our guarantee—backed by a $20,000 bank bond—is as broad and binding as we can make it. If the stove or range shipped you is not perfectly satisfactory in every way; if you are not satisfied that we have saved you money; if you feel that you have not secured a genuine bargain, you get your money back promptly and without question, and we pay the freight both ways.

Why We Can Do This

We have in Kalamazoo one of the largest and best equipped stove foundries in the world. We manufacture a complete line of high grade stoves and ranges, and we sell them direct to you from our factory. We save you all middlemen's, jobbers' and dealers' profits—together with all traveling men's expenses, giving you the benefit of actual

Factory Prices

It is a fact that we will sell you a Kalamazoo for less money (and we pay the freight) than your dealer pays for a stove or range not nearly so good. We are the only stove manufacturers in the world doing business on this line exclusively. Please do not confuse us with cheap "Catalogue Houses" dealing in job-lot goods. We are manufacturers—our name, our guarantee, our bond—is back of every stove and range we sell. We guarantee material and workmanship; the "Kalamazoos" are built for long service and economy of fuel. We know that we can satisfy you.

Now, then, is it not worth your while and a postal card to investigate our "on-approval" proposition to Saturday Evening Post readers?

Send Postal For Free Catalog No. 152

It will save you money. We refer to any bank or business house in Kalamazoo.

360 Days Approval

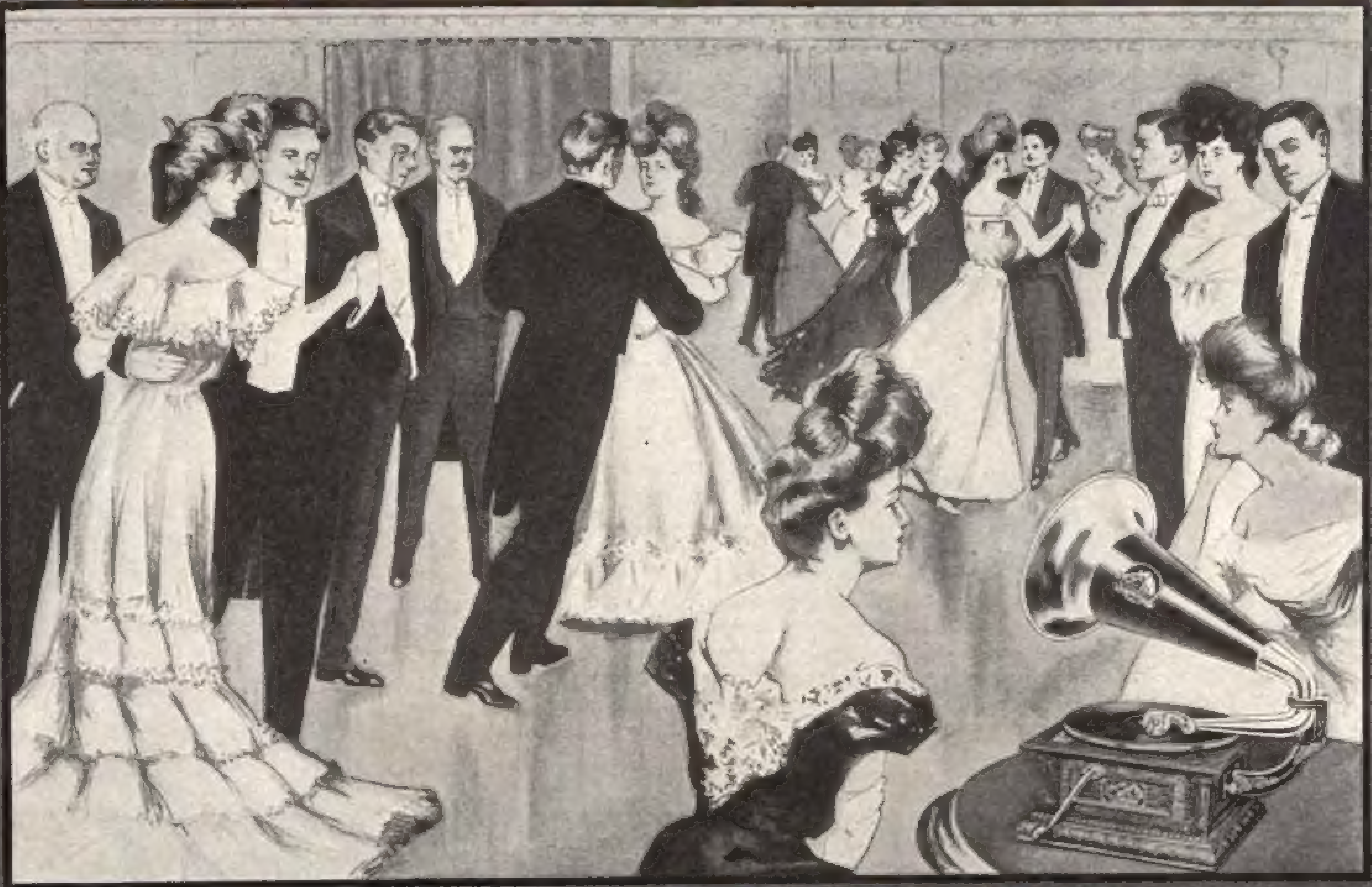
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Manufacturers,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We Pay The Freight

Our line is complete, including Steel Ranges, Cast Iron Ranges, Steel and Cast Iron Cook Stoves, Base Burners, Oak Heaters, Hot Blast Stoves, Wood Stoves, etc., in many styles and designs.

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges are equipped with our patent oven thermometer. It saves fuel and makes baking and roasting easy and sure. Every housekeeper will appreciate this great convenience.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE



Loud enough for dancing

The New Victor Dance Records

At last the perfect Record for Dancing! It took us a long time and lots of money. Not so easy as it sounds to get the exact time and bring out the instruments and notes that produce perfect dance-rhythm, and yet have a

loud clear beautiful tone

Prof. Asher of the American Society of Professors of Dancing says:

> "I have listened to the Victor Records for Dance Music and find the time to be perfect in every respect, and the records well adapted for dancing."

No more need of asking a friend to play the piano while the others enjoy their dancing. Better music and perfect time.

Between the dances, you can hear the greatest grand opera and light opera singers, and music of every kind.

Send for book of **Victor Dance Records.**

Chicago — Talking Machine Co.
Chicago — Lyon & Healy.
New York — Victor Distrib. & Export Co.
New York — C. Bruno & Son.
Philadelphia — Western Electric Co.
Philadelphia — Penn Phonograph Co.
Boston — Eastern Talking Machine Co.
Boston — Oliver Ditson Co.
San Francisco — Sherman, Clay & Co.
Atlanta — Phillips & Crew Co.
Baltimore — H. R. Eisenbrandt Sons.
Baltimore — Baltimore Bargain House.
Brooklyn — American Talking Mach. Co.
Buffalo — P. A. Powers.
Buffalo — Walbridge & Co.
Canton — Klein & Heffelman Co.
Cleveland — Cleveland Talking Mach. Co.
Columbus — Perry B. Whitsit Co.
Denver — Knight-Campbell Music Co.
Detroit — Grinnell Bros.

Cincinnati — Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dubuque — Harger & Blish.

Galveston — Thos. Goggan & Bro.
Grand Rapids — Julius A. J. Friedrich.

Victor
Talking
Machine
"His Master's Voice"

Indianapolis — Carlin & Lennox.
Jacksonville — Metrop. Talking Mach. Co.
Kansas City — Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.
Kansas City — J. W. Jenkins' Sons Music Co.
Lincoln — Wittmann Co.
Memphis — O. K. Houck Piano Co.
New Haven — Henry Horton.
New Orleans — Natl. Auto. Fire Alarm Co.
Omaha — A. Hospe.
Pittsburg — Theo. F. Bentel Co., Inc.
Rochester — G. B. Miller.
Rochester — Talking Machine Co.
St. Louis — Victor Talking Machine, Ltd.
St. Paul — Koehler & Hinrichs.
St. Paul — W. J. Dyer & Bro.
Savannah — Youmans & Leete.
Syracuse — W. D. Andrews.
Washington — S. Kann, Sons & Co.
Washington — Jno. F. Ellis & Co.
West Superior — Brunswick Co.

Victor Talking Machine Co Philadelphia
The original makers of the Gram-O-phone